THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Volume 200, Number 3

JULY 16, 1927

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Corporal J. E. Rendinell—Struthers Burt—George Pattullo—Edith Barnard Delano
Booth Tarkington—Douglas Newton—Richard Connell—Frederick Orin Bartlett

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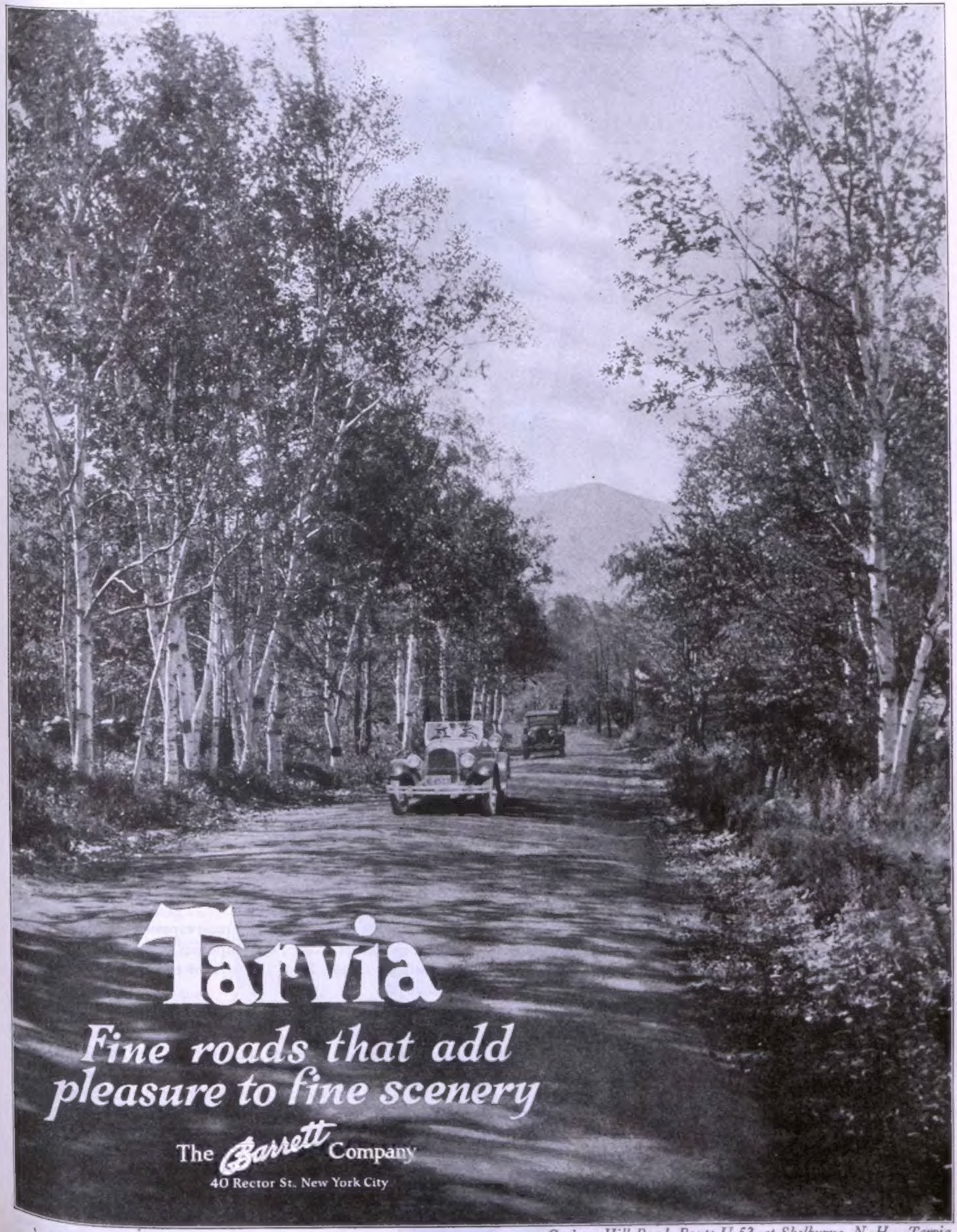

Gorham Hill Road, Route U 52, at Shelburne, N. H. Tarvia.

PHOTO BY ELLIS

You can be just as extravagant as Marjorie—

MARIAN pays 75c a cake for her toilet soap—an imported kind with a perfectly fascinating French name.

Katherine doesn't care so much about names and gorgeous wrappers, but somehow (we can't *imagine* how) she has become acquainted with beauty-soaps that claim to "feed" the skin with oils and transform it with medicaments.

Then there is Marjorie. She could quite easily afford 75c a cake for toilet soap—more easily than Marian, if truth were known! She has always had the best that money can buy. But she has learned that the best is not necessarily the most expensive. So, unimpressed by foreign accents, and suspicious of rosy promises, Marjorie buys Guest Ivory and pays for it the extravagant price of 5c!

Having learned that soap's *only* function is to *cleanse*, Marjorie chooses, first, an *honest* and a *pure* soap. But, in getting as fine a toilet soap as money can buy, Marjorie also gets one of the daintiest, most feminine-looking little cakes she has ever seen, with rounded edges cunningly molded to fit soft palms and slender fingers.

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ONE MAN'S WAR

SIGNAL CORPS PHOTOS.

Marines Sending a Heliograph Message

A Machine-Gun Crew Raking the Argonne Forest

By Corporal J. E. Rendinell and George Pattullo

JOE kept a sort of diary while he was with the Sixth Marines and he asked me to make a book of it. I found the corporal had put a whole war into fewer words than a correspondent employs to tell how clever he was in getting up to the Front, so I decline to commit sacrilege by padding his narrative. A lesser man than Joe would have surrendered to the urge to write pretty. Often a belated sense of duty drives men of action to pause in the middle of a robust tale and start moralizing and maundering, and of course they bog down to the ears. Joe never once did that; his diary sweeps along like Julius Cæsar.

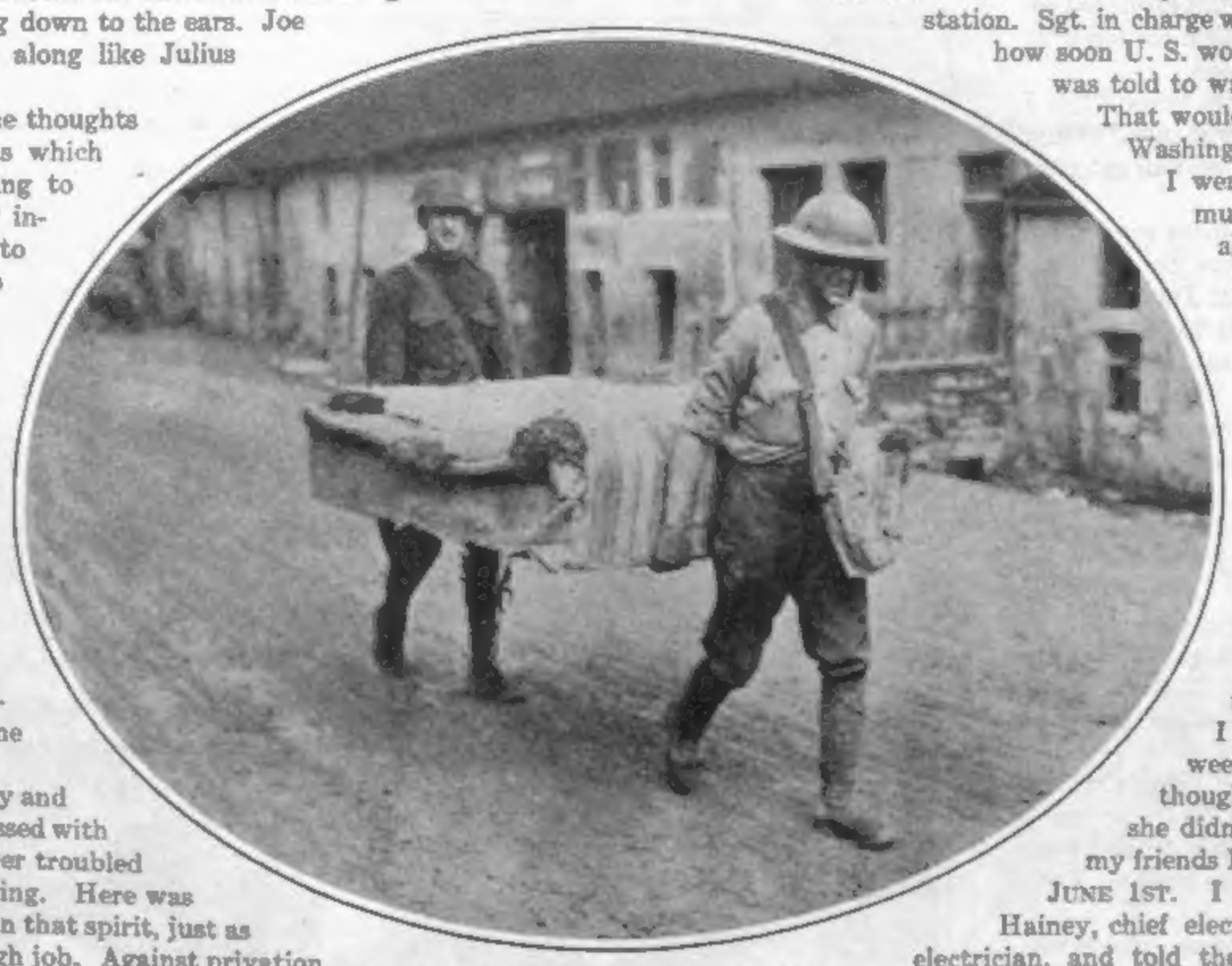
Not that men like Joe do not have the thoughts and emotions, the fears and exaltations which scholarly writers are so fond of analyzing to a hair's breadth, but they are generally inarticulate and leave self-interpretation to action. It is men of this tough fiber who do the work of the world, who reclaim waste lands and build empires. It is this breed which built America.

One day in 1919 when Pershing was reviewing the First Division near Montabaur in Germany, he stopped in front of a doughboy who wore a wound stripe and asked, "Where did you get that, my boy?"

"Well, gen'ral," said the doughboy, "do you remember that little bridge over a crick?"

Now there was the personal touch applied to history. Joe has done the same thing in his story.

Rendinell enlisted out of a sense of duty and a lusty desire to fight. He was never harassed with doubts. The larger issues of the war never troubled him—he had no time for that sort of thing. Here was a tough job to his hand and he tackled it in that spirit, just as he would have gone about any other tough job. Against privation and risk of death, he brought to bear shrewd common sense, good humor, and unfaltering courage. Joe was only twenty-three years old and to me he typifies the great bulk of our youth who went overseas.



Marines of the 2d Division Preparing for a Comfortable Night. Sommedieu, France

Joe Rendinell lived this story, and his is the writing. His is the spelling too. What difference does it make if names of a few towns are wrong? The towns are there, just the same. Besides, few of those smaller places are shown on the map and I don't know how to spell them any better than Joe does. And so I venture to submit One Man's War almost verbatim.

GEORGE PATTULLO.

In the spring of 1917 I was working in the steel mills as an electrician and wondering when U. S. would declare war. I could not do my work for thinking about it and how I would love to go. A dear friend of mine, Dave Felch, and I talked war a lot. Gee, why don't the U. S. wake up? We were eating dinner when we got word the U. S. had declared war with Germany. I went home to break the good news to my mother, but she couldn't see it that way. Then I went down to the Navy Recruiting station. Sgt. in charge was being bombarded with questions as to how soon U. S. would send troops over. We signed up and was told to wait until we were called for examination. That would be as soon as they received word from Washington.

I went home for supper, but could not eat much. I bought all the newspapers and read about the war. Mother and Dad came into my room and I read the papers to them. Mother asked me if I was going to enlist and leave her and Dad alone. Of a family of eight, three girls—two married and away from home—five boys—three married, with homes of their own. My other brother was away working. So there was my youngest sister and myself staying home.

Poor mother, how she prayed that war would end. She asked me to wait a while & stay at home. That night there was very little sleep in me. Mother called me next morning to go to work. Oh, how I hated the steel mills then. Weeks and weeks I worked. Mother felt better. She thought I had given up the idea of enlisting, but she didn't know what I was planning. I told all my friends I would enlist in the Navy.

JUNE 1ST. I quit my job & went to see Mr. George Hainey, chief electrician, and Mr. Elliott Lewis, asst. chief electrician, and told them I was enlisting in the Navy. They wish[illegible] me good luck and assured me my job would be waiting for me w[illegible]en I got back & I thanked them. Shook hands with the boys. I was the first from the line gang to enlist. Next morning I went to Cleveland and stayed for 3 days to get away from home until Mother stopped her crying.

JUNE 5TH. I went and registered to be drafted. Some of my friends were there and I asked them to come with me and join the Navy, but none wanted to, so I went alone. The first man I met was a U. S. Marine. He sure looked fine too. He showed me the

Bouresches Village

Marines' posters, first to fight on land or sea, & I was so impressed that I signed. He was a fast worker alright. I passed the examination & then the Dr.'s examination. I was fit. I reported back to the recruiting station & he had me ready to ship to Cleveland that same night. I asked for 2 days before I could leave & he said Sure. I told him I would report in Cleveland June 7th, 1917. It's alright with him.

In the meantime my boy friends seen Dave Felch and told him I went and enlisted in the Navy. He went to town and enlisted in the Navy. I got back home and told Mother and Dad that I had enlisted and nobody was going to stop me. It was like a funeral around home.

That night I went to say goodbye to my friends. They told me what Dave Felch had done and I looked all over for him. Early next morning, June 6th, I got Dave out of bed & told him I had enlisted in the Marines & was leaving next morning. He dressed and he and I went to where he worked, quit his job, and I took him over to the Marine recruiting station and told the Sgt. what he had done. The Sgt. said he would fix it up O. K. So Dave enlisted in the Marines, but was five pounds underweight.

I asked Sgt. Fuller to let him go with me, but he said between now and the time you go to Cleveland, eat all the banans you can hold and drink all the milk and water you can get down so you will be able to pass the examination in Cleveland. We got our orders to be at Erie station 8:30 A.M. We certainly were a happy pair of boys.

JUNE 7TH. My brothers and sisters were home when I got there and I sure was glad for mother's sake. Why, the war will be over soon. I don't think we will get over and see real fighting at all.

I was up early next morning. My brothers were there and the hardest part was saying goodbye to my dear mother & dad. Brother and I left and met Dave Felch & Sgt. Fuller was at station with our tickets for Cleveland. Our train pulled in & after goodbyes were said, I heard my name called and there was my mother. What passed in those last minutes I will never forget. Dear mother, God bless her. She was waving goodbye the last I seen of her for months and how I missed her then.

So This is Paris Island

WE ARRIVED in Cleveland and there was the question of how to put on that extra poundage. Dave ate bananas and milk until he was miserable. We arrived at Marine Hdqrs. We both passed our medical and Physical examinations excellent.

Gee, what an examination they gave us. I don't believe they missed a thing. We were accepted. So far so good. We got our meal tickets and room in cheap hotel and were to report back again next morning to be sent to Paris Island, S. C., Port Royal.

Oh, boy, what a surprise was in store for us. There was no sleep that night. The bugs were so bad I had to get up, and I dressed & walked the streets until time to report. I told the Lt. in command what happened at the hotel, and he said he would take the matter up.

There were fourteen Marine recruits leaving Cleveland that day. We got a dollar traveling expenses for the day. Arriving at Columbus, another party of Marine recruits joined us. The same at Cincinnatti. One of the boys got a quart of whiskey with his dollar. We nicknamed him Pork Chop. He sure was funny and the whiskey helped him too.

The conductor gave us a coach to ourselves. Pork Chop took a colored boy along with him who could play the banjo. The kid knew that below the Mason-Dixie line all colored & white folks separated, but not with Pork Chop. He is riding with us, see, or we Marines will wreck the coach.

What fun we had that night. Nobody could sleep. Conductor locked us in our coach, but he forgot the windows could be broken & they were too. Arrived at Atlanta, Ga., at 9 A.M.

JUNE 9TH. A Marine escourt took us in charge, and with a report from the railroad Co. for damages done to windows. We paraded in Atlanta to boost for more recruits. We put up at the Kimble House that night & left next morning for Augusta, Ga., with another Marine escourt. There was 93 in our party now & some party it was. Poker games, craps, was the order of the day. Every time the train would stop we were out, yelling and taking things from station. In one town in Ga. when the train stopped, we saw one of those old-fashion horse cars. The gang got off & started to go for a ride over the protest of the owner. We almost missed our train. Pork Chop got a bottle of corn and passed out.

We arrived at a little town and had to change trains. We saw a Marine Sgt. talking to our escourt & then this Marine took charge, but didn't say a thing till we started to raise a rough house & Oh, Boy, from then on we sure knew we were in the Marine Corp. He sure was tough. Offered to lick any guy in the car. He had us sitting in our seats like school boys. That .45 he had looked too big anyhow.

Road all afternoon. The train stopped and he yelled everybody out, and make it snappy. There were Marines everywhere. Dave and I wondered what place it was & one of the Marines said Port Royal. What a place! I looked around and saw a few old houses and a barge. No ocean liners. I could not believe my eyes. Thousands of boys that came after us felt the same way about it. A gov't tug come along side and our tough sgt. marched us on two by two.

Dave and I were buddies, bound for Paris Island, one hour's sail from that Port Royal. We were both sore. He blamed me for getting him into such a place. Later on we had lots of fun about Paris Island.

We finally arrived at Paris Island, with all the palm trees & brick barracks. There were thousands of Marines there, and the remarks they passed. Join the Marines & see the world. Join the world & see the marines. Pull in your ears, low bridge. Oh, look at the guy with the face.

They knocked my hat off & pulled my shirt out. What will you take for your shoes? They would trip you & down you go. Well, I wasn't the only one, the other 92 got theirs too. A form of inisiation. Those that came after us got theirs, too, so it's all even.

The Baptism of Fire

OUR tough Sgt. marched us three miles from main barracks to quarantine station—the little Red House without no lights & the bunks close together in one big room. It was here we stopped & was given mess kits & cups. All right, boys, those of you that want chow fall in line and make it snappy. I went along with the rest. The first fellow passed out bread, the next slum. It looked as though it was made of beef stew, boiled potatoes, hash, dish rags, and a few old shoes mixed together.

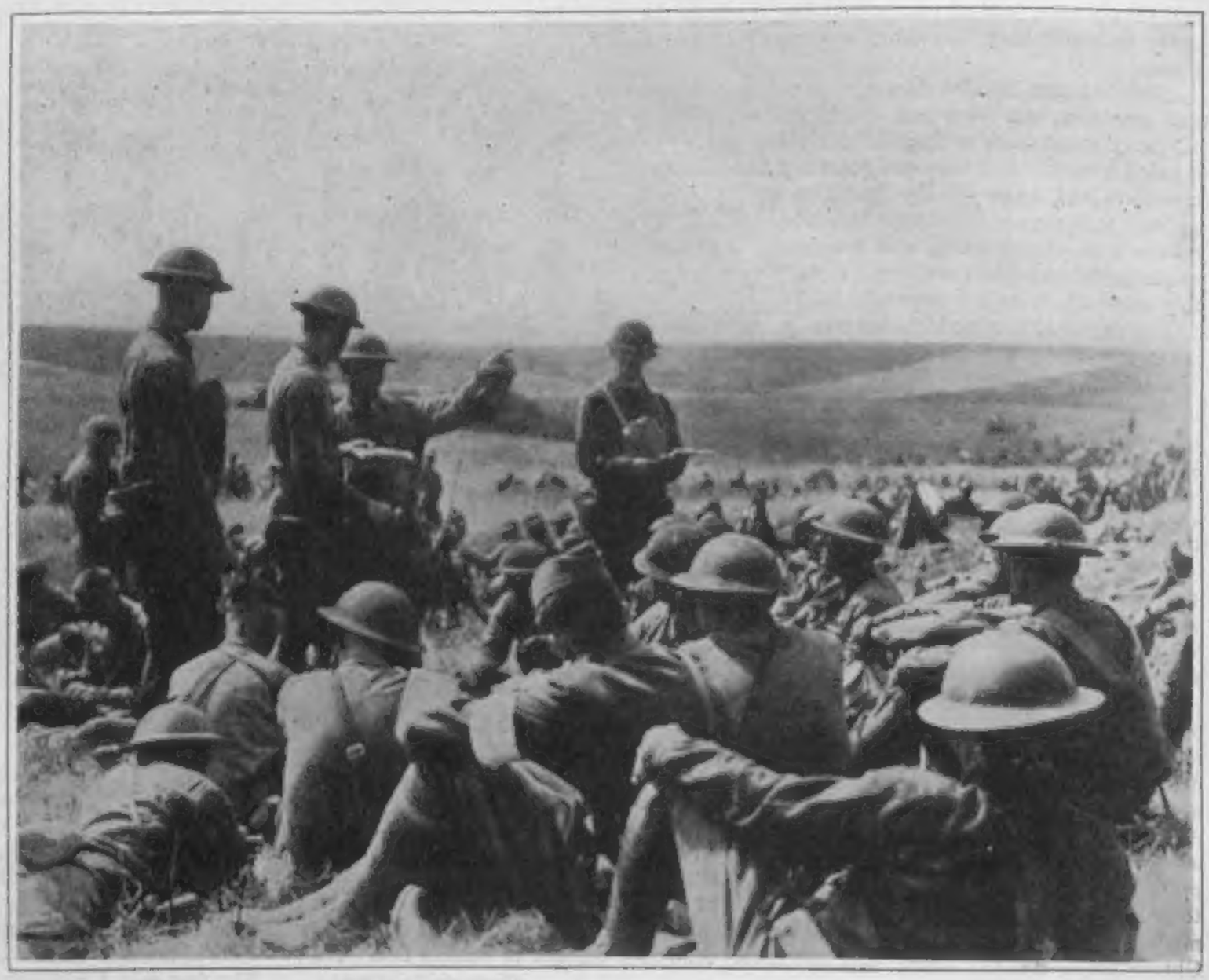
I stepped up to the next guy. He spilt coffee. Spilt is right. I held out my cup & he poured hot coffee all over my hand & it certainly was hot. To make a long story short, I did not have any supper. That dam fool burnt my hand & I dropped everything. I was sore. What I told him was a plenty.

The rest of the boys who passed up the coffee, ate & those who didn't were on my side. No supper. I didn't bother to pick up mess kit. Oh, what a dull place this quarantee camp is. No lights anywheres.

The sgt. called us over. This way, men. Each man grab himself a bunk. Say, soldier, where's the lights? Turn them on, will you? How do you get that way? Where the Sam Hill do you think you are anyhow? At home?

That tough Sgt. came in at 6 A.M. & told us to dress. I didn't have to dress, I slept with all my clothes on. There was no place to hang them except the floor. That tough sgt. started to tell us about the Germans & then Hell must of broke loose. It was rifle fire. I looked at him and he started to run to the door & he yelled Everyone duck. they're shooting. Everybody did not duck only those who fell in rush to get out.

Here was the joke. The rifle range is about ½ mile away and marine recruits are taught to shoot there.



Marines Undergoing Training at Gondrecourt

JUNE 11TH. All you boys who came in last night, fall out here.

We weren't the happy bunch that left Cincinatti. Boy, I was homesick. Some of the boys were slow coming out. Out here, you wooden men. Can't you understand?

We formed a semicircle around a desk & it was no one else except Capt. A. D. Biddle, the Philadelphia sportsman. He gave us a nice talk about the Marine Corp & welcome to Paris Island, S. C. Now, boys, don't judge the Marine Corp by what you seen last night & today. He was real nice.

That tough sgt. took us in tow again. We lined up for mess. Bacon & rice & bread. I passed up coffee. Back to the little Red House & that call, All you boys that came in last night, fall out for submarine drill.

He took about 20 boys & a corporal marched them away. He took 20 more for a yact drill. I was in that. Not so bad, I thought—take a ride in a yact. Another Corp. marched us right into the kitchen where we were given knives and told to embaras potatoes.

The other boys in submarine drill were diving alright, diving for pots & pans. The rest of gang got hooked on police detail. My buddy thought he was going to be a cop and he swelled all up. Sure he was a cop—with a rake & shovel.

After dinner we all lined up again & they started calling for more details. Buddy & I beat it around back of Red House & right into the corp.'s arms. He took the both of us to the kitchen. I washed dishes & carried water all afternoon. My buddy cleaned the stove.

A Gas-Mask Test

Drill, Ye Tarriers, Drill

AFTER supper we were transferred into tents. That night another party of recruits come in. For coursity sake I went over to our coffee friend to see how he worked on this new bunch. He burnt more hands that night.

JUNE 12TH. All you boys report to Hospital.

We were marched into big room & were stripped & he examined us thourly, put eyes to test, & ears. We were all weighed & looked for identification marks, fingerprints taken, and those who were not perfect were sent back home. A major come in with a Bible & we took the oath. We were vaccinated & a shot in the arm. It made me terrible sick. Marched out to quartermaster's & received hats, shoes, stockings, underwear, shirt & overalls, blanket.

After supper a couple of old marines marched us out to parade grounds. Paired us off. You box this guy. Everyone had to box. He picked a nice tough-looking old-timer for me. I knocked him cold in the first round. I was sorry too.

Cut my foot & could not report with my buddy, so I missed his company & next two days got in the next company.

Drill, drill, drill, early morning to late at night. Day after day, Sunday & every other day for 3 weeks. Squad left, squad right, then that seven-mile hike out to the manoeuvering grounds. Ninety in the shade & no shade.

More drill. Up at 5 A.M., drill till 6:30, breakfast at 7:30, drill until 12. Dinner. 1 P.M. to 3 P.M., out on beach with our water buckets picking oyster shells to carry them a mile making road. Checked for every bucket or trip we made too. 3 P.M. to 4 P.M. wash clothes. Supper at 6 P.M. and drill till 8 P.M. Fall out.

Next day the same, & so on. We drilled on the beach. There was thousands of land crabs. We marched right on them. Sgt. Elmer was in charge of my company & a real fellow. One morning he had us on the beach and gave us a command to forward march. He stood in rear & we marched right to the edge of the water & stopped.

I did not give you no command to stop! Forward march!

Right up to our waists in water. Then a command to the rear March, & out we come good and wet. We stacked arms. Took off our clothes, laid them on the beach to dry and —— Those of you who want can go in swimming. The water was fine, a whole lot better than drilling where it was 90 in the shade & carrying oyster shells when it got hotter.

We had four weeks of this drilling. The last day two thousand marines that were drilling out on the manoeuvering grounds were marched out to the beach. A steamer towed a big lumber barge half mile from shore & we waded out in water to unload it. They had us form eight lines of men from the shore to the barge. One gang unloaded the lumber from barge into water & we pushed it ashore. Another gang on shore piled it up. We had six hours of this. It was raining all the time, but it didn't make much difference, for we were working in water with our clothes on. We marched back to camp & had a good night's rest.

Next morning we marched back to the main camp. Say, it was fine—new barracks, shower baths, Y. M. C. A., K. C., outside picture show, real beds to sleep on. Our mess hall was new & we had dishes. It was a whole lot better than eating out of a mess kit.

A Crack Shot

WE WERE drilled to scale a 15 foot wall. This was the last of our hard drilling on Paris Island. Then the best part of all—the rifle range. We had early mess the next morning & marched out to the rifle range. We were assigned 16 men to an instructor, teaching us the fine points. How to hold & aim our gun & to adjust the leather sling on our left arm. How to load & unload & told to squeeze the trigger & not pull it. It was real interesting. We were taught how to fire either standing, sitting, squating or from standing position to fall down on our stomack & not get hurt, & fire ten rounds in 10 seconds & hit the targets. We had a week of this training. Then the first day of real firing.

Each recruit had a coach. We started shooting at 200 yds. slow firing the first day. My first shot I missed the target completely. The coach sat on my back & said Squeeze that trigger, don't pull it. Keep your eyes open too. Now fire. I did better. Back to 300 yards, a little better still, for I was getting to know my gun. That was all for the one day. The next day rapid firing at 200—300—500 yards & slow firing at 600 yards. We had two weeks of steady firing on the range every day. Then came record day. I blacked my sights so the sun would not reflect on the middle. That morning was wonderfull, an ideal day. We got our instructions & down we went to 200 yds. Qualified. 300 yds. same; 500—600 yards, same. At 1000 yards I missed one and got nine bull's-eyes & qualified as a sharpshooter, 251 out of 300 points. I sure was one happy boy. That meant three dollars more a month.

Next day we were given .45's to shoot at targets 200 feet away & I qualified as an expert pistol shot. Our sgt. was pleased with most of the bunch. Won't the Germans get hell when this gang is turned loose?

The next three weeks we labored digging ditches, making roads, building concrete foundations, mixing concrete, helping the carpenters build barracks & kitchen police duty. Another inoculation too.

(Continued on Page 141)

SIGNAL CORPS PHOTOS.

Marines Lined Up for Mess at Parris Island. In Circle—Searching a Prisoner

HELL

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"Listen," He Said in a Broken Voice. "I Know This Much: Something's Happened to Me—Something Pretty Serious. You Know What It Is?"

THERE are New Yorkers who like the smell of the Subway better than the smell of the sea, and George Bolling was one of those people. Born in Waterbury, Maine, he went to live in New York in 1892, when he was twenty-three; and by 1927 he had become as thorough a New Yorker as it is possible to be. During his earlier years in the great city he had sometimes gone back to Waterbury at Christmas for a family reunion of the Bollings and Scotts—George's mother was a Scott—but all the Bollings died before 1910; and when the last of the Scotts that George cared anything about—old Charlie Scott, his first cousin—was drowned on a fishing excursion in 1914, George didn't even go to the funeral. He had learned by this time that he was always more or less uncomfortable when he left the island of Manhattan, and he left it as little as possible.

His wife had been a Brooklyn girl, and every year she and their daughter spent the months of July and August at Shingle Cove on Long Island. George joined them there for the final week of their visit; but he did this reluctantly, as a duty, and had small pleasure in it. He did, however, belong to a large golf club in Westchester, and he played there sluggishly, for his health, on Sundays in summer when his wife and daughter were out of town; but he never stayed overnight; he always returned to his apartment in West Eighty-first Street to sleep. "This is the place for me!" he would say to himself, with unctuous satisfaction. "Just good old New York!"

There was nothing distinguishing about his devotion to New York, of course; it was merely a habit that held him in a deeply worn groove; and of all the six or seven million people whose lives are centered in the metropolis, probably there was no more commonplace person in a commonplace groove than was George Bolling.

His commonplaceness was so complete, indeed, that the romantic and terrible thing that happened to him bore at first this very aspect, and for a time seemed to him only a part of his ordinary life.

He was a fattish, short-necked man, neat and conservative in dress. He always wore well-pressed dark clothes, a starched white collar, a smooth dark scarf and black shoes. His gray hair and mustache were clipped once every ten days; he wore glasses to correct the astigmatism of his small blue eyes, and, except in summer, dark gray gloves upon his small fat hands. In the upper left pocket of his waistcoat there was always a fountain pen, usually in the company of two fifteen-cent cigars; and no stranger was ever so taken with his appearance as to look at him twice.

Early in the year 1904 he had organized the Bolling Pulp Products Company, which consisted at that time of himself, a stenographer, two chairs and a desk; but his office downtown now occupied a half dozen rooms and gave employment to sixteen people. It was a distributing business, of which the profits were essentially commissions; the work had come to be routine, requiring neither adventurousness nor imagination, and that was probably why George liked it. He had shown a flicker of imagination when he organized it, but that was about the last one. Anything that called for a use of his long-dormant imagination disturbed him painfully, excited him and usually made him indignant.

His daughter, Lida, his only child, was married not long after the war. She and her husband, Rollo Ballard, not to be far from her parents, lived in an apartment just above Eighty-first Street on West End Avenue, and every Sunday, at two o'clock in the afternoon, they came to dinner with the Bollings. After dinner they took the baby down to the perambulator, which was left in the rear of the lobby, behind the elevator, and went for a walk on Riverside Drive as far as General Grant's Tomb, George pushing the perambulator and keeping a few feet in advance of his wife and daughter and son-in-law. On Sunday evening he and Mrs. Bolling almost always went to a movie, where he usually drowsed a little.

He breakfasted regularly at a quarter before eight, was at his office by nine, and home again in Eighty-first Street at half after five in the afternoon. Before dinner he shook together a cocktail of orange juice, bitters, ice and bootlegger's alcohol flavored with juniper; then he and Mrs. Bolling each drank two small glasses of the mixture before they sat down, a little flushed, to the meal of prevailingly beefy and somewhat tasteless food. Afterward he smoked and looked over a newspaper and trade journals, while Mrs. Bolling read an all-fiction magazine or else a book sent her by the Novel a Week Club, to which she was a subscriber. Now and then George put on his dinner coat and poured more bitters and alcohol than usual into the cocktail shaker—this was when another elderly couple were to dine with them and play bridge. Sometimes the Bollings went out for dinner and bridge; once or twice a month they went to a theater.

Alone together, George and his wife seldom spoke; though at times they were a little discontented with each other about some trivial matter, usually connected with expenditures. When they talked at any length it was of Lida, or the baby's health, or Rollo Ballard's affairs; and these small common concerns seemed to be the end of their communing. Neither of them had the slightest interest in the other's thoughts upon any subject whatever, and when Mrs. Bolling went to church, as she did four or five times during the winter, George never made any inquiries. Usually she mentioned that she had heard a fine sermon.

"'S good," he would respond languidly, and continue his wanderings through the great maze of a Sunday newspaper. He did not know what her faith was, or of what her religion consisted, if she had any; he had neither himself and felt no concern in such matters. He believed in the Republican Party and in American business principles—two good enough inspirations to faith; but there are more things in heaven and earth, though George was not vividly aware of them. In fact, he was vividly aware only of himself and the groove in which he clicked smoothly and endlessly back and forth—Eighty-first Street, the Subway, his offices, the Bolling Pulp Products Company, the Sunday

walk with his family, his food, his moderate cocktails, his three or four cigars a day, bridge and the newspapers. He was aware of himself, of his own sensations as he moved in his incasing groove, and virtually of nothing else. He knew of other beings in the world only as they affected his own sensations; even his wife, with whom he had lived for so many years, was to him but a sequence of customary and flaccid sensations. Thus he lived, really, in a world made of his sensory impressions; nothing would have been essentially changed for him if these impressions had been delusions.

When he was a boy, in Waterbury, he had been made to go to church, where he was profoundly bored; the matters there spoken of seemed dull dream stuff to him; he found them neither practical nor in any manner interesting, for they appeared to have not the remotest bearing upon himself, and after he went to New York he saw no reason further to afflict himself with that kind of boredom.

"Nobody knows anything about it anyway," he said. "All that sort of thing is probably good for women and preachers, but it's just nothing but guesswork. Nobody knows. These scientific men say we came from apes, and when you take a good look at a monkey cage it certainly makes you think they're right. That's probably how we got here—just developed up from the apes—and anyhow, it accounts for things well enough for me. I don't see the use trying to find out about things nobody can ever know—whether there's a God and all so on. When a man dies that's the end of him. If it wasn't, why, somebody'd have come back to tell us; it would have happened time and again, long ago. But nobody ever did." Here George chuckled knowingly and closed this infrequent meditation: "No, sir! Nobody ever did and nobody's ever going to, and that's all there is to the whole business. This world and the Bolling Pulp Products Company is about as much as I care to tend to!"

All in all, he was not a bad fellow. He was never consciously unkind to anyone; he treated his employes well, not asking too much of them, and kept them on his pay roll even when they had long disablements. He was not unamiable; cherished clipped bits of newspaper humor in his pocketbook; was often in a jolly mood with his friends downtown, and never put real bitterness into his reproaches to his wife for her errors at bridge. She would have been the first to insist that he was a good man and a good husband; they had but one sharp disagreement in years.

It came upon a Sunday evening in hot weather at the end of June. Mrs. Bolling had been packing up for her annual sojourn at Shingle Cove; she was nervous and a little flustered. Moreover, the dinner that day had been much too heavy for the torrid season; George had overeaten—it might even be said that he had gorged himself—and the gorging still sat not well within him. He had become purple as he pushed the baby carriage to the Tomb, and upon their return to Eighty-first Street he felt dizzy, and so, for a time, he lay upon a sofa; but his heart disturbed him and he was uncomfortable. He got up and walked aimlessly about the small rooms, fanning himself with a folded sheet of newspaper and muttering denunciations of the heat.

"My goodness!" he said finally to his wife, who was sitting beside a window and looking thoughtfully out at the sunset and the strip of river visible at the end of the street. "My goodness, Jennie! I feel as if I'd blow up, my collar's so tight! You want to go to a movie? They have big fans, some o' these theaters; might be cooler than hanging around here."

She shook her head, not turning to look at him. "No. I rather not."

"Why not?"

She sighed. "I been thinking, I guess."

"What's that got to do with ——"

"No," she interrupted. "I never have felt just absolutely right in my mind for us to go on Sundays, George; but that isn't what I been thinking about." She turned her head then and looked at him gravely. "George, I asked Lida and Rollo today to have the baby baptized before we take her to Shingle Cove, and they said they didn't want to go to the trouble. I wish you'd talk to them and get them to do it."

"Me? Why? What you want her baptized for?"

Mrs. Bolling's gravity all at once became a visible distress. "That's just what they said. They said it'd take time and fees, and Lida claimed they were too busy; she wasn't sure she could get off with me on Tuesday. They acted as if they'd never thought of doing such a thing."

"Well, I don't suppose they ever did."

"No," Mrs. Bolling said. "George, it hurts me."

"Why does it?"

"Because they ought to," she answered helplessly. "Lida hasn't been to church a single time since they were married, and Rollo said he hadn't been since he was about fourteen. It hurts me!"

"Why does it?" George asked again, beginning to feel a little irritated. "Why does it?"

"Well, because I wasn't raised that way, I suppose."

"I know you weren't," he said, and his irritation was increased by what seemed the lack of reason in her reply to his question. "What difference does that make? I think Lida and Rollo are probably right. What good would it do?"

"Well, it might do some," she urged. "Anyway it couldn't do any harm."

"Oh, rubbish!" he said impatiently. "Listen! The world's gone on since we were raised. People don't pay any attention to all that kind of thing any more."

"Well, they ought to, George; there ought to be something kept. Just suppose it was true, what's in the Bible about baptizing ——"

"Listen!" he said. "You can't make any headway with Lida and Rollo with that talk."

"I didn't make any," she returned desolately. "They don't care about anything but having a good time. They go out every night; Lida's beginning to get excited about other men, and Rollo drinks too much at the cabarets they go to. The only time they pay any attention to the baby is the nurse's day out, Sunday, when they come here."

"I don't believe it."

Mrs. Bolling showed some spirit. "Look here, George, you needn't talk to me that way, if you please. You say

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"Well, They Ought to, George; There Ought to be Something Kept. Just Suppose It Was True, What's in the Bible About Baptizing ——"

THE VARNEYS GO BACK

By Douglas Newton

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

EVERY night of the week save the Sabbath, Magnus Varney's mare carried him home drunk, asleep in the saddle. It did not happen on Sunday, for Magnus Varney was a strict man, more resolute in his creed even than in his cups.

On Sunday his only movements abroad were in his chaise, which took him twice to the ragstone church of Dove-in-Wychwood. He and his had special seats with fat red kneelers in a side chapel that had once been the prior's chantry. It had been used by Varneys and their tombs for three generations.

Here he worshiped like an avenging wrath, his yellowed eyes as alert as a stoat's for any fidgeting on the part of Cyrus, his son, and Mary, his daughter, his tasseled cane ready to correct such indecorum, the while his ears drank in the glamours of a raging and terrible hell prepared for all sinners, sheep lifters and those frail in the flesh.

Abruptly He Leaned Forward and, With a Sudden Dark Fire in His Lank Face, Cried, "Well, I'll Tell You——"

Especially sinners of the flesh. The hot gospelers were strong in Dove-in-Wychwood, and its people were fiercely puritan. Magnus Varney was a puritan of the puritans, as became a man whose line had begun with an Ironside, proud of his part in shooting out painted windows in Winchester Cathedral and of beheading statues with a cavalry saber.

Hell and hatred of sins of the flesh were the mainsprings of Magnus Varney's life. There was also Hollands. Netherland spirits were easy-come to a lord of the manor whose wide, empty gorse lands provided the safest and easiest tracks for wildershers to run their tubs. There was no sin in Hollands for Dove-in-Wychwood; smuggling and sheep rearing were the only paying industries the barren land permitted. Hell, Hollands and sins of the flesh—these were the backgrounds of life at Varneys Worthy. They embittered the existences of Magnus Varney's children, and because of them, he got him his second wife, and she was Varneys Worthy's ruin.

Hell ruled on Sunday, but on Monday Hollands came into its own. Monday was spent with Cogwell of Sliders, where the old men sat discussing ewes and Isaiah until empty bottles and guttering candles littered the table and Cogwell's man came to hoist Magnus onto Lavinia's back. Tuesday much the same happened at Parley's of Dadswell. Wednesday was bench day at Stripe; a hard day, with Magnus as chairman of police justices. Much fortification of the spirit was needed on such a day, and the beadle had often to call a turnkey to get Magnus into the saddle. So through the week, each day ending with the big old mare ambling along the turnpike, up to the high gorse lands and home through lanes knee or fetlock deep in mud, her master lolling in the saddle, snoring but never damaged.

Lavinia went her nightly way with the large calm of sagacious animals. Or she did as long as her spirit was willing. When tired she had views and methods of her own. She would then step sedately off the pike, find shelter and drop the squire on the soft upland turf.

She was methodical and adroit in this business, and she never strayed. If aught came near, man or beast, she stood over Magnus until the intruders withdrew. She was loyal, if her patience was limited.

Her habit was well known. Wagoners often saw her patient against the dawn and knew that Magnus Varney was under her. They passed on. It wasn't for the likes o' they to interfere with the quality. Also the squire had a dangerous ill-temper when aroused against Nature. Wildershers sneaking tubs of French brandy along smugglers' paths often heard the chinkle of irons and saw the lift of the mare's head in the night. They passed on. It was not politic to lift a handful of spade guineas from one who might retort with deportations to Botany Bay. Besides, it was bad trade; the squire, if the spleen moved him, could fill the gorse lands with riders and even dragoons to back the excise men, and a watch or a fob of seals would be too dear at that.

At Varneys Worthy none bothered. If the squire's beaver hat or box-cloth coat were not on the flags of the great hall, or his body, still booted and spurred, on his huge valanced bed, no man or maid swallowed breakfast small beer more anxiously for it. Certainly Cyrus and Mary Varney did not.

Such absences were among the few home pleasures of Magnus Varney's children. He might rise at his own hour when he slept in bed, but his presence in the house had a terror that chained the children to it. Freed from that they slipped away to a day of idleness among the shaws and spinneys. Cyrus might go off to a gypsy camp to talk horse coping and hear news of the larger, freer world from bold, aloe-eyed Egyptians; Mary generally crept down to the Hammer pond to meet Gyles, the preventive rider's son, a pasty lout, with ambitions to figure as a sergeant in the London courts, and who was filled with terror at the love the squire's daughter showed him.

These things were sweeter than a morning spent with Magnus, who, ashen-faced and sour in the Lord until his midday bottle of Canary warmed him to an indifference of the unregeneration of his motherless brats, was terror enthroned. He would set Cyrus ciphering or constructing from a wormy Vergil; he would drill Mary in calisthenics and gentility while using the backboard ruthlessly. For both there would be long chapters of the Book to be learned by rote, and always there was the tasseled cane to crack a stopper onto even a yawn.

Saturday was even worse. At eleven of the forenoon of every Saturday, an hour before the mellowing bottle, Magnus held judgment. With library table for his bench and a book of crimes before him, he sat and considered his children's misdemeanors, and punished them. Always it was punishment, never praise. He was a stern sour man and they were lawless colts. Rebels against the crabbed austerity of that house, passionate and self-willed and without companions of their own degree, their tastes were low and their existence sin to Magnus Varney.

They defied and hated him even as he judged them. By sixteen Cyrus was already testing the physical decline of his father with tricks of the bareknuckle learned from Bendigo Hayes, the Gyppo scrapper. Nevertheless, though it might take a stable hand to hold the boy, Saturday mornings saw much use of the riding crop. Even Mary's ears rang and rang again as a Pentecostal palm crashed against her far too pretty head.

To these children of Magnus Varney's dead love the habits of Lavinia caused no anxiety. They knew if Magnus was to remain safe, Lavinia would keep him safe. If he was in danger, it mattered even less.

"Gyles says there is warning of a footpad," Mary might say. "Perhaps he has been stopped and pistoled."

"Not he," Cyrus would growl. "The devil looks after his own."

Perhaps Mary would say: "The dew was thick this dawn. Mayhap it will settle to his lungs this time, Cy."

"Pah, he's as seasoned as leather."

"But if it did—this time. Think of it."

"Haven't I often?" Cyrus would grumble. "What good does it do?"

"La! But you would be squire then."

"Surelye. Isn't that what I'm here for?"

"And when that happens——"

"When!" Cyrus would growl. "He has another ten years in him yet."

Mary would be troubled at that. She knew that Cyrus feared his ability to stay those ten years. It was, indeed, only Varneys Worthy that held him. Cyrus had a love for the place that was a sullen passion. He loved every rod, be it merely empty, wind-swept gorse common or the sparse patches of tilth. And it was his by right, he considered. The estate was not entailed, but it must come to him, since he was the only Varney male. Not even the hatred of his father would go to the length of bringing a stranger to Varneys Worthy. Only by knowing that did Cyrus remain, hating but tenacious of his own.

Usually it was the absence of Lavinia from her stall that sent Honeycrock, the stable hand, out in search of her and, incidentally, Magnus.

Honeycrock knew to within seven places where to find the mare. He rode straight through the gorse and bracken

to a hollow called Queen Elizabeth's Bedchamber, and if he found that empty he would continue on to the gibbet patch, where the Dove-in-Wychwood lane met the Stripe main pike. A favorite spot of Lavinia's, this; the mounds of the suicides under the gallows were just right to give her the lift and heave that unshipped Magnus from the saddle.

If this was drawn blank, Honeycrock went to the other regular places, ending up with the big barn near the Four Throws beer house. That is, he had done this up to a certain date. A month or so before Magnus found himself a second wife, Lavinia took to herself the habit of always heading for the Four Throws barn, and Honeycrock went there straight for her.

This was queer in one sense, for the only man in Dove-in-Wychwood who really troubled his mind about Lavinia's habits was the keeper of the Four Throws. His mind was always dwelling on the mare's trick, in a way his customers found "larmentable tiresome." But then the fellow was a foreigner from the next county and so inclined to regard natural phenomena with simple amaze.

The Four Throws was a mean place. Not much more than a hovel of freestone, it was unsightly and dirty. Unsavory though it was, it was the only house in Dove-in-Wychwood where yokels could get ale. The fellow who kept it was as mean as his house. A little bobtailed chap with a sly sidling manner and a twisty button eye. He was called Mass Willyam, and, as he mixed a lot with wildershers and Egyptians, he was a natural fox for low cunning.

He wasn't so much a bad character as a low one. Even the rustics had a contempt for him as something beneath them. That contempt was tinged with the cruel pity of the yokel in the case of the girl. The beer seller and his wife, a drab slattern, had a daughter—a dark, fiery, sullen wench with a harpy's good looks even in her rags. Her good looks were the source of pity, yet the girl's scorn of the sort of men Nature had seen fit to bestow on Dove-in-Wychwood filled the gaffers with a vague unease.

The girl was nubut a hussy, but she had ideas above herself She had no eyes for none, not even valiant fellows like Red Hayes, the Egyptian, Pycard, the warden of Varneys Worthy; or Mass Ditch, sidesman of the church, an old man, passing rich from slave trading when young. She was a prideful, uppish piece, the full and bitter beauty of her mouth always a-sneering at humble folk. The rustics foretold a bad ending for her, even looked forward to it with the stealthy relish of their kind. They also found that she pricked up when notable rich men were discussed—Cogwell, who was just the old bachelor to fall for pretty eyes; Magnus Varney, who had been so long without wife that there might be opening for another. It was comical to the yokel mind to note how eagerly she listened, and they used to talk at her to get a reaction.

Not that they had to talk much. Her father was always ready to jaw over Magnus Varney and his ways. Lavinia's trick of dropping the squire at nights stuck in his mind. He seemed to think it an act of Providence sent to be used to their advantage. He was always harping on it, hinting that it gave men a way to get Magnus Varney into their power. None listened to him. He was mean-gutted and a foreigner, not capable of sense as Dove-in-Wychwood knew sense. How could common men get their squire into their power, and what would they do with it when they had it? Best not to talk idle against such a man anyhow, a-many a cottager had been thrown out of house and home for less

It was noted, later, that the beer seller did drop this talk. It was just about the time that Lavinia was beginning to take such a strong fancy to the Four Throws barn and was actually dumping the squire there once or twice a week. When the rustics commented on this new twist to the mare's fancy, the beer seller shut them up sourly. If they persisted he snapped shortly:

"A-done with it. A man's got enough worries on his own without her adding to um. Plague her, wish she'd find a better place"

"Mus' be some sort o' powerful sort o' draw about yere," a shepherd would mumble, looking sly at the girl and winking at the others.

"A-done now," the innkeeper would say. "'Tis foolish talk."

"An ole man's fancy," someone would chuckle. The beer seller would scowl and say abruptly to his daughter "Go help your ma in the brew shed." Then, as the wench bridled and flounced out: "A hussy's only to be chucked under the chin these days to get ideas above her station."

He said no more. The rustics were even staggered by what he had said, but in no time all Dove-in-Wychwood had opinions as to why Lavinia found her way so regularly to the Four Throws. Wagging heads opined that a man is never so drunk that he cannot find his way into further wickedness. They said that there were none such fools as old fools where trim looks were concarned.

It was but whispering, and only half believed at that. But soon came belief. Every Thursday dawn Treyford, of Copyhold, rode by the Four Throws toward Stripe market. Time a-many he saw Lavinia by the barn, and once he saw more than Lavinia. He saw a girl start up from the turf, duck under the mare's belly and run behind the barn. He saw the swing of her black mane and had no doubt at all who the wench was; besides, the door of the Four Throws was ajar. Also, as he rode by, Magnus Varney lifted on his elbow and glared.

Magnus Varney glared because he considered that the infernal clatter Treyford's horse made had awakened him. He knew nothing about the girl. He would have taken his crop to the farmer had he dared mention her. Treyford did not dare—to Magnus Varney's face. But he made up for it elsewhere, and his talk turned gossip into fact and fanned the puritan flame in Dove-in-Wychwood so fiercely that the parson, at the risk of his living, found it necessary to preach a scorching sermon on the wantonness of senile old men It was his most searing effort, and he was a little bewildered

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All Waited Gaping While the Girl Came, Pallid, Draggled, Weeping

GOOD FELLOWS

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY R. ALLEN COLEMAN

NO MATTER what the surface indications denote, life has a way of striking a balance. The man who sacrifices everything to success is generally unable to enjoy it when won, and the man who pays for riches with his honor is brought down in sorrow by worthless progeny.

Since this is a story, however, and not a philosophical treatise, it might be well to start. That preamble was merely by way of warning that there will be neither gravy for the cynics nor mush for the mushheads in this yarn, because where one character prompts a generalization, another rises up to confound it. Besides, I have no use for a cynic, who is a futile creature at best; but when it comes to choosing between a pessimist and an optimist as an ally in any undertaking except a fight, give me the boy with the sluggish liver every time. Yet—and despite—the optimist gets far more out of life. He goes hopefully from failure to failure —— But we've simply got to start this thing sometime.

It's about Tom Gibson and his wife, and Parke Slack and his wife, and a salesman named Gid Ezzell, and divers others. The Gibsons and the Slacks lived next door to each other, their houses so close that they used the same driveway for the two garages. Tom had built it, and to give Parke more lawn on the other side, he had consented to make it a party driveway. Of course, Parke was going to pay for his half.

They were always running back and forth between the houses. Mrs. Gibson had gone to the same girls' school with Mrs. Slack, so naturally their husbands were friends too. In fact, the husbands of all Mrs. Gibson's women friends were friends of Tom and the husbands of all Mrs. Slack's friends were friends of Parke, but if either Gibson or Slack happened to like a man with a wife whom their wives could not stand —— Well, anyhow, the Gibsons and the Slacks were as thick as thieves and the men were normal husbands in every respect.

Tom Came Up the Walk of Her Father's Home With a Grin From Ear to Ear, and She Grew Wild With Excitement

Neither family dreamed of ringing a doorbell when dropping in. Often the Slacks walked into the Gibson dining room when there were guests, but nobody thought anything of that. And all that Tom or Sylvia had to do when they wanted a bridge game was to open the side door and shout, "How about it?"

They made common use of small possessions also. The Slacks were heavily on the debit side in respect to such trifling borrowings, however—not that they would have been unwilling to lend anything Tom or Sylvia wanted, you understand, but somehow the Gibsons always seemed to have everything.

Mrs. Slack was a happy-go-lucky housekeeper, apt to find herself out of sugar or bread or coffee or bacon any day. When this happened she sent her cook across the driveway to the Gibson kitchen and obtained what they required. At first she did this only at intervals and with profuse explanations; later it became a matter of course. And Parke was almost as careless about maintaining the supplies men need. Often he hopped over to their neighbors' to borrow a drop of something for friends who called unexpectedly, or he had lost his automobile jack, or lacked a spare inner tube. Twice in the course of one winter he had even to ask for enough coal to last until a load could be delivered. It was simply want of foresight, and they always paid back—or nearly always. At any rate, they fully intended to do so.

The ideal friendship is reciprocal, which is the reason there are so few; but the relation between the Gibsons and the Slacks is very frequent and sometimes lasts indefinitely. It never occurred to Tom or Sylvia that the favors were one-sided. Both were inclined to be methodical, and for a long while the loose generosity of the Slacks' viewpoint warmed their hearts.

Besides, Tom could afford it. His income generally ran into respectable figures, the only drawback being that in bad times it practically ceased and he would lie awake nights worrying about overhead. He was in the real-estate business, and an established concern cannot cut down its staff every time a dull season threatens.

Sylvia often wished he was in something else. Also, like most wives, she considered her husband an easy mark, simply because she could twist him around her finger. And to tell the truth, Tom did seem to find it hard to say no. Take the drive for the building fund of the church, for example. It was traveling a rough road and the committee did not relish its job.

"We've got to put some pep into this," declared the chairman. "We're not getting anywhere."

"Why not make ol' Tom captain of the teams?" somebody suggested.

They voted for it unanimously. Gibson would inspire the others; he had an organization he could turn loose; and he would be sure to start the lists off with a fat subscription

"Let's phone him and find out now."

"No," said the chairman; "it would be better if two or three of us went and talked to him."

Tom received the deputation cordially, but listened with obvious reluctance.

"I appreciate the honor, gentlemen," he remarked when they had finished. "But this hits me at the very worst time of year. Right now is our busiest season, you know; and they had me on that chamber-of-commerce committee, and the community-chest drive is due soon. I'm sorry; but I'll be only too glad to give a subscription, of course. You can put me down for five hundred dollars."

"If everybody backed out on those grounds, Tom," replied the chairman suavely, "none of us would be serving. This is a case where all of us have to make sacrifices, and I think I may safely say we are all doing so. We carefully canvassed the situation, and the opinion was unanimous among the members of the committee that you were the strongest man in town to head the teams. That is why we are here."

Tom blushed with gratification. He cleared his throat and made them a moving little speech, and before the committee left his office he was not only captain of the canvassers but had raised his subscription to a thousand dollars.

"But that's more than we can afford, Tom," his wife protested. "Why, I was looking over the list in the paper this morning, and some of these millionaires gave only two hundred and fifty."

"Yeh, but those fellows're always tightwads. Look at their income taxes! How d'you suppose old Ballow gets off with eleven dollars, when everybody knows his income runs into five figures?"

"Then there's another thing," she persisted. "How can you give so much time to it? You ought to be attending to business."

"Somebody has to do it, dear."

"Then why can't men like Mr. Schoonover do it? That's what they put him on the committee for. Here he's got loads of money and not a thing in the world to do."

"Schoonover is chairman of the committee."

"Yes, but I notice he took mighty good care to crawl out and ease the real work onto you."

"Oh, no, that's not the way to look at it."

"Well, I know this much: We can't afford to give to everything like we do. Somebody is after you all the time for money, and last year they asked you to head the ——"

"In a way, it's a compliment, you know."

"Fiddlesticks!" she retorted. "You surely aren't going to fall for that! They know you're easy, that's all." Then when she saw she had hurt him—"No, but I think it's contemptible the way they always overwork a willing horse."

Tom fidgeted, and to change the subject—"Well, what did you and Beryl do today?"

"Played bridge at Mrs. Eastman's."

"Win or lose?"

"Won, for a wonder—seventy-five cents. That makes me only three dollars out on the month."

"How did Beryl come out? She win too?"

"She lost a dollar and a quarter."

"Wow! I'll bet she was sore."

"No-o. Of course she didn't like it, but—well, she didn't have any money with her and had to be good-natured about it. I lent it to her."

"You're out fifty cents net then," said Tom, and laughed.

"What a mean thing to say!"

"You know perfectly well Beryl always forgets her bridge debts."

"Maybe so—sometimes. But at least I didn't lend her fifteen hundred dollars!"

This was a dirty crack at a transaction between Tom and Parke, and that it was a sore spot with Tom showed in his expression.

"Would you have had me turn him down?" he demanded resentfully. "They're about our closest friends, and a man's got to help a friend out of a pinch."

"I don't say he hasn't," she answered. "But at least you might have asked me about it first."

That, too, was a well-worn subject. If Tom had refused to make Slack the loan, Sylvia would likely have argued for it; but he had gone and given him the money without even telling her until a fortnight later, and even then she learned of it only by accident. She raised the mischief with him for keeping it a secret.

"I didn't want a thing like that hurting our friendship. That's why I didn't tell you," he explained at the time.

"As if that could make any difference!"

Yet it did, in ways both direct and indirect. To the Slacks it seemed to make no difference, but as the months passed and Parke forgot the loan with cheerful unconcern, Sylvia found herself picking flaws in his character; and sometimes she would say tart things about him to Tom.

"It looks like he could pay something," she insisted. "He must be making money. At any rate they live just like they always did."

"Oh, give him a chance. He'll pay me back when he gets on his feet. I was talking to him yesterday and he says business is fine."

"He said business was fine when he ran that coal company, too, and next thing we knew he'd quit and started in with this automobile agency."

"Well, a new business takes capital to push. He can't be expected to make a go of it right at the start. He'll pay me back some day."

The some day was slow in arriving however.

"Sylvia acted so queer to me today," Mrs. Slack reported at dinner one night. "I simply asked her to lend me a dollar when we were settling up at bridge, and she got the funniest look on her face."

"Shucks, you just imagine it."

"I did no such of a thing. Do you suppose they're getting sore because you owe them that money?"

"No, of course not. Why should they? Tom's got lots and will never feel it."

"That's what I think. But something's on her mind—I know that."

"Did she lend you the dollar?"

"Yes, of course."

"Then everything's all right. Maybe she was peeved because she lost."

This struck Beryl as a feasible explanation, but her first suspicions returned when her cook, who had gone across to the Gibsons' to borrow a loaf of bread, reported that Lina said she would have to ask her mistress

"The very idea!" Beryl exclaimed in telling her husband about it. "A miserable loaf of bread! You know how we've always lent each other things like that."

"Now! Let's not have a fuss over a pin prick," Parke said uneasily. "Maybe Lina was in a bad humor. You know how these niggers are sometimes. She always has high-hatted Iodine, anyhow, just because they've got more money."

And in the Gibsons' kitchen a few days later—"After this, Lina," her mistress said, "you're to ask me whenever Iodine comes over for anything."

"Yes'm. . . . They ain't sent back that ice-cream freezer yet."

"Lan's sakes, they haven't? And Mr. Gibson wants ice cream with chocolate sauce for dinner—you know how he loves that on Sundays. You run over and ask her for it."

It was a job much to Lina's distaste and she departed, talking to herself. "She say she ain't got that freezer, ma'am," she presently reported. "But they done borrowed it las' Thursday."

"Are you sure?"

"Cross my heart and hope to die!"

"Take another look around. Maybe it's under the back porch. Did you look there? What on earth do you suppose they could have done with it?"

"Broke it, I reckon. That no-account Iodine was lyin' to me, ma'am—I could see it in her eye. It's like she busted that freezer and Miz Slack done sent it down to get fixed."

Mrs. Gibson accepted this theory until the dinner hour. Then, as they were sitting at table, a car passed the windows which looked on the driveway.

"Gracious, and we haven't a thing left!" she wailed.

"It's not for us. He's going to the Slacks'."

They both leaned to peer out. A man was unloading an ice-cream freezer from the car; he dumped it on the back porch of the Slack house and then hurried around to the front door.

"Why, that's Jim Tuttle," said Sylvia. "What on earth ——"

"Sure. And that's our ice-cream freezer. Didn't the Tuttles give a party the other night?"

"Oh, you don't suppose—I just can't believe it, Tom."

"Beryl borrowed that freezer for Emmy Tuttle, and that's why I had to go without my ice cream today." And he began to shake with laughter.

But his wife's face grew grim. "If I thought — " she said, her eyes snapping.

"Now don't start anything, please! It's the best joke I've had in ten years." And he went into another paroxysm.

As his wife often remarked, with a tinkling incisiveness that carried untold implications, she did not possess his keen sense of humor. This was no joke to her. For a few minutes she was so angry that he had difficulty in restraining her from going over to the Slacks' and giving Beryl a piece of her mind.

"Honestly, Tom, this is getting beyond a joke. I don't mind lending things to help them out, but when they borrow for their friends too ——"

"Best not say a word about it," he urged as he wiped his eyes. "What's the use of stirring up a row over an ice-cream freezer?"

"It isn't that old freezer. It's the principle of the thing."

"What principle?"

"Why, a million of them —— Oh, you make me tired! You know perfectly well what I mean."

"Forget it, anyhow, dear. We've been good friends so long; it isn't worth a break."

So Sylvia never mentioned her discovery to Beryl, although the freezer mysteriously found its way under the kitchen stoop next morning, minus its crank. The families continued on the same intimate footing as before, if not with quite the same measure of confidences, and whatever grievances Sylvia felt she kept to herself—or told only to one or two close friends under vows of secrecy. Three, to be exact.

Tom had more important matters to occupy him, and whenever she referred to the subject he guffawed as if he were telling one of his own stories. There was a state-wide depression and his business was not earning enough to pay the rent of his suite of offices, to say nothing of stenographers and clerks and the guaranties he gave certain of his salesmen.

"I've just got to cut down my overhead," he told her, with a harassed air. "That's the trouble with this business it's either a feast or a famine. And I don't see any prospect of it picking up for a couple of years, either, the way cotton has gone down."

(Continued on Page 134

In His Disheveled, Unshaved Condition, He Did Not Want to Meet Any Acquaintances. So He Waved His Hat and Cried, "Good Morning"

THE REST OF THE BABBITTS

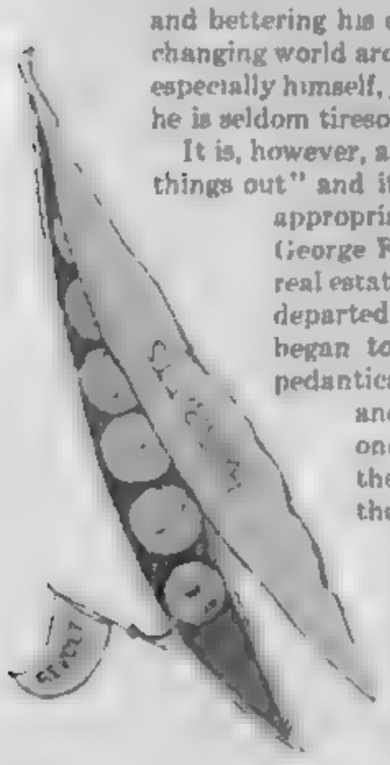
Merely Babbitts Very Much Preoccupied With Their Own Aggrandizement

By Struthers Burt

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

IT IS not generally known, but the Babbitt family was and is, for it is composed of healthy folk who do not die easily, much larger than one was led to suppose from the distinguished novel the hero of which was the eldest boy, George. Moreover, like most prosperous and virile middle-class stock, this virility, as the boys and girls grew to young manhood and womanhood, has expressed itself in amazingly varied ways, ways so various that they would seem incompatible in the same blood, were it not for a fundamental likeness. But then this, of course, is a phenomenon frequently witnessed in American life. One of the best ways to produce an artist or a rebel, although not perhaps the best way to produce a supreme artist, is to give him or her several generations of repression and a relative or so to despise.

And this was what happened to the Babbitts. For a while it looked as if some of them might be real artists and real rebels, but this hope is disappearing. No real artist "runs things out," to use an old undergraduate phrase, and the real rebel or revolutionist is so busy changing his mind and bettering his opinions to keep up with the changing world around him that nobody knows, especially himself, just what he is. At all events, he is seldom tiresome.



It is, however, a trait of the Babbitts to "run things out" and it is another trait of theirs to appropriate to themselves labels. George F., as we all know, went into real estate. Other brothers and sisters departed for New York, where they began to spell their ordinary names pedantically and to write book reviews and novels and verse, and meet once a week or so to assure themselves, not in words but by their auras and by steam heat, that they were the last word in revolt, intellectual freedom and a magnificent realism. Always a sentimental attitude, to be sure; but we will let that pass. There is no need to busy ourselves with the lesser artistic Babbitts, any more than there is need to busy ourselves with the remaining children who, following the lead of George F., became lesser business Babbitts.

The world is passing them by. They are somewhat in the position of motion-picture magnates who decide on Monday what the people want, only to find on Tuesday it isn't so. There is nothing more pathetic than that—a group of rebels whose rebellion has moved on, leaving them unaware of the progress. A wrecked town after a cyclone is gay compared to it.

George F., the so-called, but wrongly, conservative, epitomizes one side of the picture; his New York brothers and sisters, the so-called, but wrongly, progressive, epitomize the other, so they will do for our purposes; the point being that George and his metropolitan brothers are all Babbitts, a truth that is becoming more and more discernible—Babbitts are born not made. Once a Babbitt always a Babbitt.

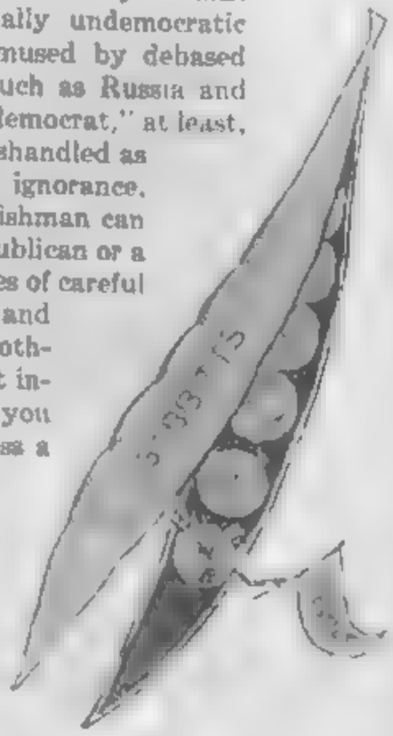
Chameleons of the Dictionary

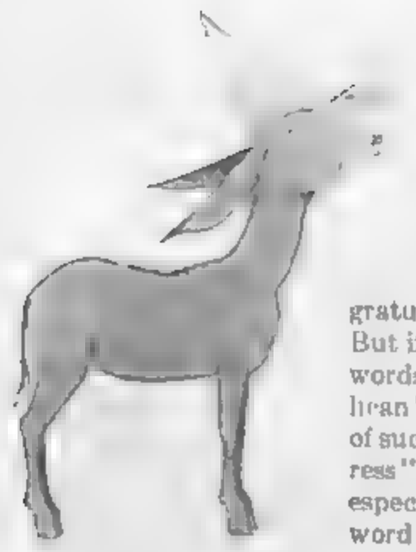
WITH which we can leave the Babbitts for a while and turn to a necessary attempt to redefine certain words and certain mental attitudes; invariably, of course, one way of running head on into trouble.

Words are treacherous enough as it is—even the simplest of words. No sooner are they invented than they take to themselves new shapes and colors. They are as absorbent as a sponge and as expansive as a drop of water. It is safe to say that 90 per cent of the world is born and dies never having said more than a dozen sentences that expressed exactly what was intended. Words are treacherous enough as it is, but when mankind, with its passion for the concrete and for categories, steals an abstract word and applies it to concrete and particular instances, confusion is thrice confounded.

Examples of this can be multiplied, but in America we need search no further than an example America has made classic—an example, curious and sardonic, laughable if it were not potentially so hazardous. I refer to our use of the words "democrat" and "republican." In 1828 we chose the first as the label for a political party, in 1854 we chose the second as the label for a party in opposition, and ever since, for ten decades in the former instance and seven in the latter, the actual meanings of the terms have been largely lost to the American consciousness. In these intervals they have become entangled with half a hundred concepts having nothing whatsoever to do with the original and valid definitions. Concepts, to mention only a few of them, such as states' rights, a strong central government, slavery, abolition, free trade and protective tariffs. Connotations having no inherent connection with the word "democrat," which comes from two Greek words, *demos*—people—and *kratea*—rule—meaning, therefore, a believer in the rule of the whole people; or republican which comes from two Latin words, *res*—affairs—and *publica*—public—and which by no means implies the same thing.

Think that over for a few moments and you will realize the power and danger of words. The greatest republic in existence, the chief protagonist of democracy inhabited by a race the vast majority of which has no idea what republican or democrat really means. While in Europe—essentially undemocratic Europe—a Europe not bemused by debased usage save in a few spots such as Russia and Germany where the word "democrat," at least, has been almost as much mishandled as with us, there is no similar ignorance. Almost any intelligent Englishman can tell you precisely what a republican or a democrat is. All the centuries of careful distinction and experiment and experience gone largely for nothing so far as the people most interested are concerned. If you lose out of your consciousness a correct definition, you lose a concept, for there are in English no perfect synonyms. If you do not know what democrat and republican really mean, do not know as the founders of America knew, then, if your





number is increasing, the country you live in is in danger of becoming neither a democracy nor a republic. And that, of course, is exactly America's present danger.

Do you think that is too fine drawn? I congratulate you on your optimism. But if the comparatively simple words "democrat" and "republican" have been abused, what of such difficult words as "progress" and "reaction," and what especially of that most difficult word of all, the supposedly red word "revolution"? A word that has been compressed or expanded to suit every need and all occasions, that has been twisted and bent to fit a myriad temporary and shortsighted purposes of mankind, that has been used as a bogy to frighten children and as a cloak to cover the most varied forms of disingenuousness or stupidity. A word that has been borne as a shield by millions of charlatans and tied as a blindfold by the selfish and tyrannical; and which has been hurled by every social coward and miser of life at the heads of the adventurous and open minded, just as the other abused word, "reactionary," is hurled by the pseudo-revolutionist at the heads of all those who do not completely agree with him. You cannot talk about the Babbitts without defining reaction and revolution, because half of the family considers itself conservative, and therefore sanely reactionary, and the other half considers itself progressive, and therefore healthily revolutionary. In fact, that's where all the trouble began.

Human and Natural Revolution

ALL through history the Babbitts have been hurling these terms at one another's heads, while what progress the world has made, slow and stumbling, has been the work for the most part of men too busy to call names.

Revolution isn't a red word, except when men, almost invariably for adequate reasons, have been forced to take up arms. No revolution ever in history has succeeded save when there was a crying need for it. Three-fourths of all revolution has been peaceable and unrecognized as such. Revolution is a good round solid wholesome word, standing for all human progress. So surely it is not a waste of time to try to restore it somewhat to its proper meaning and to the delicate and discriminating values attached to that meaning, if for no other purpose than to take it out of the hands of the pseudo-revolutionists who nowadays have appropriated it. At all events until we make some such discrimination, progress—in this country particularly, for we are given to catch phrases and shibboleths—will be hampered and constantly misunderstood, and the pseudo-revolutionist will exert an influence he does not deserve. Moreover, as said before, you cannot otherwise analyze the position of the left wing, the pseudo-revolutionary wing, of Babbittry. Young people will continue to regard its members as prophets, older people will continue to regard them as dangerous, when, really, they are neither dangerous nor prophetical, merely Babbitts very much preoccupied with their own aggrandizement.

Let us begin by considering the actual definition of the word "revolution." The philologist has an advantage over most of us in that respect, for he is constantly checking up present-day and casual usage with original significations, and so gains historical perspective. Revolution, then, means just one thing, to revolve. It comes—to be etymological for the third time—from two Latin words, *re*—back—and *volvo*—turn or roll—and obviously, when first applied to the processes of the human mind, was figurative. Words, to start with, are figurative anyway. The people who invented this figurative use, at all events, must have had, consciously or unconsciously, in the backs of their heads just one picture, and that was the picture of a wheel which must revolve in order to progress. They did not have the picture of a colt running away, nor the picture of a fire, nor an earthquake, nor a flood—they had the picture of a wheel revolving. And of one thing you may be certain: If they had not had this picture they would not have used the term in question; they would have used another, for the only time that a word or phrase is used exactly as intended is when it is first invented. Such is the agony of the human mind to make itself articulate and lucid; two things, of course, it can never completely become—the parturition of a word or phrase is no light affair. We treat these children of the brain lightly only after they have been with us for a long while.

The men who first used the simile, or metaphor, "revolution," had in their minds the picture of a wheel revolving and at the same time going forward, and therefore they had, of course, a correct philosophical notion of one of the two great processes whereby mankind steps forward at all—the human process as opposed to the natural one. Revolution, when you come to think of it, is merely the word "evolution" with an *r* added, and although this is somewhat far-fetched, as although the root of the words is the same, evolution means to unroll, not simply to revolve, revolution, none the less, is one half of the whole of which evolution is the other part. The whole growth. Evolution is nature in growth; revolution is growth with the human mind applied to it. When the farmer in the spring turns up the earth with a plow he is a revolutionist. What is back of evolution we do not know, what is back of revolution is the human will and human thought and imagination. Between them lies all of development; without them nothing happens at all.

Now, nature may unroll—that is, it may, as far as we can see, go forward, wastefully and tragically, but none the less forward, without retracing its steps, but man cannot do that. Man is impatient and fallible, and invariably going forward, sooner or later leaves the main track and discovers himself in a blind alley. He is like a man cruising through an unknown forest, and like this man—that is, if the man is a wise frontiersman—mankind in general, despite all its folly, possesses enough instinctive woodcraft to turn back when it finds itself completely lost. It tries to get back to where it made the wrong turning. That, you can say, is waste time; and so it is, but it is either that or death. Progress is measured along the main road, whatever that may be, and not along the blind alleys. In short, revolution is constant motion and turns upon itself.

But there is an even clearer and more accurate picture, it seems to me, than that of the wheel. Revolution, or progress, resembles a gigantic weight swinging around an axis that gradually moves upward. You can produce the same phenomenon in miniature by tying a piece of string with a lead attached to your finger and then making the lead rotate, all the while raising your finger almost invisibly. The lead is never still. It is no sooner up than it is down; it no sooner reaches its zenith than it begins to descend once more to its nadir. Apparently it gets nowhere, for it always moves in a circle and the arc of the circle is the same. Progress is not discernible unless you watch the finger, and then only if you watch the finger closely.

A Modern Napoleonic Era

THE unthinking are those who watch only the arc of the circle; the pessimistic are those who regard only the recurring nadirs, or, if they realize the zeniths at all, see them only as vanishing points in time; the wise are those who keep their eyes on the finger. In other words, if there is any progress at all, it must be in the shape of a series of bisecting circles, each succeeding one slightly higher than its predecessor. People forget that when they complain of contemporary folly.

If you agree with this figure you will perceive, of course, at no period cause for final despair. You may be living in a nadir, and the nadir of any given era—eras extending over many years, sometimes centuries—is unquestionably lower than the zenith of that era, or of the era that preceded it, or the era that will follow, but at the same time it is higher than the nadir it has succeeded, even if slightly. For instance, it seems to me fairly clear that at present we are living in a nadir, or else approaching it rapidly, which means that simultaneously, of course, immense new forces are at work that will soon be used in the upward pull, and this nadir resembles startlingly, as has often been remarked, the nadir following the Napoleonic Wars. It resembles that nadir in countless ways—in morals, in manners, in costume, in customs, in a frankness, mostly excellent, frequently abused.

But at our worst we are a trifle better than were our ancestors of the time of George IV of England or Charles X of France, and this world is minutely a better place to live in. Dishonest as we are, we are more honest; vulgar as we are, we are less vulgar; dirty as we may be physically, we are cleaner, and we know more.

I say we are in a nadir, despite our younger critics and philosophers, for the forces gathering for the upward pull must not be confused with the pull itself, and as far as I can make out, we are still in the

(Continued on Page 122)

All Through History the Babbitts Have Been Hurling These Terms at One Another's Heads

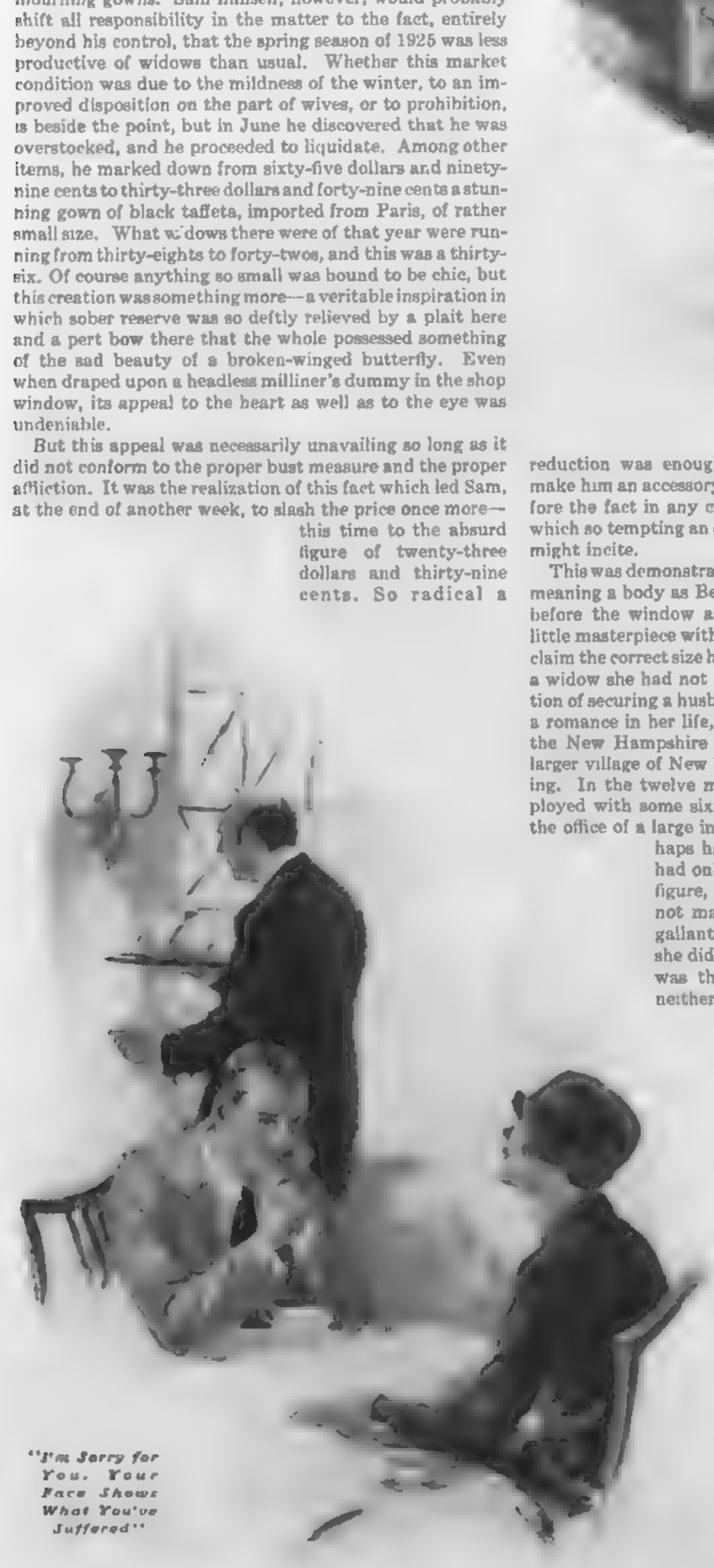
A STUDY IN BLACK

By Frederick Orin Bartlett

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

IF WE accept the theory of cause and effect as against pure chance in the unfolding of events, it is necessary to begin this story with Mr. Sam Lowenstein, who, in a modest shop off Fifth Avenue, makes a specialty of select mourning gowns. Sam himself, however, would probably shift all responsibility in the matter to the fact, entirely beyond his control, that the spring season of 1925 was less productive of widows than usual. Whether this market condition was due to the mildness of the winter, to an improved disposition on the part of wives, or to prohibition, is beside the point, but in June he discovered that he was overstocked, and he proceeded to liquidate. Among other items, he marked down from sixty-five dollars and ninety-nine cents to thirty-three dollars and forty-nine cents a stunning gown of black taffeta, imported from Paris, of rather small size. What widows there were of that year were running from thirty-eights to forty-twos, and this was a thirty-six. Of course anything so small was bound to be chic, but this creation was something more—a veritable inspiration in which sober reserve was so deftly relieved by a plait here and a pert bow there that the whole possessed something of the sad beauty of a broken-winged butterfly. Even when draped upon a headless milliner's dummy in the shop window, its appeal to the heart as well as to the eye was undeniable.

But this appeal was necessarily unavailing so long as it did not conform to the proper bust measure and the proper affliction. It was the realization of this fact which led Sam, at the end of another week, to slash the price once more—this time to the absurd figure of twenty-three dollars and thirty-nine cents. So radical a reduction was enough to make him an accessory before the fact in any crime which so tempting an offer might incite.



"Try it On, Blease," He Coaxed. "That Won't Cost You Nottings"

This was demonstrated when so well-meaning a body as Betty Hill stopped before the window and studied this little masterpiece with eager and covetous eyes. She could claim the correct size honestly enough, but so far from being a widow she had not even fulfilled the preliminary condition of securing a husband. To be sure there had been once a romance in her life, but that was before she came from the New Hampshire village where she was born to this larger village of New York where she was earning her living. In the twelve months that she had been here, employed with some sixteen hundred other young ladies in the office of a large insurance company, she had met perhaps half a dozen men and with these she had only a nodding acquaintance. Her frail figure, pale cheeks and modest nature did not make her of a type to attract young gallants, even had she desired them. That she did not was proved by the fact that she was the only girl in the office who used neither lipstick nor rouge, when no one needed them more. Yet this did not mean that her heart was dead, though only a girl friend or two, who when in trouble turned to her instinctively, knew this.

Sam, looking through the open door, recognized at once the customer for whom this black gown had been waiting. So sure was he that he stepped outside.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "What a price!"

Miss Hill drew back nervously. Any interest she may have taken in the dress she considered private and confidential.

"It's very beautiful," she admitted, "but ——"

She was trying to tell him that it was scarcely appropriate, but he interrupted.

"Try it on, blease," he coaxed. "That won't cost you nottings."

No, that would cost her nothing and might save her something. She was clever with her needle and saw a possibility here of altering the gown into something that really she might be able to use. The goods were of the finest, and if she added a touch of color here and there she would have a serviceable street costume. With this in mind she entered the store, put herself in the hands of one of the girls and, emerging a few minutes later from the dressing room, stood before a long mirror where she found herself confronted by a young widow. Startled, she drew back. This was she and yet not she. She recognized her own features, but there was something more to this strange lady in black—a dash of style that made even pale cheeks, shaded eyes and the tiny waiflike body tangible assets. Never, in her most optimistic moments, had Betty Hill considered such details other than liabilities; but now, harmonized in a proper setting, they took on tragic beauty. This particular costume had been designed for them as though, months past in Paris, sympathetic fingers had foreseen her in some sad plight. Perhaps by taking a different turn in the road she had escaped it or perhaps it lay ahead. God alone knows; but down to the slightest line this gown not only fitted but became her. Turning before the mirror, she saw that never had she been so perfectly and beautifully attired. As though this were not enough, Sam appeared with a trim, modish black hat which he placed upon her jet hair. It was the final touch.

"All"—he exclaimed—"all for thirty dollars! Oi!"

He was a real artist in black, that man, and could appreciate an effect when he secured one. Veteran connoisseur in widows that he was, he had never seen one to compare with this exquisite thirty-six now standing before him.

"I—I think I'll take it," she decided.

Even the fact that she had been on her way to the bank with what remained of a month's pay in her patent-leather bag was further indication that something more than coincidence was at work in this sequence of incidents. Oddly excited, she counted out with trembling fingers the bills.

"I'll wear the dress home," she said quickly. "Please send the other."

She left her name and address—the Miss on the slip could easily have been read Mrs.—and, stepping out of Mr. Lowenstein's with a light step, she plunged into the eddying stream.

Had she been dressed in her ordinary one-piece brown suit, she would have been immediately lost to sight. There were dozens of these suits about the city, varying only in size and color, with felt hats to match. They served their purpose of covering the body decently, but they made her and the others just part of the crowd. The wearers were so many animated figures who in the mass lost all identity until, with the more human relationships eliminated, they

"I'm Sorry for You. Your Face Shows What You've Suffered"

became as alike as a flock of sheep. The injustice lay in the fact that inside they were not alike; that in her case, for example, the blood ran warm and strong in her veins.

Today she was aware of a change before she reached the Avenue. She saw eyes upon her as she approached, and saw these same eyes glance sideways as she passed. Whether they were the weak eyes of the old, the fading eyes of the middle-aged, or the daring eyes of youth, they were invariably sympathetic. For sorrow, especially as expressed in the young, makes a quick-thrusting appeal. Her white face suggested the effects of a prolonged strain, but the dash of style in her costume hinted of a brave fight and a stout determination not to succumb wholly. Whether because of so much grief or so much joy in Paris, they understand there how to gain these effects.

At first she did not know whether to laugh or to cry as she realized the meaning of this attention. Viewed seriously she was indulging in a rather pitiful bit of deceit, and yet back of it there was some truth. At heart she had been a widow of a sort for these past few years—ever since Dana Kendall left for the West.

Perhaps this was the tragedy which the little Parisian dressmaker had anticipated, knowing that widows may be of more than one kind. Love and the visions that go with love may be lost in other ways than through death.

Though she found this silent admiration both stimulating and heady—it was as though her soul had been restored—she carried herself with dignity. She had no intention of presuming upon the situation for a moment, or of allowing anyone else to do so. If there were those who paused—and there were—seeing in her smart attire a certain challenge, they went on about their business once they met her steady eyes. Helpless she might be, but she held her head too high to invite unsolicited gallantry. Frightened somewhat, she even hurried her steps, and then suddenly she felt a new pair of eyes upon her. They were like twin searchlights. To escape them she stopped and stared into the nearest store window, which happened to be that of a tobacco shop. With her heart beating in her throat, she examined in great detail a medley of pipes and cigarettes, hoping against hope that Dana Kendall had not really seen her. What he was doing here when he was supposed to be living in Seattle she did not know and, furthermore, did not care to know. So far as she was concerned he was dead. The hot blood burned her cheeks as she remembered her thoughts of a moment ago. Widows before now may have seen ghosts, but surely none was ever asked to confront such a situation as this. It—it was not decent.

"Betty."

She affected not to hear, still hoping he might consider this a mistake. But though baffled for a moment by her costume, he was too sure.

"Betty," he repeated gently.

She turned then and faced him. There was no escape. As she took his proffered hand, she had never seen his blue eyes more genuinely tender.

"I hadn't heard of your trouble," he said, puzzled.

"You're mistaken, Dana," she faltered. "I'm in no trouble."

That was like her. She had never been one to wear her heart upon her sleeve. But the tense mouth and the worried expression and the mourning garb told the story—a story of suffering bravely borne. Under this her face had matured, he thought, but the usual penalty had not been exacted. Her eyes still retained their girlish buoyance, and to this was now added the charm of mystery. The natural conclusion he drew was that this must have been some suddenly developed romance into which she had plunged.

"I'm East for the first time since I left home," he explained. "You are living here?"

"Yes," she answered through dry lips.

"Do you mind if I walk on a little way with you?"

She did mind as she would have minded being escorted by one risen from the grave. More, because a specter would have had his limitations. But he, as he fell into step by her side, brought back the past until it stood out as vividly as yesterday. Even in appearance he had not changed, except to put on enough weight to smooth out many of the awkward angles which had marked his lean height at twenty. But his blue eyes, his big nose, and his big smiling mouth remained unchanged, as undoubtedly they always would He was dressed in a light-gray suit and a gray soft hat which gave him an air of distinction, made the more effective in contrast with her dark costume.

"I didn't know you were married," he said.

"How could you know?" she answered weakly.

"It's my own fault that I lost track of you," he admitted. "But for the past three years I haven't thought much about anything except business. You get that way out there."

"What brought you back?" she demanded.

"Business again. My uncle sent me on."

"For how long?"

She was trying to find out enough to protect herself. If he was to be in town a week or two ——

"I'm leaving tonight. If I had known you were here I'd have planned to stay over."

She breathed a sigh of relief. She would soon be clear of any danger of having her pitiful secret revealed if he left then. Relaxing, she took another point of view. In a few hours, perhaps in a few minutes, he would be out of her life once more, and so—and so she might as well play the little farce through to the end. It would be so much simpler and so much easier. She had not deliberately planned this artificial barrier—Fate had set it up for her—and surely she had a right to some breaks in the game of life. So far they had all been with him. Given a bit of shelter to hide behind, it seemed no more than fair that she should take it. And soon she would reach the corner where she must leave him.

"Betty," he was saying, "what are you going to do this evening?"

"I'm going home," she answered.

She spoke the words bravely, but they were bitter to her lips. There was more of farce in the simple drab room she called home than in her mourning weeds. Even as she spoke a shadow clouded her face, which he was quick to note, for he was noting everything in these few minutes.

"Must you?" he asked.

He knew how few were the privileges he had a right to claim of her. The day had gone when he could ask confidently. Yet never had he been so eager. The tragical eyes and the grief-stricken cheeks and the sensitive lips gripped his heart.

"If we could have dinner together in some quiet place ——" he ventured.

She did not answer for a moment, because she did not know how far she could trust herself. "I go out so little," she demurred.

"I understand. But we're old friends. That ought to count for something. I'm alone here and I'm homesick."

He took her arm. The touch of his hand was no ghost's touch. It sent no chill through her, as it should

"Come," he pleaded, with a trace of his old authority. "I'm stopping not far from here. In the hotel there's a grillroom—deserted at this

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She Hurried Out of the Chic Black Gown—the Dashing Black Gown Made by the Little Parisian Dressmaker

THE RULING PASSION

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD BRETT

"He Was a Fool," Put in the Bald-Headed Man. "In a Little Town Like That Everybody Would Come Under Suspicion"

"CRIMINALS," stated the bald-headed man, "are fools."

"Known many?" asked the gray-haired man.

"Some," the bald-headed man said.

The three other men in the smoker looked at him curiously.

"I was sheriff of Orange County," the bald-headed man explained, "one term, sixteen years ago." He pulled at his cigar. "I quit," he said. "More money traveling for the lawnmower works. Not so exciting though."

Down the Hudson River Valley the night train rumbled.

"Some criminals are pretty smart, though," spoke up the black-haired man.

"Oh, some of 'em are tricky," admitted the bald-headed man, "but blamed few of 'em are tricky enough. This is the way I look at it: The fellow who bucks the law nowadays and tries to get away with murder or robbery or what you will, is cracked to begin with. I've got a theory that criminals are warped from birth. They begin by pinching pennies from their mother—and end up stealing diamonds. You don't often hear of a man who has been honest all his days suddenly turning thief. I guess honesty gets to be a sort of habit with most people. Well, it seems to me that the crook is just naturally cracked, and that crack is bound to show up somewhere in the job he does."

"Those yeggs who stuck up the mail truck in Jersey City the other day seem to have got away clean," remarked the gray-haired man.

"They'll catch 'em," predicted the bald-headed man. "You'll see. If not for that job, for some other one."

"What makes you think so?" the black-haired man asked.

"Fools make fool mistakes," said the bald-headed man. "Look now! There were six of them in the gang. A secret divided by six isn't much of a secret. One of them is apt to be a weak sister. He'll blow some of his share on bum champagne, get a loose tongue and spill the beans to some woman—or do something equally foolish, you mark my words."

"The police haven't a single clew," said the black-haired man.

"Just wait," said the bald-headed man. "That gang will hand the police some clews, I'll bet. What will they do? Same as that bunch that pulled off the hundred-thousand-dollar-pay-roll robbery in Williamsburg last year. They'll lie low a while and then blow over to Broadway and begin to spend the swag. Guys like that are always reckless with money they haven't had to work for. They'll buy flocks of silk shirts and snappy roadsters, and play the night life and the speak-easies until the cops begin to wonder where they got all that jack. Even if the dicks don't become inquisitive, that bunch will squander all the money sooner or later—probably sooner—and have nothing left but a taste for luxury and a dislike for work. So they'll take a crack at another mail truck, and maybe their luck won't be so good next time. Fools, I tell you!"

"More nerve than sense," agreed the gray-haired man.

"You'd think, wouldn't you," remarked the black-haired man, "that a fellow who was going to risk a long stretch in prison, or maybe even the chair, by pulling some crooked job, would go about it more scientifically? Me—I'd be darned sure, if I took it into my head to stage a robbery, to make it cop-proof."

"Yes?" said the bald-headed man. "And you'd probably pull some old stuff that wouldn't even fool a hick constable."

"I think," said the gray-haired man, "that the trouble with most crooks is that they don't read enough detective stories. They don't keep up with the newest wrinkles in their profession, the way business men have to. If I were a crook, I'd read all the detective books as fast as they came out and get some pointers."

"Do you read 'em?" asked the bald-headed man.

"Sure!" replied the gray-haired man. Then he grinned. "Not that I'm thinking of turning crook," he said. "I manage to keep the wolf away quite satisfactorily selling optical goods."

"I read 'em myself," said the bald-headed man.

"So do I," said the black-haired man.

The sandy-haired man in the corner nodded. "Me, too," he said.

A freight train growled and clanked past.

"Tell you what," said the bald-headed man, "there's one fellow I'm glad isn't a criminal. He'd make monkeys out of the police if he ever took a turn down the wrong street. Not much chance he will, of course. He's got a softer graft than cracking safes, I guess."

"Who's that?" queried the sandy-haired man.

"Gilbert Braxton."

"Funny," said the gray-haired man. "I've got one of his books in my bag."

"So have I," said the black-haired man.

"I read one of 'em last night," the bald-headed man said.

"He's a wonder," said the gray-haired man. "The way he turns them out! Three or four books a year, and a raft of short stories. All mighty ingenious and all different too. I wonder if he has to work hard. Say, did any of you fellows ever read that story of Braxton's about the body in the tree trunk?"

"Sure," said the black-haired man. "That's an old one of his. I didn't spot it was the Indian who took the emeralds till the last chapter."

"It fooled me too," said the bald-headed man.

"You'd think he'd run dry, wouldn't you?" the gray-haired man said. "Quite a strain on a man, I guess, thinking up all those plots."

"Oh, I don't know," said the bald-headed man. "Lots of crimes are always happening. The newspapers are full of 'em. Guess all this Braxton has to do is read the papers and doctor the crimes up a bit."

"I don't think so," said the black-haired man. "His crimes are all so much cleverer than any that happen in real life. His crooks are a mighty brainy lot."

"They always get caught in the last chapter," said the bald-headed man.

"You'd be sore if they didn't," said the sandy-haired man.

"Well, anyhow," said the bald-headed man, "he's better off writing about crimes than committing 'em."

"Ever know anybody who wrote for a living?" asked the gray-haired man.

"Not me," said the bald-headed man. "Lawn mowers are my line. Of course, I know some newspaper men."

"Oh, they're different," the gray-haired man said. "They've always got something to write about."

"So has this fellow Braxton, apparently," said the black-haired man.

"Sounds like an easy life," said the gray-haired man. "No boss. No hours. No overhead. No hard-boiled dealers to sell. I guess if I ever make enough in business to retire, I'll make a stab at writing. I suppose, though, I ought to get to know a writer so he could show me the ropes. Ever know one?" He addressed the question to the sandy-haired man.

"Yes," said the sandy-haired man.

"What was his line?"

"Mystery and detective stuff."

"Like Braxton?"

"Yes, rather."

"How did he do it?"

"Typewriter."

"I mean where did he get his plots?"

"Doped them out," the sandy-haired man answered.

"What was he like?" the gray-haired man asked.

"Ordinary sort of fellow. Passed for a business man."

"Made a lot of dough, I suppose."

"Not so much. Matter of fact, he always seemed hard up. Used to sit round waiting for a check to come in from his publishers so he could pay the butcher bill."

"Is that a fact?" said the gray-haired man. "Know him well?"

"Not very. Hard to know."

"They're all a bit queer, I've heard," the gray-haired man said. "Tell me this: Did he have much trouble doping out his stories?"

"I'll say he did," replied the sandy-haired man. "I know a good yarn about him."

"I'd like to hear it," the gray-haired man said. "What was his name?"

"I'm going to call him Dash," the sandy-haired man said. "You'll see why."

"Lord," exclaimed the bald-headed man, "this is a slow train! We just passed Hudson."

"What were you saying about some yarn about a writer?" asked the black-haired man.

"I used to watch him work," the sandy-haired man said. "It was like pulling teeth for Dash. He had to do a certain number of detective stories every year to keep his head above water, and how he used to sweat over them! Putting them down on paper wasn't so hard, but getting the idea and working out the plot—well, that kept him up nights squeezing his brain. He had to figure out his crimes as carefully as if he were actually going to do them himself."

"There's a lot of difference between planning a murder and committing one," remarked the bald-headed man. "I guess almost everybody has lain awake nights planning how he'd put somebody he hated out of the way. I have, anyway—years ago. A fellow cut me out with my best girl. I murdered him every night for two months, each time in a different way; but he's alive and well today and I play pinochle with him regularly. Yet once I had all the

blue prints ready for doing him in, but I didn't have the nerve. It wasn't in my nature to be a criminal, I guess. I had a pretty strong hunch that if I tried to carry out any of my schemes I'd get rattled and make some stupid blunder and get myself hanged. But go on about your friend Dash."

"It's a strange thing," the sandy-haired man went on, "but about two years ago Dash was riding in a train, talking with a bunch of men he'd just met, just as we're talking now. They didn't know who he was or what he did, of course, and he wasn't the sort that went around blowing about himself. In fact, he always felt he hadn't so very much to blow about. Well, they got talking about crime and criminals, just as we have been, and they all agreed with you"—the sandy-haired man bowed toward the bald-headed man—"that the reason most criminals get caught is that they are fools."

"They certainly are," said the bald-headed man. "Now once when I was sheriff of Orange County ——"

"Let him finish his story about Dash," the gray-haired man said.

"Naturally," continued the sandy-haired man, "Dash listened to the talk with a great deal of interest. His line, you see. He hoped he might be able to pick up some germ that would develop into a story. He was always even more hard up for story ideas than for cash, so he always used to keep his ears cocked. They talked along, just as we've been talking, and finally one of the men said, 'I'll tell you a man who'd make a dangerous and successful criminal—that fellow Dash who writes the detective stories.'

"That made Dash cock his ears even more and he asked, 'Why?'

"'Well,' said the man, 'why should he spend his life working out elaborate robberies for his characters to do and never execute any of them himself? He can frame up brilliant schemes for getting away with the duchess' diamonds; why doesn't he try them out? He's interested in crime or he wouldn't write about it. I guess he'd make more out of one good haul than out of ten years of story writing.'

"Somebody said that probably Dash was honest—or didn't have the nerve. Then the party broke up. Dash went to his berth, and as he lay there an idea came to him. He tried to shove it away, but it kept coming back. It got its claws into his mind, held on, and finally fascinated him It was true what the man in the smoker had said. Dash did have a natural gift for planning crimes for his master criminals which defied detection. It was true that he could make himself a rich man overnight by doing a robbery instead of writing about it.

"Now Dash, as usual, was in debt. Not very deeply, but enough to worry him. He hadn't been in very good health and the stories had been coming slowly. He was pretty well out of fresh ideas, and he badly wanted a rest and a trip to the Riviera. You see, he'd been hammering out the stories regularly for some eleven years—hundreds of them—as regularly almost as if he worked by machinery—and he felt rather used up and miserable and empty. It seemed to him, he used to say, that there wasn't a single new detective-story idea left in the world. So he lay there in his berth with that idea picking at his brain: Why write about successful crimes? Why not execute them? He couldn't get away from the idea. After all, why not? The wheels of the train seemed to click to that rhythm: After all, why not? After all, why not?"

"There's a flat wheel on this car," said the bald-headed man. "Hear it?"

"Never mind the flat wheel," said the gray-haired man.

The sandy-haired man continued. "Dash made up his mind," he said, "he wouldn't be a slave to a typewriter any longer. He'd put all his experience, all his ingenuity, all his cunning, into planning one big coup. He'd carry out his plan and take it easy the rest of his days. Coolheadedly he began to work things out. He reckoned up his advantages. He was fairly young, active and muscular, with steady nerves. He was unmarried and had no family responsibilities. He had a first-rate reputation, and had never been in any trouble. He would work, of course, without any accomplices, and he knew the technic of thievery, and of police methods inside out. He could take his time, work out his crime to the most minute detail, cover his tracks, and make none of the mistakes a common criminal is apt to make. Dash didn't get much sleep that night."

"I didn't get much last night," the bald-headed man said. "I stayed awake to finish that book."

"Now Dash," went on the sandy-haired man, "spent every year from May till November in a little town in Pennsylvania where he had been born. He had a bungalow there on the shore of a lake, and of course all the people in the vicinity knew him, and he stood well with them. It was a sleepy old town—not at all up and coming—and its business men for the most part stuck to old-fashioned methods. This was particularly true of the town's biggest bank, the First National. It was owned by the town's richest man, an ancient mossback, as tight as a new glove He hated to spend money, so he wouldn't buy up-to-date equipment for his bank, but kept the cash in an old-fashioned safe that looked solid enough, but could be opened with two keys. He did yield to pressure enough to install a burglar alarm, but it was a primitive affair

"The banker placed a lot of faith in old Angus, the night watchman. Angus had been on the job guarding the bank ever since he'd come back from the Battle of Gettysburg with one leg off at the knee. Angus deserved to be trusted. He was a husky, hearty old fellow, brave and conscientious, with keen ears and eyes. He wasn't very spry, because he went round on a peg leg, but the old banker was satisfied that with such a watchdog his funds were as safe as if they were protected by all the modern thief-proof safes in the world.

"When the banker opened the First Trust Company in a building on Main Street a quarter of a mile from the First National Bank, it struck him as a waste of money to hire two watchmen, so he gave Angus the job of keeping an eye on both places. Angus would take a look round the First National and punch the time clock there at nine o'clock, and then stump down to the First Trust and see that everything was all right there. Then he'd go back to the First National, and so on through the night. The tap-tap of his wooden leg on the sidewalk was one of the familiar sounds of the town. Old Angus was as regular as the time clocks themselves.

"Of course, Dash knew a lot about the ways and habits of the people of the town, and he knew about the banks He kept an account in the First National. He knew the old banker, and once a month or so he sat in with him at a quiet little poker game along with the district attorney, the treasurer of the aeroplane works and a couple of other leading men of the place.

"As soon as Dash got back to the town he began to look the ground over and to formulate his plan. No hurry There must be no slips. He did not have to think long or hard to make up his mind that the First National Bank would be his first and only prey. It was the one place in

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"When Dash Heard the Tap-Tap-Tap of the Watchman's Wooden Leg Dying Away He Slipped Up to the Side Door and Opened it With One of His Keys"

A SAGA OF THE SWORD

THE MAN WITH THE GUN

By F. Britten Austin

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

"Two New-Made Knights are We, Brothers in Arms, Riding With Whitened Shields to Seek Honorable Adventure and to Maintain Against All Comers the Renown of Our Lady"

THE stained-glass windows of the chapel began to glow in jeweled translucency with the outside sunrise. The low-burned candles lost their radiance, were small spires of ineffectual yellow flame on either side of the heap of plate armor on the altar. The kneeling priest rose, turned to them in solemnly sonorous exhortation. Still devoutly on his numbed knees—all night at those altar steps he had prayed and kept vigil, his sheathed cross-hilted sword held upright like a crucifix—Alain de Guescart repeated after him the words of the oath ever to hold that sword ready in the service of God and His Holy Church. At his side, the young man who was his dearest friend—was ever such a wondrous friend as Bertrand de Maillebois?—similarly kneeling and similarly garbed in a white tunic, repeated them also.

The sense of awesome solemnity gripped him in a poignant emotion. Soon, very soon now, would their lord, Count Roger, seigneur of Castel-Liesse, initiate them both into that ineffable order of chivalry for which their youthful lives had been one continuous preparation. Already hundreds of years old, it was still, in that beginning of the fifteenth century, the highest honor to which a gentleman might aspire. Poor or rich, once admitted into that great frontierless, almost semisacred fraternity, he was essentially the equal of kings and emperors in a brotherhood transcending all earthly dignities. It was not hereditary, nor did the possession of a fief give title to it; like the ordination of priests, to which it was akin, that mystic acceptance into chivalry could be conferred only by one duly sacramented by a previous initiate, and the poorest knight was at all times competent to bestow it upon those worthy. If exclusively the privilege of noble blood, emphasizing a scornful demarcation from the baseborn, it yet dedicated, at least nominally, him who received it to ideals sublimely above the practice or the duty of common humanity; lifted him to a plane where his peers would judge him by the most rigorous of codes.

To Alain, sensitively sincere, filled with the yearningly lofty aspirations of his twenty-one years, that dedication was intensely real. With all his soul he prayed, as all night he had prayed, that God would keep him true to it, would ever maintain him a chevalier "*preux, hardi, et léal—sans peur et sans reproche.*" He could hear Bertrand at his side praying in an equal fervor, and the sense of their close unity in this supreme moment was a thrilling ecstasy in him. Presently, after together they had been exalted to knighthood, they would confirm that indestructible friendship in the long-pledged additional rite which would make them forever sworn brothers in arms, consecrated to a mutual and especial fidelity that would override all other allegiances.

From the childhood, when he was a frail, golden-locked, delicately featured little boy and Bertrand was already high-spirited in a dark-haired handsomeness, his frank laugh already a magic for forgiveness, they had been comrades, had zealously vied with each other in the service of the great feudal lord to whom their fathers had sent them that they might learn that courtesy in hall, that expert management of horse and weapons for the field, essential to every true knight. As pages they had fought with each other. As young esquires they had rivaled each other in play of lance and sword all but too heavy for them, in boldly dexterous mounting of the great chargers; had walked with arms about each other in the castle pleasance, talking of the romance-familiar personages of King Arthur's chivalrous court, of Sir Gawain and Sir Galahad and Sir Lancelot and the marvelous Quest of the Holy Grail, still surely in existence for some stainless far-adventuring knight to perceive its miraculous glow. What feats they would perform together when as knights-errant—both were landless younger sons—they rode forth into the world, sharing each other's beds and each other's fortunes!

Impressive and heart-searching had been their preparation for the now imminent ceremony. Together, yesterday, on the eve of this day of Pentecost, they had rigorously fasted, had been catechized by the priest, had separated only for the confession of their sins. Together they had returned to an upper chamber in the castle as the sun declined; their hair had been cut and a small tonsure shaven on their crowns; they had been ritually stripped and placed in great wooden tubs. Preceded by minstrels making glad music, and accompanied by the oldest and most renowned knights in his service, the lord of Castel-Liesse had come to them and—imitated by his knights in succession—had poured water over them, giving them each earnest and knightly counsel as he did so, purifying them for the stainless order they were about to enter. Together they had lain side by side to dry on the bed that was emblematic of their bed in Paradise, where alone the true knight should expect repose. Then they had each been clad with the *saga*—the black undervest symbolical of death to which all are subject—worn next the skin that it might be ever present to them; had been invested with the white tunic significant of Christian purity. Together, thus clothed, they had gone to the chapel in the great castle, where the knightly armor that was the chivalrously generous gift of the seigneur already lay upon the altar, had spent the night in solemn prayer and vigil. With an intense fervor of all his soul, over and over again in those long silent hours, Alain had dedicated himself to God and friendship.

Overhead a bell began a joyous summons. Behind him he heard the doors of the chapel thrown open, heard the shuffling footsteps of those who entered, the clink and clatter of armor, the click of rosaries and the whisperings of the castle ladies. The surpliced choir-boy sons of the castle retainers filed into the stalls. The priest, who for a moment or two had been absent, returned in his vestments, two infant acolytes swinging censers before him. The High Mass began, the crowded congregation chanting the psalms with untutored vigor, devoutly in unison for the responses. First before all others, he and Bertrand, kneeling at the altar steps, received the Holy Sacrament in a precedence that emphasized their dedicatory separation from the everyday world.

The Mass ended. Two of the oldest knights came to them, led them to the central aisle where, in a carved thronelike seat brought specially for this occasion, the seigneur of Castel-Liesse sat garbed in the scarlet mantle that only knights might wear. Presently they also would wear such, exemplifying, as they well knew, their blood they must always be ready to shed in defense of religion and the right. The gray-headed, noble-visaged old man

looked at them with his piercing, battle-hardened gray eyes as they knelt before him. His voice was impressively solemn as he spoke.

"Art thou, Bertrand de Maillebois, and thou, Alain de Guescart, resolved to live ever conformably to the good of Holy Church, to honor, and to the high and ancient laws of chivalry, in truthfulness, charity, bravery and courtesy?"

Their voices trembled with emotion, as by God and the lady, His most Holy Mother, they swore to do so.

There was a pause filled with the clink of armor as the knights brought it from the altar. The Lady Alys, wife of the seigneur of Castel-Liesse, and the damosel Blancheflor, their daughter—slim and fair and beautiful she was under the great horned headdress whence hung the white wimple, and no young squire in the castle was there who did not sigh and pluck a lute for love of her—stepped forward, took each a *haubergeoun* of fine chain mail from the knight that offered it. For a moment, when his heart beat in a sudden tumult, Alain half thought that, incredibly, the damosel was about to turn to him. But, in a blushing preference, she smiled at Bertrand, slipped the mail shirt over his head with the ritual words of recommendation. Heroically Alain suppressed his sharp little pang—who, like Bertrand, merited so divine a favor? He himself and it was perhaps, though he was careless of it, a greater honor—was clad by the hands of the gentle Lady Alys, for long years now a second mother to him. Piece by piece the entire panoply was put upon them, laced and buckled with the assistance of the squires—the cuirass of plate steel, the arm guards, the laminated shoulder guards and elbow guards, the thigh pieces and the *faudes* which, like a short articulated steel kilt, came over them, the knee guards, the leg pieces, and the *sollerets* which covered their feet. Standing now erect with their *basinets*—the somewhat globular, visored helmet—in their hands, the gilt spurs which were the distinguishing mark of chivalry were bound upon their heels. The priest brought from the altar the two swords he had blessed, and the seigneur himself girded them around their waists. They knelt again before him as he rose from his seat, took his own sword, which, like every sworn knight, he carried unsheathed in church.

With the flat of that sword he gave each of them three sharp blows on the nape of the neck. Then, with his bare hand striking each of them lightly on the cheek, he pronounced the solemn words of the initiation: "In the name of God, of Saint Michael and of Saint George, I dub thee knight. Be gallant, brave and loyal!" He assisted each of them to his feet, kissed them in symbol of the brotherly love subsisting between all members of the order. They were accepted into the high brotherhood, the high obligations, of chivalry. They needed not the solemn exhortation of the old seigneur, warning them of the terrible punishment for the faithless knight who should dishonor it; his armor was broken, his spurs cut off at the heel and thrown upon a dunghill, he himself carried in a litter to church to hear the burial service read over him; henceforth a living corpse whom all men shunned.

They yet had to perform the additional rite of the sworn and particular fraternity to which they had pledged themselves. Before the altar they bared their right arms, a vein was pierced and, under the prayers of the priest, their blood was mingled in a sacred vessel. Then the priest brought to them the holy pyx, and together at the same moment they kissed it piously. Thenceforward they would wear similar clothes and similar armor, and the fortunes of the one would be the fortunes of the other. Thenceforward nothing—not even the love of woman—could come between them. Their eyes were full of sudden emotional tears as they turned to each other for the hand grip of intense and loving sincerity.

"Brother!"

"Brother!"

They kissed in an embrace that was more than ritual.

Thrilling with that consecration, they issued, amid the throng that joyously felicitated them, into the immense grassy courtyard of the castle. There each in his full armor, without touch of stirrup, would leap into the saddle of his great war horse, there both would display their new armor and their knightly skill at quintain and behourd before their lord and all the ladies of the castle, before the critical eyes of the invited knightly guests, before the loyally clamorous crowd of retainers and peasants from the adjacent village.

Those knightly sports had concluded. Wearing his newly donned scarlet mantle over the full armor he must retain throughout this day of festivity, Alain sat with his new blood brother at the great banquet within the castle hall. In front of them, on the table of the raised dais where the seigneur sat with his family and noble guests, was the roast pheasant, cleverly reclothed with all its plumage so that it seemed the living bird, over which, according to traditional custom, he and Bertrand had sworn the chivalrous vow of aid and devotion to the weaker sex: "*Je vous à Dieu mon Créateur tout premièrement, et à la très glorieuse Vierge sa mère, et après aux Dames et au Faisan!*" Enthusiastic had been the applause from the other scarlet-robed knights and the fair ladies at the dais table, noisily vociferous the acclamation from the scores of retainers and their womenfolk at the lower tables in the body of the lofty raftered hall hung with shields and sets of armor.

Now, thanks to the wine with which the attentive young squires constantly refilled the silver goblets, the noble guests at the high table were almost as noisy as the base-born below them. Their rouged faces small under the great horned headdresses, their vividly hued robes trimmed with the vair that was the exclusive privilege of the gently born, the ladies, in sign of the love, more or rather less Platonic, they had for their chosen knight—did not chivalry and the courts of love insist upon such philandering?—ate from the plates of their attendant chevaliers, or sat holding hands and laughing at the lewd Provençal love songs sung by the grimacing, posturing minstrels.

With a sidelong glance Alain perceived that the lovely Blancheflor ate from the plate of Bertrand, blushing as she smiled at the ardent compliments he paid her. An elderly knight's young wife, next to Alain at the table, reproved him archly for his insensibility to her coquetries, made him flush and stammer in confusion. Other knights shouted to each other across the board in hot disputation of the rival merits of treasured falcons; of hounds, limers and braches; of an infinity of technical detail pertaining to the chase which was their passion. Two or three older men, sitting near the seigneur and his lady, discussed the feud which had recently broken out between two neighboring lords and had resulted in the destruction and pillage of the castle of one of them. The unchivalrous conduct of the victor was loudly condemned. He had used those iron tubes, charged with a mixture of saltpeter, sulphur and charcoal, and hurling ironbound stone balls, which had first made an unobtrusive appearance here and there over Europe some eighty years previously and were still indignantly reprobated by all knightly warriors. The lord of Castel-Liesse expressed himself emphatically.

"If that knight fell into my hands," he said, "I would strike off his spurs and hang him—as I have hanged all the rascally cannoneers that ever cried me 'Quarter!' A contrivance of the devil to make an end of chivalry are those engines with their villainous smoke and fire and noise as from hell itself! With them the basest coward ly peasant may from a distance break the armor of the worthiest and hardiest knight, and of no avail becomes the most noble skill in arms. Shame is it that great lords such as he ye speak of should give them countenance and use them in scorn of all chivalry! For myself, though one of those prating Italian engineers came to me not long since and would fain have sold me some of his infernal devices—he had the shamelessness to name the different kinds with the names of the noble birds of falconry—I would have none of them. Much ado had I not to seize and hang him from my walls—and so would I have done, except that he came with a safe conduct from the duke, our overlord!"

He Himself—and it Was Perhaps, Though He Was Careless of it, a Greater Honor—Was Clad by the Hands of the Gentle Lady Alys

(Continued on Page 110)

MY LIFE—By HERMINE

EXCITEMENT reigned in Greiz, the capital of Reuss, a tiny principality tucked within the Thuringian forests in Central Germany. The eyes of the little town turned questioningly to the Untere Burg—the Lower Château—the residence of the prince. The windows of the Untere Burg were ablaze. Doctors hurried to and fro. Servants talked in whispers. Nurses walked on tiptoe.

Prince Henry XXII, a tall man with military bearing, strode nervously up and down the long halls of the castle. His flowing beard merely accentuated the gentleness of his features. Every little while he stopped in front of the door affording access to the room of his wife, Princess Ida of Schaumburg-Lippe. He listened eagerly, then continued his vigil. Frequently the eyes of the prince strayed through the tall windows to the River Elster, groaning with ice, to the trees weighted with icicles and to his capital in the distance, as if they could answer his question.

Dragon Room, Castle Burgk

Nature, like a good Samaritan, was covering the wounds of the forest and of the river with bandages of snow. She had no answer for the man in the castle.

Every now and then the prince would send a servant to his wife's room. Again and again the man would return with the message: "Not yet, Your Highness; not yet."

The lips of the prince moved as in prayer. Would heaven grant the wish of his heart and bless his house with a son and heir to whom he could transmit his name and his crown? For upon the Elder Line of the house of Reuss rested the hand of doom. The only son, born to the prince and the princess six years earlier, had been incapacitated by a ghastly, almost incomprehensible, accident. There were three princesses, but no heir competent to reign. Without a male descendant able to rule, there would be no one to continue the line. It would perish like a tree blasted by lightning.

A Great Disappointment

THE princess in her canopied bed sensed the anxiety of her husband. "If only," she whispered, her lips pale and drawn from the long agony—"if only it were a boy!"

At last the sound of a baby's cry! The dignified little doctor closed the door of the bedroom behind him.

"Well," the prince asked, trying to read the lips of the other, "is it ——"

"Your Highness, it is a girl."

Schooled to master himself, Prince Henry XXII concealed his distress. "How is the mother?"

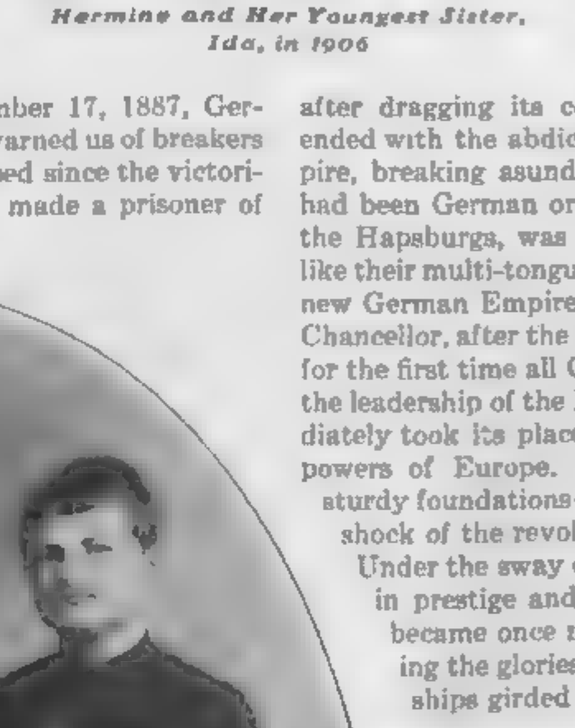
"Mother and child are well."

The prince rushed into the bedroom. Tears were in the eyes of the princess. He kissed away those tears. Then he kissed the little girl. It was the first kiss I received from my father.

My parents never made me suffer for their chagrin. They were disappointed in my sex, not in me. No hint of their grief darkened my childhood days. Nevertheless, unconsciously at least, their attitude profoundly affected my development and my fate.

Once more, some years later, their hopes were raised, only to be dashed to the ground. The confinement did not bring a boy. It brought, instead, another girl—and death to my mother.

On the day I was born, December 17, 1887, Germany was at peace. No thunders warned us of breakers ahead. Half a generation had passed since the victorious armies of Emperor William I made a prisoner of Napoleon III. The splendid reign of the old emperor was approaching its end. The tragic ninety-nine-day reign of Emperor Frederick, foredoomed to an early death by a cancer of the throat, was yet to begin. Six months after my birthday, William II was to inherit the Imperial crown. The brief reign of his father, Emperor Frederick, had been merely an interlude. The arrival of William II on the throne marked a new era for Germany.



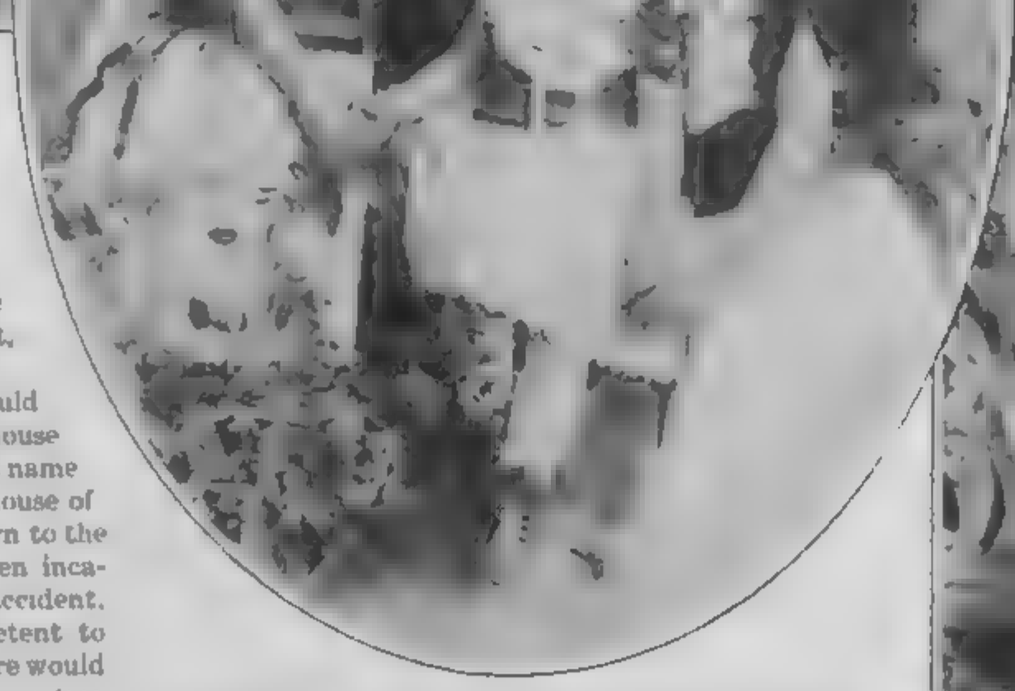
Hermine and Her Youngest Sister, Ida, in 1906

My husband's grandparents, the old emperor and his consort, Her Majesty Empress Augusta, had been a link between the past and the present. William I was born in 1797. The room in which he played as a child still resounded with the alarms of the Napoleonic Wars. Vainly his mother, Queen Louise, whose memory today is almost a legend and a torch in the night, had attempted to wrest from Napoleon I the city of Magdeburg in exchange for a rose. Her daughter-in-law, the Empress Augusta, sat as a child at the feet of the only contemporary of whom Napoleon said, "This is a man"—Goethe. From Weimar, where she was born, Augusta had brought something of the tradition of Germany's classic age.

A Divided Germany

WHEN William I was a child the old German Empire, after dragging its corpse through many centuries, had ended with the abdication of Emperor Francis. This empire, breaking asunder under the blows of the Corsican, had been German only in name. The heart of its rulers, the Hapsburgs, was no longer German. It was divided, like their multi-tongued, mutually hostile, dominions. The new German Empire, founded by William I and his Iron Chancellor, after the defeat of Napoleon III in 1870, united for the first time all German tribes except Austria. Under the leadership of the Hohenzollerns, the new empire immediately took its place at the council table with the great powers of Europe. Bismarck and William I had laid sturdy foundations—foundations that survived even the shock of the revolution.

Under the sway of William II, Germany grew steadily in prestige and power. Landlocked heretofore, she became once more a great naval power, resuscitating the glories of her Hanseatic past, when German ships girded the ocean.



Princess Ida's Children With Their Grandmother, the Dowager Princess of Schaumburg-Lippe

A Glimpse of a Corner in Castle Greiz

The peace and happiness of the country at large reflected only the peace and happiness of the imperial household. It was a happiness radiated by the Kaiser's first wife, the Empress Augusta Victoria, a princess of Schleswig-Holstein. The Kaiser's marital felicity confirmed the judgment of his heart, for his marriage was a love match.

On several thrones of Europe branches of the Hohenzollern family reigned; and in England, the Kaiser's incomparable grandmother, Her Majesty Queen Victoria, was at her zenith. The Emperor was her favorite grandson.

Even as a child, the Emperor entranced my imagination. My aunt, Princess Isenburg, who knew of my youthful infatuation, often made my young heart beat faster by presenting me with pictures of the Kaiser—now a photograph, now a post card, now the reproduction of a painting in color. My room was decorated with his semblance. My collection grew, until the Emperor's likeness overshadowed everything else in the room. From every wall his picture greeted me. It stood guard over my school work in the daytime and over my dreams at night. While the Kaiser thus dominated my girlish fancies, I never once imagined that I was ever to marry my fairy prince.

The course of the romance between Emperor William and myself ran by no means smooth. Tragedy stalked through our lives. Death, taking away a beloved mate, knocked at his gate and at mine. An empire had to fall before my dream came true.

No doubt many a little girl in the fatherland had a crush on the Kaiser, just as most young men turned up their mustaches in the imperial fashion. My affection went down deep to the roots of my being. I was not merely fascinated by the imperial trappings and by the glamour surrounding the Emperor. In the chemistry of his heart and mine there was an affinity irresistibly compelling our union, an attraction stronger than fate. In all likelihood we would never have discovered our affinity if a world catastrophe had not brought us together. Two beings meant for each other may be fated, like parallel lines, never to meet except in infinity. True loves, as Maeterlinck shows in the loveliest of his plays, may be severed by time and space; they may be born in different centuries or in different climes. How nearly we missed each other!

My attachment for the Kaiser was all the more remarkable because my paternal grandmother never forgot or forgave 1866, when Prussia defeated Austria and almost annexed my beloved little country, Reuss-Greiz. Southern rather than northern in her sympathies, she could never quite reconcile herself to the new German Empire under the star of the Hohenzollerns.

The black cloud upon our horizon, the skull at our feast, was my brother's ailment. Dark and inexplicable was the cause that blighted his life and ours. In his early boyhood, blind rage would sometimes seize Henry—rage against himself, rage against us. Frightened by these outbursts, we often fled from him. Later, as the malady grew upon him, Henry accepted his fate—a malady without parallel in the annals of medicine.

Under a Handicap

A SLIGHT contraction of the optic nerve had made Henry squint as a child. The doctors decided to correct this condition. The boy did not wish to submit to the ordeal. He fought the doctors. Fighting, he was dragged into the operating room. When the knife was poised over his eye he suddenly renewed his struggle. Then something happened. No one knows whether the catastrophe was purely psychic or if the knife pierced the nerve. In any case he suffered an injury to the brain the exact nature of which has never been ascertained. The shock paralyzed his powers of volition and motion. Neither tongue nor muscle obeys him. Shakspere's Prince Hamlet suffered from a sickness of the will. This little prince, another more tragic Hamlet, cannot will at all. Like a man mesmerized, he cannot even walk across a room or open a door save by the will and the command of another. I visit Henry every summer in Greiz. He remains the unhappy prisoner of some twisted nerve, some ganglion gone awry. He is the last male heir of the dynasty. The Elder Line of Reuss ends with him.

Royalty, hedged in and protected by many safeguards, seems to be singularly unfortunate in its relations with doctors. My husband's father was the victim of a disagreement among his physicians. My husband, the Kaiser, has suffered all his life from an impairment of his left arm which was injured at birth. Modern science could have eradicated or ameliorated this condition. He had to fight his handicap alone. He succeeded by dint of indomitable will power, but the struggle was heart-rending. Eyewitnesses tell me that tears came to their eyes when they saw the boy pick himself up again and again from under the hoofs of his horses, trying to learn how to ride with one sound arm.

The Last of the Line

THE Kaiser succeeded not only in making himself an expert horseman; he also rows and chops wood and plays tennis. A little more medical skill would have saved him from excruciating agonies and embarrassments.

There is apparently no cure for my brother. Only once was there a chance to restore him to himself. That chance we let slip in our ignorance. Hence any hope for a survival of our family will be buried with Henry

It may seem to some that we attach too much importance to the preservation of our family tree. I am well aware that the ancestry of every human being reaches back to the beginning of created things. All life on earth dates from some primordial cell. Nevertheless the desire of a family to retain its individual identity is very human. The vision of those who came before us, and of those who will carry our name when we are dead, gives us a glimpse of immortality. The desire for immortality in one's children is almost universal. It is strongest in us who think of the past and of the future in terms of centuries The desire to perpetuate the family name, normal to every human being, is accentuated in us by our sense of historical values. We suffer keenly if a tree whose roots intertwine with the lore and the history of our country is doomed to extinction

Prince Henry XXII and Princess Ida With Their Children. At Left—At the Time of Their Betrothal

The Castle Burgk on the River Saale

Two princely houses of Reuss reigned in Germany until the revolution of 1918. The Elder Line, to which I belong, ruled in Greiz. The Younger Line inherited Gera. Both principalities are in the lovely Thuringian Mountains. Except for a common ancestry, the two reigning houses are not related. Our dominion was split so frequently, because we did not introduce the law of primogeniture until sometime in the seventeenth century. When this new regulation was formulated a decree was issued prohibiting further divisions. In case one line is without male heir, the other line succeeds. Women cannot inherit the throne. Under normal circumstances—if there had been no revolution—the head of Reuss—Younger Line—would succeed to Reuss-Greiz, my father's realm, after the death of my unfortunate brother.

An Ancient But Tiny Principality

GREIZ, the capital of my father's dominion, is one hour's journey by railroad from Dresden. The entire principality occupies hardly one-tenth of the area of Rhode Island. If all the inhabitants of the two principalities under the sway of the elder and the younger line of our house were poured into New York City or into Chicago, they would disappear without creating a ripple.

But in antiquity we surpass many great ruling families. The princes of Reuss have ruled their country uninterruptedly for eight centuries.

A thousand years ago an ancestor whose identity is now forgotten, erected Castle Burgk, the ancient seat of our family. My father often related to us the deeds of another ancestor, Henricus de Wida, the founder of our line, who fought with the red-bearded Emperor Frederick Barbarossa against Richard the Lion-Hearted in 1180. Barbarossa is the liege lord of our house.

(Continued on Page 154)

ENOUGH IS ENOUGH

"We've Got to Get to the Bottom of This," Mrs. Black Said. "As President of the Missionary Society, I Can't Let a Thing Like This Go On"

By Edith Barnard Delano

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

IT TAKES a very small spark to start a fire; but usually it takes more than a person like Aurelia Twiss to stir up a village like Wenfield, and to stir it up twice. But that is the story.

Soda and saleratus; matches; Number 40 white cotton; camphorated oil and Greves' Liniment; croup mixture; a barrel of apples and a keg of cider in the cellar—people in Wenfield kept things like those in the house, or knew where they could be borrowed in an emergency. Nobody could do without them for long, any more than they could do without Aurelia Twiss. Mrs. Ware did her cleaning the third week in April, because that was the week after Aurelia got through at Mrs. Harmon's and the one before she went to Mrs. Black's. At every church supper Aurelia was welcome; she washed up the dishes. Whenever Mrs. Simmons got back in her mending, she looked at the calendar to see when Aurelia was due. Whenever a new baby was expected Aurelia was counted on to help with the sewing; whenever there was to be a wedding, it was Aurelia who made all the plain clothes, at least. Was anyone ill, Aurelia was called on to sit up of nights, or even to look after the housework. Her price was twenty-five cents an hour. Sometimes she worked for less, at the places that were too far away for her to get home at night; her breakfast and supper and lodging were worth something, of course. People gave her old clothes, and sometimes a pie or a piece of pork to take home with her. She was a small, colorless person, without much to say. She wore her hair as her mother had worn hers, straight back from her forehead and wound in a large knot on the crown of her head.

People in Wenfield do not think much about the sun on a clear day; they did not think much about Aurelia as long as she went her placid round from household to household. But there came a Monday in April when Mrs. Ware arose uncommonly early and got her washing out of the way; she had done a big baking the Saturday before. Aurelia would arrive about half-past eight, and it was a perfect day for getting the rugs out on the line and letting the spring breeze fan through open windows.

But Aurelia was late. At ten o'clock Mrs. Ware, her patience sorely tried, called up Mrs. Harmon on the telephone.

"Why, no," Mrs. Harmon said, "Reelia isn't here. She didn't come last week at all. Said she was sewing for the Whittleses and would have to put me off. It did seem as if she might have shown up this morning."

Mrs. Whittles' report was no better. "No, Reelia's not here. She was sewing on a pair o' pants for Freddie come Friday a week ago, and without saying a word to me or anybody she just folded up the pants and left 'em on the sewing machine and went home. I thought it sort o' funny of Reelia, leaving her money and all."

Mrs. Ware got her rugs on the line and began on the washing of the paint in the parlor; it did not agree with her, either, to reach up. At supper she said to her husband, "Pa, when you go to the post office after supper I wish you'd just go on to Aurelia's and see what's the matter. I can't clean this house by myself."

"I knocked on the door and nobody answered," Mr. Ware reported a few hours later. "But there was smoke coming out o' the chimney."

"My land, do you s'pose Aurelia's sick?" Mrs. Ware asked the world. "Why, Aurelia never was sick in her life!"

The next morning she felt there was no use in going on with the work alone if Aurelia was apt to come; and she could not go on with it, anyway, if Aurelia really were sick, and maybe needing something. Armed with that sense of outraged disgust that people have when someone they need is inconveniently ill, she put on her things right after the breakfast dishes were cleared away and marched off to Aurelia's.

It was a little house, around the end of the village; there was not even a wisp of smoke coming out of the chimney this morning. Mrs. Ware went to the kitchen door and opened it.

"Reelia!" she called. "Au-re-lia!"

The kitchen was neat; not a soiled thing was on the stove or the table, not a thing in the sink. The big one-day clock ticked on its shelf; the cat was curled on the braided rug, and got up and stretched when Mrs. Ware stepped over the sill. But nothing else moved; nothing answered when she called again. Mrs. Ware had been in the house long ago, when Mrs. Twiss died; she knew that Aurelia's bedroom opened off the kitchen.

She told everyone, afterward, what a start it gave her—Aurelia lying there, straight and slim, her hair fixed just the way she always wore it, her nightgown buttoned close up under her chin, her eyes looking up at the ceiling.

"Why, Reelia!" she said, compunction in her voice. "Why didn't you let somebody know you were sick?"

But Aurelia said nothing; her eyes did not waver; there was no sign whatever that she heard. Mrs. Ware laid a hand on her forehead and Aurelia's eyelids batted, but still she stared at the ceiling.

"Don't seem like you're feverish," Mrs. Ware said. "Aurelia, can't you talk? . . . My goodness, it must be a stroke!" She stood back and considered; then she bent down and called loudly in Aurelia's ear. "I'm going for the doctor!"

The woman in bed started a little at the abrupt outburst of sound, but Mrs. Ware did not notice. She was back in a short while with the doctor; he was a kindly old man, for many years the minister of life and death in Wenfield, and he had brought Aurelia into the world and ushered her mother out of it.

"Well, well, well," he said, as he went into the bedroom and set his worn black bag on the floor. "Sick, are you, Reelia? What seems to be the matter?"

Aurelia still stared upward; not a quiver passed over her face. The doctor drew up a chair and took her wrist in his hand.

"H'm," said he, when he had dropped the wrist and returned the watch to his pocket. "H'm—let's see your tongue, Reelia."

Aurelia made no responsive movement; her eyes retained their mild, steady gaze.

"She can't talk. It's a stroke," Mrs. Ware said from the foot of the bed. "Like her mother died with."

The doctor was fumbling in his bag. He poked a thermometer between Aurelia's lips, laid back the covering and bent over her with his stethoscope in his ears. Then he poked her and sounded; finally he wound a black thing about her arm and pumped on something. At last he sat back in his chair and looked at Aurelia.

"H'm," he said. "H'm."

"Is it dangerous?" Mrs. Ware asked.

"We-ell, that's hard to say."

"Is it a stroke?"

"We-ell, it is and it isn't," the doctor said thoughtfully. "Not the—er—usual kind."

"My land!" Mrs. Ware said in a tone of mild exasperation. "Ain't it awful? Right at spring cleaning time too."

"Yes," agreed the doctor. "Yes."

"She stopped right in the midst of the Whittleses' sewing. She didn't get to Mis' Harmon's at all. 'My house is all turned inside out, waiting for her. And there she is, sick."

"Um-m," said the doctor cryptically, watching Aurelia.

"Oh, well," Mrs. Ware sighed, "it comes to all of us. I declare, I don't know how we'll ever get on without her. Poor thing!"

"This," said the doctor, still watching Aurelia, "is a very uncommon case—very uncommon, indeed. I don't know that I've ever met one just like it before; not in all of my practice."

"You don't say! Well, I'm sure I'll do what I can. I guess everybody else will too. Somebody'll have to set up with her, nights. How long do you s'pose she'll last?"

"That's hard to say." The doctor did not miss the faintest of quivers on Aurelia's lips. He stood up, bent over her; then he turned to Mrs. Ware. "I wish you'd draw me a glass of water, Mrs. Ware. Better let it run till it's good and cold."

He closed the door of the bedroom. Then he asked, chuckling, "Now what's it all about, Aurelia?"

Her gaze left the ceiling, turned itself to the doctor. "You keep 'em away from me," she said. "I can do for myself."

When Mrs. Ware returned the doctor was scratching his upper lip, his hand well over his mouth. "Now I'll tell you," said he, "this is a very remarkable case—very. I can't impress that upon you too strongly."

"I can see for myself," she declared.

"I don't think there is any immediate danger. She's likely to be like this for some time—hours—days—nobody can tell. And then again she is likely to come out of it—for a time, or at intervals, anyway. If she does—well, you know how it is with a person who has lived alone as much as Aurelia has. I don't think she needs anybody around all the time."

"It don't seem human to leave her alone. Somebody's got to feed her."

"If she's able to take nourishment at all, she'll be able to feed herself. A little—a little, of course, a little."

"What? With a stroke?" Mrs. Ware exclaimed.

"But as I said, this is and it isn't a stroke. When she comes out of this—er—this state, I think she'll be able to—well, to feed herself, say."

"Of course we could take turns running in. It's an awful busy time o' the year."

"That would be best—just to run in. I'll come back myself about dark."

When he did Mrs. Ware was there again; Mrs. Harmon was with her.

There was a cup of broth on the table that one of them had placed beside Aurelia's bed. Mrs. Ware laid a finger on her lips.

"Sh-h-h! Don't step on that loose board, doctor. She's asleep. Been asleep ever since we got here."

He beckoned them out to the kitchen, rubbed his hands together, shook his head. The women looked solemn.

"I think she's worn out," said Mrs. Harmon, and the doctor nodded portentously. "I'll bring her some custard tomorrow."

"Mis' Black said she'd drop in tomorrow," said Mrs. Ware, "and see to the cat and the dusting. Good thing it's mild; she won't need the fire kept going."

Aurelia heard the door close behind them, then she sat up in bed.

"Humph! Let 'em come, let 'em go! Do 'em good to think about something besides Freddie's new pants and what kind of washing powder to use on the paint, for a while!" She reached for the broth, tasted it, set the cup down again. "Weak. Made out o' the bones of last Sunday's chicken."

She got out of bed, felt for her bedroom slippers and went into the kitchen. The cat came and rubbed against her ankles. She unlocked the door of a closet, smiled grimly as she looked over the comfortable store of food, chose what she wanted. . . .

Mrs. Ware and Mrs. Harmon talked all the way home over the strange case of Aurelia; they agreed that it must be a general breaking-up.

"She ain't but just forty, either," Mrs. Ware said. "I remember she was born the year I left high school."

"Goodness, I thought she was more than that!" exclaimed Mrs. Harmon. "Seems like she's always been just the same."

But the doctor, back in his shabby house, took off his coat and lighted his pipe and chuckled.

"There's more than one kind of submerged tenth," he said aloud. "Queer how it comes to the surface."

He was thinking of the day, those forty years before, when he had assisted Aurelia's first cry. Rather a surprise to everyone, her impending arrival had been; her parents were verging on middle age. Mrs. Twiss took the affair as she took most of life—as an affront, or a thing to be grimly endured, and chiefly to be blamed on Mr. Twiss. As the event drew near, the doctor gathered that relations between the pair were more than usually strained; Mr. Twiss wore an air more dejected than ever, and his wife glared at him with set lips.

"If it's a girl," Mrs. Twiss informed the doctor in her husband's presence, "its name is Amanda, after my aunt. And if it's a boy, its name is Jabez. It's bad enough to have one Adolphus Twiss in the family!"

But on the great day, whenever the doctor went into the kitchen, he observed on Mr. Twiss' countenance evidence of profound thought; when at last he conducted the father into the presence of his wife and daughter, Mr. Twiss was carrying the large family Bible under his arm.

He grinned down at the baby. "Howdy do, Aurelia?"

Mrs. Twiss glared up at him. "What you calling her that for? Her name is Amanda."

Whereupon Mr. Twiss had opened the family Bible and held it so that his wife could read. "I've wrote it in there—Aurelia," said he. "I been all around the neighborhood, too, telling the neighbors. I told 'em I'd set on Amanda, but you wanted Aurelia, so Aurelia it had to be. If you change to Amanda now, they'll think you've give in to me."

Through the years the doctor had chuckled whenever he thought of it; it was Mr. Twiss' one independent move, and the first and the last thing he did for his child. He died that January, when she was six months old. It had been a severe winter, and ice had hung in great stalactites from the eaves. Then had come the midwinter thaw, and brown damp spots appeared on the ceiling of the best bedroom upstairs. Mr. Twiss put a ladder up against the eaves to knock off a few icicles; those down, he reached for farther ones, it being easier to reach than to move the ladder. And that day Aurelia was fatherless.

"Mrs. Twiss did a good job, bringing her up," the doctor said to himself. "But I wonder —— After all, Aurelia did have a father."

It was not only the doctor who marveled. Aurelia assumed an importance in Wenfield that she had never held before. The news of her strange illness spread rapidly by telephone and word of mouth, and lost nothing in the repeating. People went to see her, took her delicacies, tidied her house—that was never untidy. Always they found her lying there still and straight, with her eyes on the ceiling or closed. Sometimes they happened to meet there, and would discuss the case.

"She must come to; during the night; sometimes she eats what's left for her. Seems like her strength keeps up."

(Continued on Page 80)

"Well, There! I've Told It! Now You Can Go and Tell Everybody You've a Mind To!"

HONEYMOON HATE

By Alice M. Williamson

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

IV

GAIL GRANT was in a mood to kill Prince Dantarini. She informed Miss Molesey that he had insulted her and that she would not see him again. At this Mole sighed and looked sympathetic. Her bread and butter were bought by obliterating her own opinions. But what remained of an intelligence told her that Dantarini had certainly not insulted Gail. She did not doubt that the truth lay in the opposite direction.

It was a horrible day. Lacking Dantarini, it seemed that you could do nothing in Venice! Having got into the habit of Dantarini, Venice was a watery waste without him.

"I'll leave tomorrow," Miss Grant announced.

"For Paris, or New York?" mildly questioned Mole.

"Anywhere, for all I care," came the answer, and finished the conversation. Following that, there seemed to be nothing to say on any subject.

After an endless night, Gail Grant leaped out of bed at dawn and began a letter. She tore it up, half finished, and history repeated itself with another, and another. At last she let a letter stand. It was quite short, somewhat like one of those stiff, brief documents thrown on the screen in a moving picture.

Prince Dantarini: I suppose you mean the only way for me to get your palace and your title will be to marry them, including you, since for a marriage there has to be a husband. This might possibly be arranged. Come and see me about it today. Call at the usual hour—eleven. Faithfully,

GAIL GRANT.

She sent the letter by hand to the Palazzo Dantarini, at nine o'clock, at which unaccustomed hour she was up and dressed. No answer came. She did not know if the prince would show up, or what she would do if he didn't. But he did show up. Instead of knocking at the salon door, which of late he had been doing, he sent a card, as on the occasion of his first visit.

Miss Molesey was absent. She had been practically ordered to go out, so she shopped a little, buying cheap souvenirs of Venice, in case they really did leave at a moment's notice. She had heard no further news. But there was a nice night train to Genoa, or even through to Cannes.

"Good morning," Dantarini greeted Miss Grant, noting with pleasure that she was pale.

"It is not a good morning," she contradicted. "What have you to say to me?"

"Nothing," he answered, "nothing at all, till I've heard what you have to say to me."

"You know, from my letter."

"I know I was requested to call and state on what conditions I will bestow upon you my palace and title."

"What conditions you—oh!"

"Was I mistaken in the meaning of your letter?"

"It's I who will make the conditions."

"Indeed? What are they?"

"Why, that you—that I ——"

"That you—that I—shall marry! Isn't that it?"

"Perhaps. But of course it wouldn't be an ordinary marriage."

"How could it be ordinary? We're not ordinary people."

"I mean, you wouldn't be—my husband really."

He regarded her with a strange, ironical look. "Yet you wrote me that 'for a marriage there has to be a husband'! Remember I haven't asked you to marry me, Miss Grant. You have what they call 'proposed' to me. If you think that the person who proposes has the right to make conditions, you think wrong. The shoe is on the other foot. Believe me, I'm not a man to thrust myself and my attention unwanted upon a woman. Beyond that, I promise nothing. My condition is, if I give you a title and a palace, which you couldn't buy with all your money, you must trust me—trust me completely. Think this over. I will go now. If you want me, send for me and I'll come. If you don't send, we shall not meet again."

When he had delivered this ultimatum he gave the girl no chance to answer. He went out of the room and shut the door behind him.

His words took Gail aback, and his sudden exit left her breathless. Send for him? She would not! And yet, not to meet him again —— There was no time to think things over. She ran to the door and flung it open. "Come back, Prince Dantarini! Come back!" she called.

He faced round like a soldier on parade, and retraced his steps as far as the threshold. There he stood, silent, his eyes on hers, waiting for her to speak.

"I'll always try anything once!" she panted. "Why not—er—try marrying—being Princess Dantarini?"

"Echo answers why!" he said. "Only, trying marriage with me means staying married. There's no divorce in Italian law."

Gail laughed a hard, nervous laugh. "Ho! Italian law!"

Dantarini offered no argument. The same strange, ironical smile was on his lips, puzzling Gail, irritating her, almost frightening her at last.

Gail Heard Voices and Paused a Moment. Dantarini Was There With a Woman

"Very well," he said slowly. "I suppose the proper thing is to thank you for the compliment you've paid me and tell you that I consent."

"Consent!" Gail could have screamed.

A few weeks ago, perhaps, she might have done so.

Miss Molesey all but collapsed when she heard the news.

Dantarini, however, persuaded or in some way induced his bride-elect to pension her companion. As a reward for years of slavery, she was to be made free from need of further bondage. A lump sum was to be given her which, for a woman of her small requirements, meant an income she could live upon. She would wait for the wedding, then go straight to England and spend her remaining days in Bath, Bath being the ideal home for lonely ladies who have abdicated from active life on reduced but regular incomes. As for the wedding, it could not take place until consuls had fussed and lawyers had discussed. The American consul chose a lawyer for Miss Grant, by Dantarini's wish.

"What settlement do you require, prince?" the gentleman hinted tactfully. "I know that something handsome of the sort is usually expected by men of title marrying American heiresses, but ——"

"Settlement?" Dantarini cut him short. "I don't want any. What I do want is a loan on 5 per cent interest. I want it not only for my own benefit but in order to do justice to my wife. I should like, if you agree, to have her estate lend me a hundred thousand dollars, as capital for my present business and one that would develop out of it. In a few years I should hope to repay the whole loan."

"But," ventured the lawyer, "I have not understood it to be Miss Grant's idea that you will continue your business."

"Nevertheless, I intend to do so," said the prince. "Not in my own palace. It wouldn't be fair to ask my wife to live behind a shop, as my mother has done since the war, for my sake. Miss Grant will wish to have certain restorations made, and part of the loan I desire would be used for that purpose."

"Why not let the lady amuse herself spending other moneys on such changes in the palace as she fancies?" the other suggested. "She might choose to lavish more than the whole amount of the loan you want, if you didn't limit her ——"

"Exactly," cut in Dantarini. "But it is the house of my ancestors. I must be the one to plan the restorations. And they are to be restorations, not changes."

There was no answer to this decision, except a bow and a report to the bride-elect later. Her silence on hearing it somewhat surprised the lawyer.

"Business!" Gail said to herself. "Business!"

She had been warned by the friendly consul that these princes never gave away their titles to American heiresses for nothing, and meanness not being one of her faults, she had been willing to start even by purchasing her princesshood. Dantarini had boasted that all her money couldn't buy it, but it would be bought if he accepted what they called a settlement of five or six hundred thousand dollars. He could have a million, indeed, for perquisites, so far as she was concerned. But he hadn't accepted. He wanted a loan of only one hundred thousand, and that on 5 per cent interest. Vaguely she respected Dantarini for this, but at first the thought that her titled Italian husband would be a shopkeeper ruined everything.

What was the use of marrying a man in order to get an old palace and a still older title, if people at home were not

to envy her? Miss Grant's beauty and millions hadn't opened the doors of society to Equinoctial Gail, and her failure in New York had hurt her to the quick. She hadn't realized that it was the fault of her own spoiled, supercilious temper. She had thought that people were horrid to her, and that there would be a laugh behind her back if she returned to America without a prince, or a duke, or at least an earl, in tow.

Well, she had got a prince, and so far as looks, manners and name were concerned, he was second to none. Purposely she had kept silent about her after-marriage wishes, and strangely, the prince hadn't even tried to discuss them. They had planned only so far as taking rooms at the Danieli until everything was settled with an architect, and work on the palace ready to go forward without possibility of mistakes. But the secret truth was Gail had made up her mind to go back to America as soon as possible, attended by her prince. She wanted to flaunt her acquisition. Well, now, what about it?

The lawyer assured her that he had attempted to alter Prince Dantarini's decision, but found it adamant; and frankly, Gail admitted to herself that she had no holdup weapon in her sleeve. If she said, "You can't have a business and me for your wife," Dantarini would answer, "Then I won't have you for my wife." She was so sure of this and so sure she couldn't give him up, or, rather, give up the things he represented, that she resolved to let the matter slide till after the wedding. Then, when he was hers—and he had assured her there was no divorce for Italian subjects—she would surprise him.

He wouldn't like to begin his married life with a scandal! There would be a scandal among his friends, whom he valued, if the bride dashed off to her own country without him. And that was just what she would do if he showed signs of being pig-headed. What the prince was thinking no one but himself knew.

When the lawyers had settled all matters, even to the desired loan, Pietro Dantarini and Gail Grant were married, first according to the law, then according to the Church. It was a quiet wedding, but the bridegroom's mother and a number of cousins, uncles and aunts with melodious-sounding titles were present. The bride wore a veil of Venetian point which had been in the Dantarini families for centuries. The elder princess had worn it at her own marriage, and she herself draped it on the head of the American girl whom she had seen three times, and to whom she had been punctiliously, though wistfully, polite. It wasn't necessary to confess that mother and son had discussed selling this heirloom a day or two before Pietro became guide to Miss Grant.

Miss Molesey's quarters in the royal suite were now unoccupied and at the disposal of the prince. The old princess, refusing to visit connections in Rome, had sent her few intimate belongings to a small country place she owned near Mestre and usually let for a low rent in summer.

The antiques had been moved out of the Dantarini palace, and, as Gail supposed, temporarily stored in a hitherto empty *palazzo* next door. An architect—a friend of Pietro's—had been engaged, and nothing remained, seemingly, except for the young couple to take up their new life together so near the palace that they might spend their days conveniently in overseeing the new work.

Gail had warned Dantarini that theirs was to be a marriage in name—or, she might have said, in title—only. And he had answered that he was not one to thrust his attentions unwanted upon a woman. Yet Gail's heart beat with some kind of excitement which she couldn't herself have defined when at last they were left alone together, as man and wife, in that royal suite at the Hotel Danieli.

If he had seized her in his arms she would have been furious, but when instead he offered her a cigarette and took one himself, it was like a dash of cold water in the face.

"It's lucky," he said, "that you've seen most of the show places, for I shan't have much time now to take you about as I have been doing. As soon as we've agreed upon the plans with Benedetto"—Benedetto was the architect—"I must get to work at my own business—the business I borrowed money from you for, you know. I expect to do very well for us both with it. You haven't shown any curiosity concerning it yet."

"I haven't any, and for a very good reason," said Gail.

"What reason?" Pietro wanted to know. "May one ask?"

"One may ask," Gail replied coolly, though her mood was far from cool, "but before one gets answered there are other things to arrange. The *palazzo!* Now we're married and can talk quietly, just you and me by ourselves, I'd better tell you that I think your man Benedetto is an old-fashioned idiot. I want a bathroom made for every bedroom, so I can have people from home to stay, and give them decent modern conveniences. I want electric light all over ——"

"In other words, you want to spoil the house. I'm sorry, but I can't allow it. There's a place for one bathroom on each of the bedroom floors, no more ——"

"Well, we will throw an addition out at the back ——"

"We will not. And as for electric light all over the place, it's unnecessary and inartistic. I won't have it."

"You won't? And you're using my money to restore your old tumble-down palace!"

"It's not your money now—not while it's out on loan to me and while I'm prepared to pay 5 per cent interest. It's mine. Now let's not argue any more about this till Benedetto has had time to show us blue prints. You have intelligence, though it's untrained, and I shall be disappointed in it if you don't approve his ideas when you see them. It will show me, if you do not, that all my efforts to make you appreciate Venice have been wasted."

While she drew breath for a retort, he went on:

"Meantime, till you do see the blue prints, it's important that you should get a clear idea of what we have before us. With the capital borrowed from you, I've taken the old Palazzo Servelloni next door, on long lease, with option of purchase. On the ground floor I shall do business in antiques on a larger scale than I was able to do at my own place. Now that our family possessions are pretty well sold out, I should have been at a loss to carry on without this money. But as it is, I shall do well. I know just where and how to buy. Also, I know where to sell when I have plenty of stuff worth selling. When I go to America with you, as I imagine you wish me to do presently, I'll establish a connection in New York, and ——"

"What an idea!" exploded Gail, her ears scarlet under the gold-brown curve of hair. "The sooner you put it out of your head, the better. I'm not going to America with a shopkeeper, I can tell you!"

"I can tell you," Dantarini retorted, with maddening calmness, "that my wife is not going to America without me. I am a shopkeeper and intend to go on being one. I like it, and you'll not leave Venice except in my company."

"I was just going to inform you that if you won't have a bath and electric light for every room of the *palazzo*, I'll never step foot inside it."

"You will live in it with me as soon as the workmen are out, unless we go together to New York while they are still there," said Dantarini.

The girl's eyes shot blue flames. His drowned their fire with gray ice of glaciers.

"Try to make me!" she choked.

"That's easy!" he laughed.

"You think so?"

"I know so."

"You don't know anything about Americans," she flung at him.

"Not much, I admit. But till I get among them they don't concern me."

"You'll find that I concern you!"

"But you're not an American. You ceased to be one yesterday, when we went through our civil marriage. When you became my wife you became an Italian subject."

Gail held her chin high, with her best air of domination. "That's nonsense! I'm as American as I ever was."

"At heart you may be, if you have one!"

"If I have, it's not for you."

"May I remind you, I never asked you for it? All the same ——"

(Continued on Page 62)

"What is the Matter?" He Asked. "I Don't Know," Gurgled Gail

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 16, 1927

Great Britain and Russia

THE rupture of diplomatic relations and the cancellation of the trade agreement between the Government of Great Britain and the Soviet Government of Russia spell retribution to both contracting parties. The contractual situation did not reflect credit on the self-respect of either Great Britain or Russia; the breaking of relations will clarify circumstances in the interest of truth. The short-lived truce represented an ephemeral agreement between the right wing of Russia and the left wing of Great Britain. The relations between the two countries came to an *impasse* less as the result of particular developments than as a consequence of general untenability of their respective positions.

Recognition by Great Britain of the existing political order in Russia was supported by the Labor Party, by Liberal free traders and by the pink uplifters, of whom Great Britain has her full share. It is significant that after the rupture of relations, Soviet representatives were given a luncheon in the House of Parliament by members of the Labor Party. The accord was supported also by diverse commercial interests, intent on the trade of the day, irrespective of social or political consequences.

The accord was opposed by Conservatives in general, supported by the mass of sentiment in commercial, shipping and banking circles. The astute traders of Great Britain were not convinced that such political agreements were necessary to trading relations, and in this they were supported by the experience of the United States. It has, indeed, been one of the tender points of the controversy that Russian trade with the United States, which has not recognized the Soviet Government, has been so large as to make a favorable comparison with the prewar trade between the two countries. In brief, it was a conflict in Great Britain between the near view and the far view, between expediency and principle.

On the part of Russia, the accord with Great Britain represented the policy of the right wing, the development of the so-called New Economic Policy of Lenine as expanded by Stalin. Incidentally, it is edifying to hear old commercial practices dignified by the name of New Economic Policy. The left wing of the Soviets, and in particular the so-called International, was opposed to agreements of the type contracted with Great Britain, because they represented a compromise between communism and capitalism, and if honorably observed implied a contraction and restriction of revolutionary tactics. The left wing of the Soviets, the Simon-pure communists, does not believe in compromise with capital; it believes in revolution by direct action, everywhere, at all times and by all means. These extremists will hail the break in relations between Great Britain and Russia as proof of their contentions in support of continuous world revolution. Thus, paradoxically enough, the left wing of opinion in Russia and the right wing of opinion in Great Britain will agree that the recently ruptured political recognition and trade agreement between the two countries were a disgrace and the break desirable from each point of view.

It would be going too far to assume that the break was provoked altogether by events occurring within Great Britain and justified by findings revealed in the raid on the Russian quarters in London by the police of the Home Office. We take it that the real ground for the British action lay in Russian activity in China and India. There can be no doubt of the incitement to insurrection in China and India under Russian influence; and there can be no question that the responsibility therefor must be laid at the door of the Soviet Government and cannot be shifted by them to the Red International or to private individuals for whom the government disclaims responsibility.

Russians in position of responsibility in the Soviet Government have been reported as saying that the statement of former Secretary of State Hughes, in respect of American relations with Russia, closed the door to the Soviet Government, with no door knob on the outside. Under the present circumstances, as revealed by the trend of civil war in China and the rupture of relations between Great Britain and Soviet Russia, the stated policy of our Government as enunciated by Secretary Hughes is seen to have been doubly wise. We may not be so skillful as the British in the arts of diplomacy; but there are times when primitive reactions furnish the best guidance in policy. This may well be one of them.

Near-by Sources of Farm Relief

IF WE can credit figures published by the National Industrial Conference Board, virtually one-third of the net profits of American farms are paid out in taxes. We are further told that the farmer was subjected to an incredibly severe increase of taxes as compared with income after 1914.

The comparatively small relief afforded to the agricultural districts by the reduction of Federal taxation is a fact of the highest significance. Nearly all the taxes that farmers have to meet are imposed upon them by state and local government. These agencies, instead of bringing much-needed farm relief by lowering taxes, have materially raised them.

The mental processes of the farmer are not very different from those of the city man. Perhaps, on the whole, those of the country dweller are sounder, for he is likely to read less than his city cousin and think more. Even with this advantage, he has shared the error of the city man in putting too much pressure for relief on Washington and too little upon his state capitol and his county seat. The income tax and Federal revenue expenditure have incessant nation-wide advertising. They are never long out of the spotlight. State, county and township taxes and outlays, over which a comparatively small group of like-minded neighbors might wield substantial influence, are given far less attention than they deserve, less than might prove highly profitable.

Federal taxation will inevitably be brought within more reasonable bounds. The people of all the states are working for reduction. They are demanding it so vociferously that their attention is distracted from the graver expenditures and the more burdensome impositions which are taking place under their very noses. That is why local taxation can be piled up with almost criminal prodigality and yet raise only a faint moan of protest. Nearsightedness has its advantages when near-by affairs are of more importance than those at a distance.

The first places in which to begin cutting taxes are the nearest—the town hall, the county seat and the state capitol. These same centers are the logical source of farm relief. They are the nearest, the most accessible, the most closely in touch with local needs and the most amenable to united local sentiment.

The Professor's Lot

THERE has long been a tendency to pity the college professor. But his lot, taking everything into consideration, is a fairly happy one. He lives in a college town where his five to eight thousand a year, particularly when a dwelling house at nominal rental goes with the position, is reasonably ample. If he is a young instructor or assistant professor his salary may be but half as great; but with some managing, it will usually meet modest bachelor requirements. In either case, he has a gentle and dignified calling, a comfortable existence, the prospect of a pensioned old age and an esteemed position in his community.

It must also be considered that as the result of an extremely pleasant prerogative known as the sabbatical year many professors are in attendance upon their classes only six years out of seven. And, to continue in a coldly statistical vein, those six years are not full years. As a general rule professors hold classes only thirty-six weeks out of the fifty-two. These thirty-six weeks are often five-day weeks, and the number of hours spent in classrooms and lecture halls frequently does not exceed twelve or fourteen.

Many demands upon the professor's time are omitted from this lean schedule. He must mark papers, hold conferences with students, conduct seminars and journal clubs, sit on sundry faculty committees, revise his lectures, keep up with the current literature on his subject, prepare papers for learned societies and their publications, and accumulate notes and references for the books he is presumably writing.

Some of the long vacation the professor will devote to research work. This is not compulsory; but if a faculty member is to win the approbation of the powers that be, he must publish every few years some learned and scholarly work which will serve as evidence of his diligence and his intellectual development and at the same time bring honor and prestige to the university with which he is connected. There is, to be sure, much drudgery connected with such work, just as there is with every calling which is worth while; but, after all, it is performed in that vein which the professor has himself selected as being the most interesting and fascinating in all his ken.

Many professors are able to add to their incomes by outside work. Instructors in chemistry, electrical science, physics, economics and certain other branches are often able, at any moment, to step into corporation positions which carry salaries almost as high as that which the university pays to its football coach. Others write textbooks and find many avenues for increasing their incomes.

It must not be forgotten, however, that there are, at all universities, men whose mental attainments and qualities of leadership are such that the salaries paid them are ridiculously low. Men of this caliber could undoubtedly achieve the fullest measure of success in the business or professional world, and their unselfish acceptance of the meager reward of professorship cannot be praised too highly. The point is, however, that the popular conception of the lot of the professor is based too much upon the situation of a few men of unusual brilliance who for a pittance supply the genius, educational fire and inspiration for some university and not upon the rather easy and pleasant, if somewhat Spartan, life of the score of average men who commonly constitute the body of the faculty.

Consider also the security which hedges the college professor. The stern but invigorating rule of the outside world, "Produce or quit," is not inscribed over academic portals. The tedious lecturer, uninspired and uninspiring, may have some of his courses turned over to a colleague, but he is let down easily and is allowed to retain his title and to receive his pay. Every large university, in deference to academic tradition, carries much dead wood of this sort.

DID HE LEAVE A WILL?

By Boyden Sparkes

FOUR days after the death of old man Bellinger the search for his will began. It was a hunt conducted without any clew other than the fact that some years before he had prepared a will.

A bachelor, deaf and crabbed of manner, he had left no family; only relatives. The meeting in the office of his lawyer was attended by the middle-aged employe who was carrying on the millinery-jobbing business of J. M. Bellinger & Co., a trust officer of the bank through which old Bellinger's funds had ebbed and flowed for half a century, and a young woman who had been the dead man's favorite niece. She had reached Chicago from the East in the final hours of incoherence, when her uncle was babbling of things that had been important years before—of actions regretted, of forgotten personalities that boiled to the surface of his failing mind. Certainly that death chamber in the apartment hotel where he had lived had not been a suitable place for asking questions about a division of his things. A death chamber seldom is.

Though the lawyer's office was a quite suitable place for the discussion, there was little to be said until the will was read, and first it had to be discovered. The middle-aged employe, whose name was slightly less euphonious than Cheever Gropp, was visibly disturbed by the situation; visibly, because he kept drumming the fingers of both hands on the glass top of the lawyer's mahogany desk and shaking his head from side to side as if he had been stricken with a palsy.

"He kept telling me he'd take care of me in his will. S'why I stayed on there year after year for low pay."

The niece clucked sympathetically, but not with any great degree of sincerity. She knew herself to be an heir-at-law.

"There is a will somewhere," proclaimed the trust officer earnestly. "It was drawn up about five years ago and was in our will vault until about two months ago. Then Mr. Bellinger came after it, explaining that he wanted to read it over."

"He never spoke to me about his will," said the lawyer. "I've represented him only in the last few years. I suppose, though, the first place to look is in his safe-deposit box."

"It won't be there," prophesied the trust officer, "because it had been his custom to keep it in the vault which the bank provides for the wills of its customers. Lots of people give another the right of access to their safe-deposit boxes, but do not wish to expose their wills to them. We've got from 400 to 500 wills on file in our special vault all the time."

"Well, we'll just have to hunt," decreed the lawyer; and so they began. A representative of the inheritance-tax department of the state treasurer's office was on hand when the safe-deposit box was opened, and he placed his seal on the box after a hasty inventory established the accuracy of the trust officer's prediction. There was no will there.

The hotel room was searched next. A pile of soiled linen, some other garments, several wilted and scuffed pairs of shoes were tossed out of a closet, disclosing no documents of any sort whatever; the bureau drawers were turned upside down and their litter carefully examined and inventoried; then a trunk was ransacked. After that there was no other place in the room left to be searched. The hunt was continued then at the dead man's office.

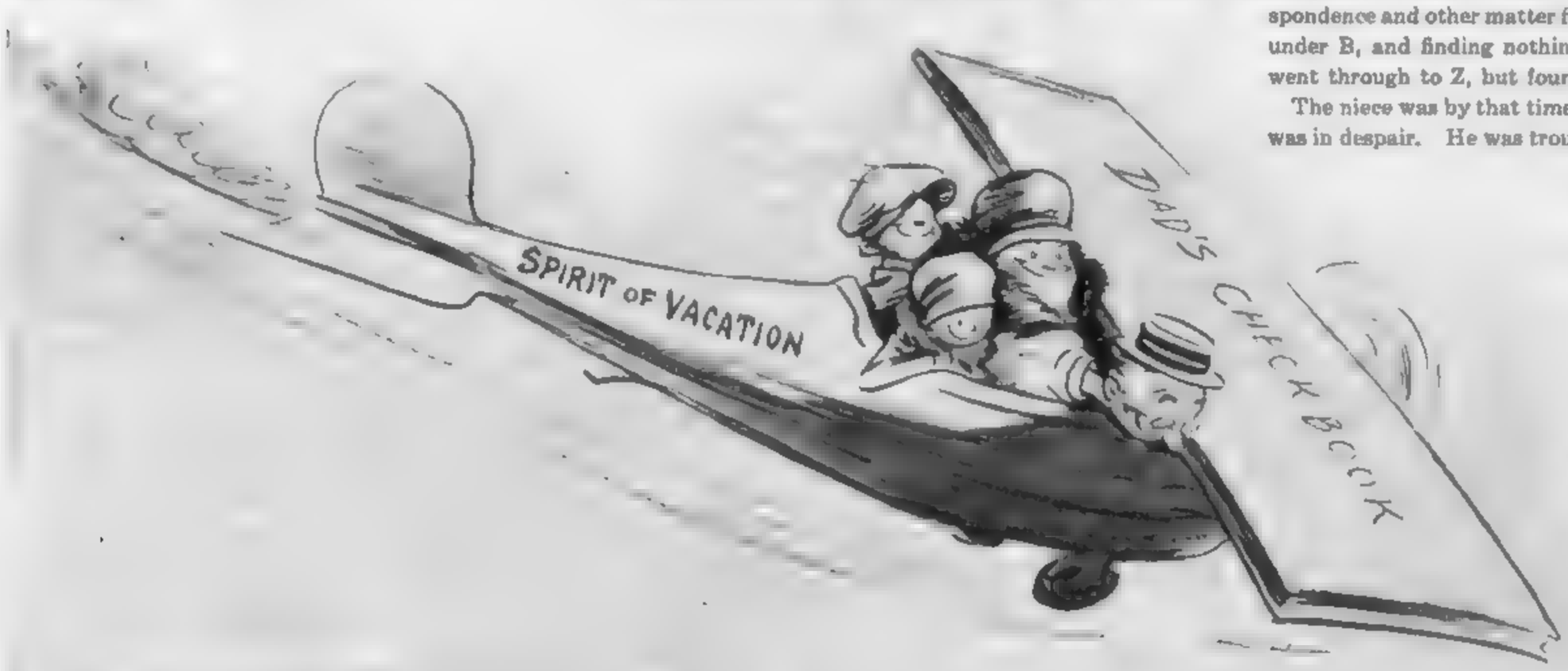
The office was a small room partitioned off from a cavernous stock room piled to the ceiling with cardboard boxes. There was one golden-oak filing cabinet, a roll-top desk only partially closed because of the jumble of papers piled on its blotter, a revolving chair and a bookkeeper's desk, breast high.

The trust officer, because he had led similar treasure hunts on many occasions, took command of this one. He asked Cheever Gropp to find some packing cases in which to store papers as fast as they should be examined. Then he set to work, methodically examining every paper in the dusty pigeonholes of the desk, all that were piled on its surface and in the drawers, passing each document along to Cheever Gropp to be stored in the packing case in such order as seemed to that faithful employe to be best.

After the desk had been cleaned out, the trust officer attacked the filing cabinet, looking first into the correspondence and other matter filed under W. Next he looked under B, and finding nothing pertinent, began at A and went through to Z, but found no sign of a will.

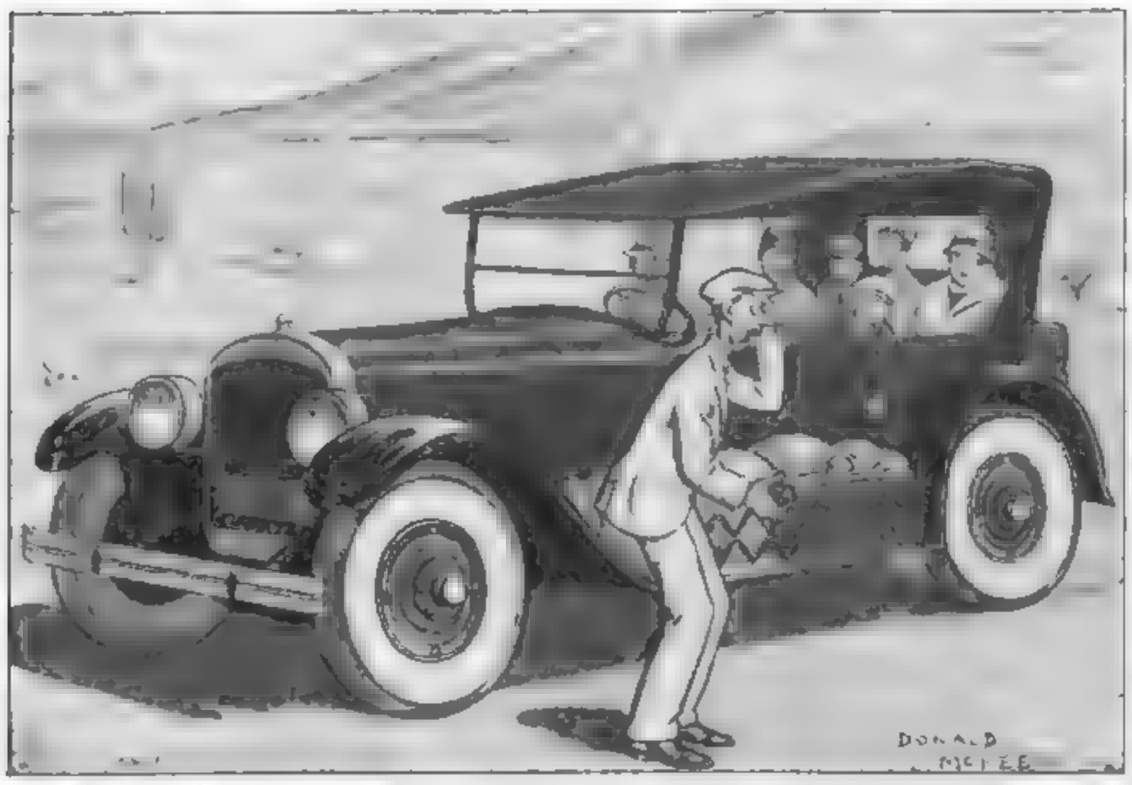
The niece was by that time hopeless and Cheever Gropp was in despair. He was troubled by an array of problems connected with carrying on the business without authority. He knew there was a pay roll to be met, bills to be paid, orders to be filled, salesmen to be counseled, and there

(Continued on Page 54)



THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE IS READY

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES



DRAWN BY DONALD McKEE

Tourist: "There's Something Wrong. We Must Have Run Over Into Canada or Mexico. We Haven't Seen a Billboard or a Hot-Dog Stand for Two Miles"

DRAWN BY PAUL KELLY

The Born Orator Asks a Question

Philosophical Dissertation on First Person Singular Possessive Pronoun

UNCOUNTED governments hold potent sway,
A score of navies breast the restless brine,
A hundred armies train to maim and slay—
All to give meaning to the one word—
"Mine."

—Chauncey McGarry Morley.

The Popular Song Writer Goes Crazy

"THAT night in June beneath the moon above my love where we did croon in Tennessee you sang to me the song my heart can ne'er forget my pet I seem to hear it yet as roses 'round the cabin door and pickaninnies by the shore and Mammy waitin' by the gate oh Mister Trainman don't be late I'm comin' home no more to roam to find my bliss again to kiss the pretty miss with golden hair who's waitin' there and in a year or two or three a bouncing little babe you'll see with eyes of blue who'll look like you with broken hearts burned by the flame and singed by Broadway's bitter game oh little girl with simple curl go save your honor save your name the day when you I'll gladly bring a fourteen-carat wedding ring and birds will sing our honeymoon will be real soon and sit and croon beneath the bough and there I'll vow to never part give me your heart and good-by Blackbird go your way yes we haven't bananas today a cottage small by a waterfall and two for tea and la si do I want the whole blamed world to know I'm comin' back to that little shack and the whippoorwill and the birds that trill with my blushing bride there at my side."

—Arthur L. Lippmann.

DRAWN BY THEODOR DELUE GEISEL

"I am So Thrilled, My Dear! At Last I Can Understand the Ecstasy Lawrence Experienced When He Raced Posthaste Across the Sands of Arabia in Pursuit of the Fleeting Arab"

Concerning Careers

LADIES have had to choose for years
Between caresses and careers.
But now such things are not the same—
We lady poets beat the game;
We manage still—oh, bliss of blisses—
To have both our careers and kisses.

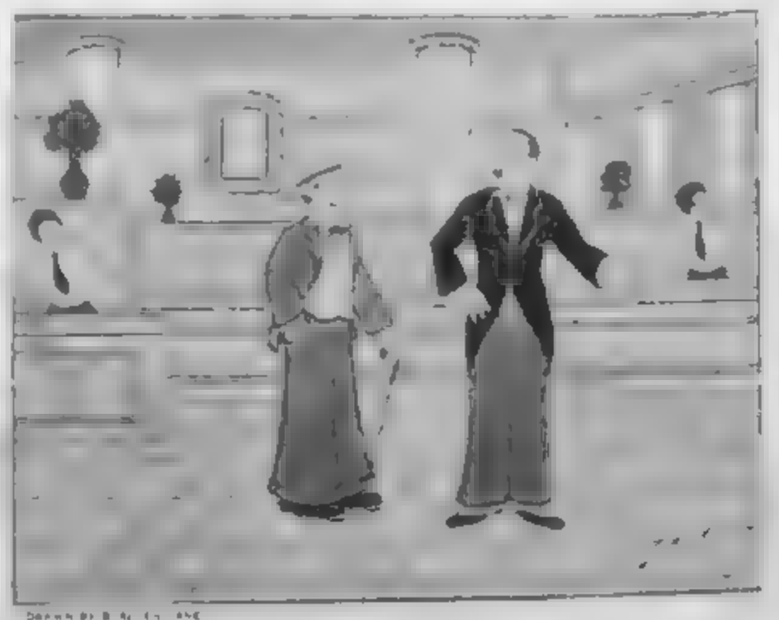
Oh, greet this modern age with cheers,
That gives us kisses and careers!
We now, or so, at least, one hears,
Take kisses, if you but bestow 'em,
And later put them in a poem.
We make good use of our attractions
To sell our consequent reactions.

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

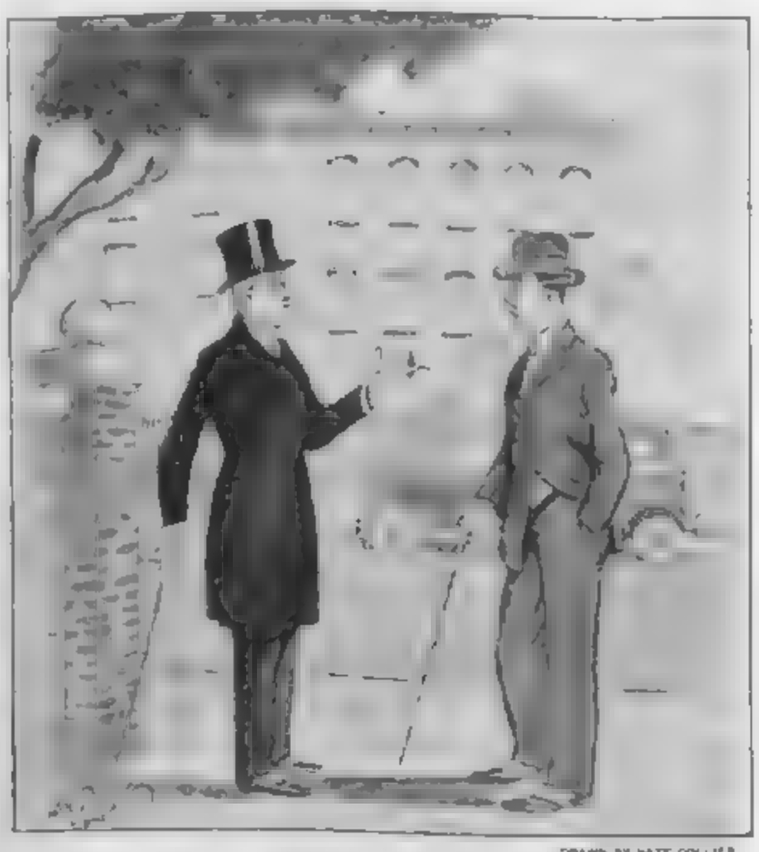
(Continued on Page 153)

DRAWN BY MATE COLLIER

Little Peeps at Big Men—Albert T. Chromo, Atlantic City Beauty Judge and Painter of Pretty Girls, Honeymooning at the Shore. "I am Deliriously Happy! At Last I Have Found My Dream Girl," Says Mr. Chromo



"I'd Like to Buy a Revolver"
"Yes, Sir. Ladies' Department Just to the Left"



DRAWN BY MATE COLLIER

"Where Did You Get the Snappy Coat and Hat?"
"I Eat at a Swell Restaurant"

More popular than ever in summer!

So invigorating
So convenient

Now is the time especially when women welcome a release from the hot kitchen. Yet they know how beneficial it is to have one hot dish with the summer meals, to invigorate and to aid the digestion.

Campbell's Vegetable Soup requires but the addition of an equal quantity of water and a few minutes simmering. Ready for the table in almost no time! Yet it provides the tonic, bracing effect of rich beef broth blended with fifteen tempting vegetables, nourishing cereals, and appetizing herbs and seasoning.

You will often make it the principal dish of the meal, for its thirty-two different ingredients supply real satisfaction to the noontime or suppertime appetite.

Remember, too, that Campbell's Vegetable Soup is richly supplied with the valuable mineral salts so essential to growing children. 12 cents a can.

With the meal or as a meal soup belongs in the daily diet

A different soup for every day. See list of 21 kinds on label.

I always write with true delight
The things I'll serve for dinner
The nicest part is at the start
For Campbell's is a winner!

Campbells' Soups

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

MY DEAR

By MAY EDGINTON

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

XI

LE MAUR was alone in his huge and beautiful studio that was rich with treasure from many lands. He had been working, in a terrible temper, on his portrait of Lady Rosamund. It missed; it lacked; it was not human. The flesh was not flesh, the lips had no love; no soul looked from the great bright eyes with the bistered shadows under them. The figure was like a shell with no young woman inside it. That was, he said, because she herself missed meaning; she lacked; she was not a lowly human. Her real lips had no more love than the painted lips, Le Maur said, and her real eyes had no soul-lighting lamps in them. And what a lot of these girls and women he painted; what a lot more clamored for him to paint them!

For her picture Lady Rosamund had draped herself tight in a long length of golden tissue. She had swathed her body like a mummy, only much, much more thinly, so that every sharp line of it sprang clear. She wanted to display every bit of her beauty in her own way. They all wanted it, these girls and women. And he thought, as quite often he had thought even in the rush of his hectic life, of the sewing-machine girl down Whitechapel way—the girl who was human and of the earth—who wouldn't pose for him. "Blasted stupidity," he had said to himself; and to Rosamund, speaking of this girl, "Ignorant morality of her class! How I hate it! What she thinks would happen to her—the fool!—I don't know."

"Well, what does happen to them?" from Rosamund.

"Oh, I don't know, or care. Anything. Depends on the amount of brains they've got behind the looks."

"I've often wondered," said Rosamund idly, "just where the genus model comes from."

"From nowhere. They're just cheese mites. From nowhere."

But then suddenly this April morning, as he daubed at the golden tissue that was so hard and unshadowed, the knock came at his studio door—the knock with the heavy silver knocker he had brought from Spain—and he heard Michel, his French manservant, go to open it, and all at once Jenny Croft was standing on his threshold.

"A girl to sit for you, sir," said Michel. And Le Maur said:

"At last!"

He tossed his palette aside and came forward. They looked at each other. He appeared to her to be younger, even more ruthless than before, in his painting smock, with his sleeked hair ruffled by his angry hand and his face frowning in his ill temper. And what he saw in her, while, like magic, his brow cleared and a slow smile came into his eyes, was a difference—a difference, subtle and vast and secret—a difference brought by—what? Some desperation? Yes. He saw, instantly, desperation, resolve, and yet a queer hungry radiance in her face.

"By Jove!" he said.

"I expect you're surprised to see me, Mr. Le Maur."

"I'm not surprised. I knew you'd come, little girl."

"Why?"

"They always come." The satirical smile in his eyes said: "Of course they do."

He motioned her into the studio and shut the door. Now he'd got her! Here she was, the one model he had ever wanted passionately, who had denied him. But now here she was, the same as the others; the same as the professional models—of whom he was tired—and the Rosamunds and the mothers and grandmothers of the Rosamunds. Rosamund's portrait stood on the easel in a strong light, staring at this girl.

Le Maur put his hands on Jenny's shoulders and imitated the giving of an angry shaking. "You've been a long time coming. How do you know I still want you?" He looked at her sharply, greedy to absorb this proud waif.

"Sit down," he waved her to a divan, noting her movements. Very, very good all her movements, natural, untutored, with the grace of a slender wild animal. And he thought: "I like that thinness—the thinness of poverty and strength and work, not of the masseuse." . . . "Take off your hat," he said aloud.

She had it off in a moment, and the sun lay shining on her hair, which she shook loose and free.

He stood before her, his hands, thrusting the smock aside, in his trousers pockets. The intentness of his scrutiny did not dismay her; she was too eager to begin the new life.

"Yes," he repeated, "they always come, whether they say they will or not."

"Their reasons wouldn't be mine."

"Oh? What are your reasons, then?"

"I want to educate myself, see more of the world, get richer."

At that he sprang alert and examined her very keenly. He remarked, "You could be as rich as you need be if you are clever at all. And certainly you could easily get yourself a very wide—education."

Any inner significance in his confirming words passed her by.

"A great many people—fashionable people—come to your studio, Mr. Le Maur?"

"Why, yes."

"I might see some of them, or hear things about them and their friends, or ——"

"Yes," He Repeated, "They Always Come, Whether They Say They Will or Not"

"Why do you wish to do that?"

"I want to get out of my own sphere of life, in a way."

"I'm not surprised at that," said Le Maur, lifting his shoulders. "And why you haven't been quicker to see your opportunities, my dear child, I can't think. However, here you are at last. Now we'll see."

"Can I begin today?"

"Yes," Le Maur nodded.

"What will the pay be, please?"

"Oh, well, I'll give you half a guinea for a morning's sitting; a guinea for the whole day when I want you."

He watched her face. Waves of emotion and relief, and—yes—calculation, passed over it. She was reckoning swiftly: "That'll leave me early mornings and nights for my work for Dealy, and some days I shan't be wanted here, of course."

He sat down beside her, saying in his discontented, fastidious voice: "You know, child, that some models become really quite famous in their line; have an absolute vogue while they last; and a famous model can pick quite a lot out of life."

"That is what I thought."

"Oh, you've reckoned it all up then?"

"I've reckoned it."

"Well, it's early days to begin counting yet," he replied, and he got up, and going to the easel, looked dispassionately over Lady Rosamund before he put the portrait aside.

While he looked at the witch in gold and made some swift shrewd reflections about Jenny, she gazed, absorbed, about the studio. As big as church, she thought, as lofty. It had a gallery at the far end, and apparently a little room or two up there. Its walls were whitewashed and some paintings hung upon them, and here and there a Moorish tapestry, and crimson curtains fell on either side of a vast window. The sense of immensity and new forces—riches and beauty—enveloped her. Never before in her circumscribed life had she entered, or even dreamed of, such a place as this.

These were the places Linda had known, then; where Linda had flowered and loved the careless days. Though she did not know this place, for of Le Maur she had commented:

"He was after my day. He's one of the latest. Not that the artists don't go on a lifetime after we girls are forgotten."

Jenny, buoyed by her wonderful hopes, sat on the divan, motionless, learning some of the first points of the geography of the new world, while Le Maur turned the picture of Lady Rosamund to the wall. He put it in a corner with a ruthless air of abandoning it.

"That's lovely," said Jenny as it was being carried past. And her eyes followed the golden witch; she could see that here was an exotic; here was one of the sort of people to whom Jack had gone back. This reminder brought fear to her. And for a moment this great studio seemed the mortuary of hope. But only for a moment:

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Brookfield

Butter · Eggs Cheese

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she knew he loved her; at home she had little lilac trees growing so sweetly in pots, and lilies and violets scenting all the air of her locked sanctuary. He must love her since he guessed so well.

Le Maur came back, afire now with impatience to begin on this new thing. He had known how badly he wanted to paint this working girl, but only when he actually saw her in his studio did he realize how the canker had been eating him.

No wonder he hadn't been able to satisfy himself with the portrait of Rosamund! He wanted the earth, and had known, since he first saw her, that this girl represented it. He was delighted beyond bounds to see her. Behind his cold sardonic smile and his slow-smiling eyes, he was crazy. She was new. He could make a sensation with her.

He approached her, wondering a little about her. Of course she wasn't used to the work. "Take off your shoes and stockings," he said. "Let's see your feet. I must have good feet; if you haven't good ones keep 'em covered up, for I shan't stand 'em."

She stood up on her bare feet. They were thin and slender and unblemished. "Take your coat off, child," Le Maur said impatiently.

The drab, sordid, colorless coat—how he hated it! Shoddy! And underneath, her clothes were very little more attractive. A drab skirt, colorless as a result of age and many washings; a knitted jumper. But the jumper at least clung beautifully and revealingly to her figure.

"Look here, child," said Le Maur, "I'll tell you what I'll do. It's 12:30 now. I'll make a little line sketch of you, just as you are. . . . Stand there. And this afternoon I'd like to begin you—altogether, you understand. I lunch at one. You can come back at two."

Then he became surprised, then bored and then furious at her silly objection to being sketched in the nude. No, she wouldn't!

But didn't she see it was just a silly little question of getting the anatomy? Didn't she see —— She wouldn't.

Le Maur made no sketch, however slight, between 12:30 and one that afternoon. He spent the half hour raging in a fury at Jenny. Didn't she understand that it all meant nothing? Anyone did it! These ridiculous ideas hadn't been so much as heard of for the past century at least, if ever. A model was just a lay figure. Nobody thought about how she looked. A model, she must realize ——

No. No. No. She was adamant. She seemed to have some other reason, too, besides mere idiotic modesty, he saw. And pointing to the portrait of Lady Rosamund in its remote corner, she cried:

"Would she be painted like that?"

"No, but then that's different. She's Lady Rosamund Lacey. There's a gulf between a professional model and Lady Rosamund Lacey. Don't be an idiot."

But wasn't it to bridge that gulf that she had come here? No use explaining, of course, but she remained obdurate.

"Little fool," said Le Maur, going out to lunch. "You'll be more sensible soon. You are a little fool."

Exactly what Linda would have said.

During the argument Jenny's heart had repeatedly almost ceased beating with her apprehension at losing Le Maur and his work. But he had gone out to lunch, merely reiterating his order to her to be back at two, and he had not repudiated her.

Still shaken by her qualms, she put on her hat and coat, and then, passing through the anteroom, off which opened a meticulously equipped kitchenette, she saw the manservant Michel smiling at her reassuringly. He had a kind, blasé face, and he was feeding, with a saucer of cream, two Persian kittens, so tiny that it seemed pathetic they should be, as far as the studio was concerned anyway, motherless. The smile of Michel, so understanding—he must have heard all had he cared to hear—reassured Jenny.

He let her out with a little nod that said "Cheer up" and a little shrug that asked: "What does anything matter?"

She went out into the King's Road in time to see Le Maur's slim maroon car speeding westward, and then she went seeking for a sufficiently cheap and humble place to eat in herself. She could not forget for a moment that this was to have been her wedding day.

Then, back to the studio, to find Le Maur primed for a further onslaught. He was good-tempered after his luncheon—which he had eaten in amusing company at the Ritz Grill. They had a second battle -half laughing on his part—in which he tried to get her to agree to undressing—look, there was the little dressing room, up there in the gallery—being draped and experimented with, and posed. What did she think she'd come for?

Did she know that she would have been thrown out of most studios long before this? Few men would stand such stupidity, such senseless exasperation. Yes, she knew that. Only she knew something more. She didn't tell Le Maur this. Instinct began to tell her that he meant to paint her anyhow, somehow, and that he would not let her go.

So he grew angry again: "The good light going and you standing there arguing with me over something that's not even arguable!" he shouted, and suddenly he made a dash for her, as if, half furious, half laughing at her, he would simply drive her up to that gallery dressing room.

And then, just as suddenly, he saw something. He saw light. She was so different—so different. For what other reason had he been after her all this time save that she was different? Why should he want to paint her just as he painted his other models? From the furious instinctive way she clutched her coat round her and recoiled—ridiculously recoiled from him—he had his great idea. He stopped menacing her: "Hold that pose! Don't you dare to slack a muscle! Hold that pose!" He commenced to sketch, working in a fever of haste.

At least she knew what he meant, from Linda's many descriptions of artists and their ways. "Just when you've gone all slumped, or are standin' quite all wrong as far as you know, he'll call to you, 'Hold that pose.'" Thus, Linda, mocking one of the great ones who was still painting her successors. So Jenny stayed perfectly still, obeying Le Maur, her coat clutched round her and that look of repulse and revolt in every line of her. From that look of hers—that shrinking and intense and fierce defensiveness—Le Maur got his picture that he afterward called Outrage.

She thought many thoughts, poised, obedient, while he worked. His working was demoniacal. Demons were not new to her. She had seen the unfathomable, inscrutable rages of men far nearer the brute than, on sight, was this painter for whom scores of lovely ladies sighed; rages which their women mustn't thwart, mustn't question, mustn't stand up to, but to which women must bend like reeds to a wind, or from which women must run and hide, or which women must anxiously coax and soothe lest worse befall them and theirs. This demon of Le Maur's didn't seem so new to her therefore. It was the same fierce absorption of those men who played darts or

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"You Know Me, I See," Smiled Rosamund. "You've Seen My Portrait. What Do You Think of It?"

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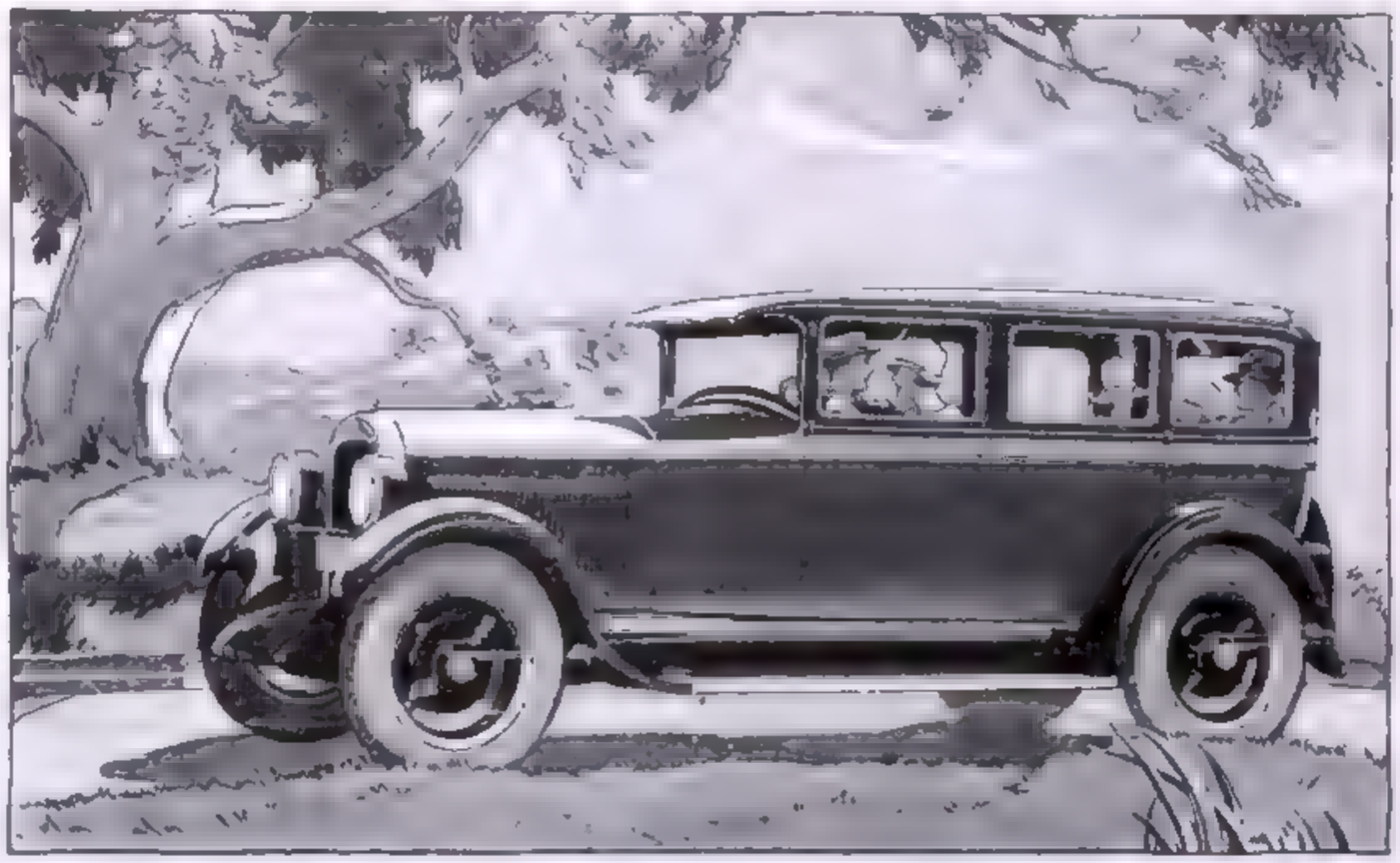

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Made by the Makers of Armstrong's Linoleum

Armstrong's Quaker-Felt Rugs

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shoved ha'penny, for more of their scanty wages than they could afford, in the taproom of the Rose and Lily public house away in Greengrove Alley. It didn't do for a wife to put in her head and call "Stop-pit! Come home, Bill"—Harry—George—or Mike; or to send a child there after its father just when all hung on the hazard of the game. When a woman saw that look on a man's face she waited.

It was no different with this Le Maur, save that he played his game with a pencil in his hand, in an airy studio lofty as a church, which incense, from Eastern burners, made atmospheric.

She held her pose without a tremor of a muscle while he sketched with an inspiration of sureness and swiftness. Her thoughts ranged over this business. She had told Linda, passing out of the alley, whither she was bound, and Linda had replied with a wise look, "Fancy! You! In the altogether you'll have to be if he asks, you know."

"Not me! Never!"

"He'll throw you out, that's all. They don't stand nonsense from us girls."

"I'll see about that." And then, Linda:

"There are people who say it doesn't matter a rap. Artists always say they never even notice a girl. Perhaps not. But the girl notices. It's the beginning of a lot, that."

Well, he had not thrown her out. He had—though resentfully—acquiesced for the present. And so, she thought, here she was in Jack's world, or at least in a world neighborly to his. And that girl in the golden sheath, with her painted face now turned to the studio's white wall—Jenny Croft was nearer to her too. She was nearer to all the things that were his very breath of life. Education of this sort, knowledge, learning, with which to bridge the river between them—she must surely begin to get it here. She knew that, despite her brave words to Linda, she wanted to propitiate Le Maur, please him.

At last, though really she had not noticed the passage of time or the rigidity of her muscles, he ceased work. The demons seemed to fly from his face, so that it fell into its smooth satirical lines, with his usual laughter at hidden things deep in his eyes. He threw his pencil aside and there were no more fierce, devouring, impatient, seeking looks.

"You can rest."

"Rest? Move?"

"Yes. Tired?"

"No. I could stand like this all day if you wanted it."

He smiled subtly. He saw that she was very ready, eager; he had divined, here, desperation. On whose account? A faint curiosity, callous and quite contemptuous as yet, assailed him.

"You were tired," he said. "Don't trouble to lie to me, my girl. You were getting wooden. But you've done all right. You've done jolly well. And I've got you right. Come here and look."

She came over to him and looked; seeing herself drawn back, shrinking, actually seeming to move and start on the sheet of paper pinned to that easel; drawing her old coat round her in a terrified furious clutching, the meaning of which he had, somehow, interpreted with a satanic cunning. Yes, the meaning of her, and her resentful, frightened, brave, accusing, refusing face and gesture were so plain that she caught her breath.

He was looking to her, even to this untutored thing, for praise; and he received all the praise he wanted in that quick gasp.

"You, isn't it?"

She nodded.

"The best sketch I ever made." He stood before it. "Artists don't always say that. We're the most pernickety fellows on earth."

"Shall you color it?"

He laughed, for good humor was now upon him.

"Color it? Color it! Don't phrase things like a little fool. That isn't the picture, little fool. That is the rough sketch for it—one of the many rough sketches. And I'll want you again tomorrow, early. At ten o'clock."

"I'll come."

"Of course you'll come. I'll get your color—all of it. That mop of hair of yours—all vitality; and your fighting eyes and your skin, a bit sick greenish with underfeeding; and your mouth—you have a gorgeous red mouth. I'm so sick of exotic models or anæmic models! With you it's all there—all that I want. And you're natural; you're earthy; just spiritualized enough by your work and your various starvations. There is more than one kind of starvation, isn't there, Jenny?"

He wondered if she knew enough about that to formulate it, and rather hoped not. He thought: "Sophisticate them and they can give only an imitation of what you want." But she cried:

"Oh, there is! Once I was content. I thought I had all a girl should ask. But now I starve——"

"What for?"

He was on her like a razor with his questions.

She gestured toward the picture of Rosamund, turned to the wall.

"For one thing, to be more like her."

"If you dare to do any imitations I'll throw you out into the street." He looked as if he meant it. "There are hundreds of her," he said: "cut, colored, dressed to a pattern. There's only one of you that I've ever seen—without a disappointment anywhere."

She thought: "Then he isn't disappointed that I won't——"

He thought: "I'd better stop it. She doesn't need to get too pleased with herself. She'll want a rough house sometimes and a bit of bullying to keep her down to where she is now." Aloud he told her more brutally:

"But don't you go thinking you're everything. You're not. You just happen to be the something new I was wanting. Be here tomorrow at ten, and don't alter yourself. Same clothes and all. You understand?"

"I'll be here."

"Be punctual. I don't wait."

He hoped she didn't know that he would again wait; he would wait an hour, a day, a week, for her. For fuming and fretting at the back of his brain was an idea that hadn't emerged clearly into a shape as yet. He wanted to be alone with it. He knew if he were alone, if he threw himself down on his divan and locked the world out, that the idea would break through its mist, that he would get a plan—a big plan—formulated. Why, otherwise, had there been with him for weeks the obsession that he must paint this girl?

"What are you trying for?" he asked abruptly. "What are you after?"

"I want more money, for one thing."

"Yet awhile ago you refused it."

"That was awhile ago."

He considered: "You're to bind yourself to me, mind, till I'm through with whatever I shall want to do. You're my find—mine. Promise."

"If you'll pay me I'll promise."

"Of course I shall pay you. And don't make a pig of yourself with your riches," he said, laughing. "I want you what you are. With that brave, underfed female look."

"I'm saving the money."

"What for?"

She answered, "I don't quite know yet; any more than you seem to know just what you're going to do with me. But the time will come when I shall know."

When she said this, to his interest and his chagrin, he saw her transformed. She was no longer of that faintly greenish pallor, her eyes fought no more battles. He stared and frowned. Now he knew! She loved most passionately. And staring at her, he thought that one day he would paint her like that, no longer starved, no longer battling; but also he thought that the day he painted her like that would be the end of her for him. Heaven grant that the day is far off, he thought.

He answered her coldly; he did not want to fan that fire or let her feed herself richly with talk or thought about it; no happy ecstasies of dreams and broodings should be encouraged here.

"Ah, well, that's your business."

"I'm going on with my tailoring work in my spare time—the time you don't want."

He thought, "Good!"

That meant that he would still have his working girl, and not an exotic who flourished as she could in studios, and learned of the flowers she could pluck in the richer parts of a great city. Doubts were in his mind about paying her so much, for women were so easily tempted to comfort and ease. But then, she knew a model—she'd mentioned it—who would no doubt have put her wise about scales of payment. Also, he had wanted to tempt her. He hadn't thought all that out as carefully as he might, perhaps.

"I shan't make any difference in my expenditure," she said dreamily, "till I'm ready." Then the flame of joy, strong and hot like life itself, leaped up again at the vision of that mysterious hour.

"Good!" he said. "And now clear out."

None of the little poutings, whims, undercurrents of moods of the trained and beautiful girl model! She went away, as he ordered. His eyes, following her swift going and the flowing line of her thin figure, smoldered with the slow-burning fire of the new idea. Her absurd squeamishness vexed him no longer. Why follow the other sheep, who could scarcely ever think of anything but nudes or of society women in their pearls? This girl's poor clothes were part of her. He would show life as she lived it, and the clothes had a definite speaking voice. And suddenly he valued her drab coat and her poor shoes and her thread stockings and her cheap hat above the brocades and gauzes of rich color in which he draped some sitters. She had color enough.

He stretched himself on the divan, and Michel came in unheard and began to make delicate China tea.

"I will call the picture Outrage," he said to himself; "and when she is more obedient I will do one called Modesty. And then—but how do I know? All I know is I shall paint a set of pictures of this little wench, and they will make the Rosamund Laceys livid with jealousy. And the other fellows will try to get her from me; Dauphin will try, and Selincour and Orchard. But until I am ready to let her go they won't so much as hear of her." And then he thought of that perfect light of love on her face, and he began to plan how, again, at the needed time, to bring it back. He would get her, if not talking, at least thinking, dreaming, of this secret lover.

And the Frenchman stole in upon his abstractions from the anteroom, saying: "Lady Rosamund Lacey."

"Let her in."

Rosamund came in, saying carelessly "Don't move," and he did not move. He treated the Rosamunds rather outrageously, knowing that they did not want the courtesies and conventions here in this high studio. It tickled their vanity to receive this casual treatment; it made them feel more intimate with the difficult-tempered painter about whom so many women raved. Today he saw, with a cynical glint in his eye, that she was, as usual, definitely flattered.

She came and sat down at the end of the divan on which he had thrown himself. She stretched out a hand and helped herself to one of his cigarettes from an ivory box near her. She looked restless, hard, hungry and lovely. He regarded her, without thinking about her, from half-closed eyes. All his thoughts were of Jenny.

Rosamund did not know that. She guessed that seemingly intent fixity of his half-shut eyes upon her was the contemplative regard of admiration, possibly even the dawning of a greater intensity.

And with it all, her thoughts today were no more his than his thoughts were hers. It was merely a habit with her to want to excite desire frequently, without gratifying it; just as, frequently, she liked pungent cocktails, or to be in the arms of some very virile man, dancing in a crowd to enchanting music, where he could answer the whole invitation of her merely by a look, a whisper, or the tensing of his arm.

Le Maur, as mistaken in her as she in him, imagined her longing for the Frenchman to cease with his potterings over the tea, and to see himself spring up and take her in his arms.

But today she had come from the quiet house in Beverley Place. She had lunched there, dropping in uninvited, with her intimate air, and old Lucas and his nephew were both at home. They told her Ellaline was hastening back from Cannes, too, at the news of her son's resurrection. With her intimate, clever ways, Rosamund had soon had the young man talking. And when he talked of his new political aspirations, asking for help in canvassing the voters, and while old Lucas listened and nodded and added his urgencies, she knew Jack Riverside stirred her deeply. That quality in him, that look from his dark eyes under their black brows, and his splendid lean shoulders—these things, which had secretly thrilled the women of the mean streets, thrilled, too, this daughter of luxury. Lucas had pressed her to linger. She had stayed a long while over the luncheon table, and she knew that Jack Riverside rejoiced in her. The girl of his own world, suave and easy, luxurious and polished, thoroughbred—didn't he want all these things in woman above all else?

Sitting there in the gracious room, she had wondered, too, about him. Where had he been, this wild son of silly Ellaline Riverside's? People had thought, people had surmised, people had said, many things. He had a look, rather, of a man coming up for air out of deep water. All over now. Old Lucas had come to the rescue after all. What Lucas left undone she could finish. Tacitly there was established a silent, subtle understanding between her and the old man.

Before she left she had promised Jack Riverside to dine and dance with him at the Embassy Club, and to take him on, after, to a great house, opened a little before the beginning of the season proper, whose hostess was giving a political party in honor of certain visiting foreign statesmen. Then she had gone on to Chelsea.

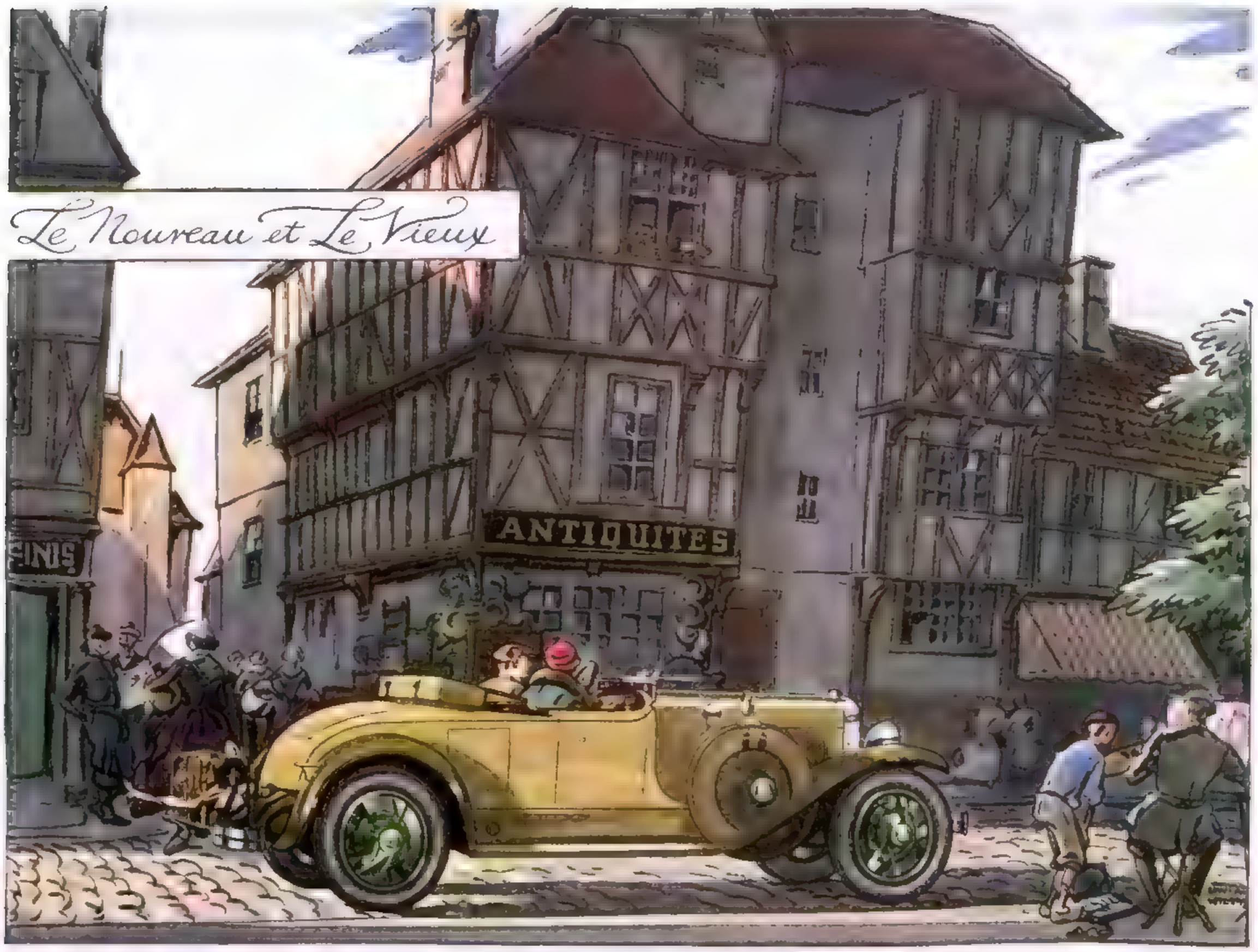
Sitting on the divan, she still had over her the unusual glow which had seemed to warm her whole being at that luncheon. She took a cup of the amber-colored tea from the Frenchman, who also served his master, and who then withdrew.

"I came to sit," she said.

"I don't want you today," Le Maur answered.

"You won't have finished my portrait for the Private View!"

(Continued on Page 102)



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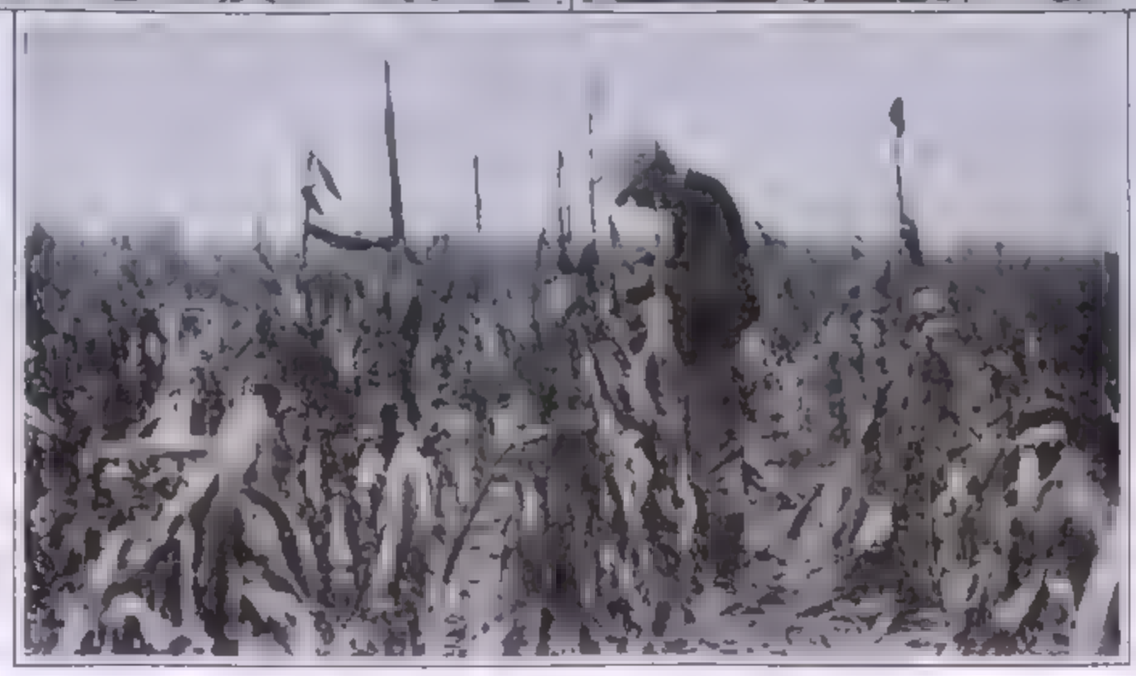
The Battle of the Corn Borer

A Field Cut With a Mower Prior to Disking for Oats

Burning Standing Stalks Prior to Government Inspection



A Cornfield That Has Been Visited by Borers

By FORREST CRISSEY

UNCLE SAM is now spending $10,000,000 resisting a foreign invasion which threatens the ultimate extinction of his $2,000,000,000 corn crop. As about 85 per cent of this crop bellows and grunts its way to market on the hoof, every person in America is directly involved in this war. If we had surrendered without a fight and allowed Nature to take its course, it seems a moral certainty that in six years or less the European corn borer would make corn growing in America a memory only. And by that time this invader would be busy with a wide variety of other crops, for, in common with thousands of established citizens, he has a strong preference for corn juice—but will accept substitutes!

In New England—the oldest infested region in the United States—he has taken up with more than 200 different plants; any succulent plant will serve, if he can't find sufficient corn for food and shelter.

Pyrausta nubilalis, alias European corn borer, is a very nasty fighter, with more lives than a cat and the secretive inboring methods of a communist spy. He is protected with more immunities than a foreign diplomat; water will not drown him, ice will not freeze him and heat of less than 120° Fahrenheit will not scorch him. Personal injury which punctures his skin appears to be the only form of fatality to which he yields. He does his fighting from a hard-shelled dugout, and a camel is a rank amateur in prolonged abstinence, compared with the borer in the dormant season.

The Borer Immigration

THE mother moth is the greatest recruiting sergeant known to army records; numerically speaking, her families are indecent. Any lady *pyrausta nubilalis* who does not contribute 400 recruits a season to the invading army is a slacker. She flies by night, is too cunning to maintain moth traditions by rushing into flares, flames or traps; is shy and inconspicuous, can compete with Gertrude Ederle on the score of long-distance water records and cannot be reached with poison.

This crafty mother seems able to pass her immunities on to her borer brood. According to government entomologists, bundles of marked stalks containing borers have been recovered more than 200 miles from the point at which they were thrown into the water, and every tenant found to be wriggling and peppy. Also, lively borers have been taken from ice-incrusted stalks, proving them to be the Eskimos of the insect race.

One of Nine Parasite Pens in Use in Ohio

This silent invasion was first discovered in New England about 1917, in the neighborhood of Stoneham, Massachusetts, near Boston. The late Stuart C. Vinal, of the Massachusetts Agricultural Experiment Station, spotted the invader and gave the alarm to Federal entomologists. These men had gained a speaking acquaintance with the corn-borer family in Southern Europe and knew something of his travel habits. They took the trail and soon discovered that, in 1909 and 1910, the broom factory at Stoneham had imported broom corn from the infested regions of Europe and Asia. The borer has no more objections to a broom ride than has a witch.

Other broom-corn importations of that period were traced to Schenectady and Buffalo, New York, and to St. Thomas, Ontario. Investigations disclosed that the invading borer had secured a firm foothold in the cornfields near all these centers. Something about the climate, soil or varieties of corn of New England suited the corn borer admirably and enabled him to produce two families a season—a feat which he has been unable to duplicate in the western area of infestation. But he made the greatest headway in the Ontario region near St. Thomas.

Insect Vandals

THAT is a sweet-corn country and I am told that cottagers summering on the Canadian shore were the first to discover the general prevalence of the pest. When the housewives put the ears of sweet corn, bought from the farmers, into the boiling pot they saw worms rising to the surface of the water. Their protests started an investigation by government entomologists.

But the World War was on and the borer invasion was virtually forgotten. By the time the great war was over the borer hordes were firmly entrenched, and by 1925 the St. Thomas region had 400 square miles in which the corn crop was 90 per cent destroyed. Since 1922 the corn acreage of that section has dwindled to 10 per cent. Last year the devastated area in Canada was enlarged to 1200 square miles. As many as 93 borers have been found in one cornstalk, and Canada had many fields last year in which it was

(Continued on Page 48)

The West Speaks to the East

By ELIZABETH FRAZER

FOR the past twenty-five years, ever since the installation of the Federal conservation policy in our great national forests during the Roosevelt Administration, a controversy over the question of grazing fees has been waged by the livestock interests of the eleven Western states in which national forests are located.

In 1905 the Department of Agriculture decided to establish definite charges for the grazing use of the national forests in order to defray part of the expenses of upkeep. These first grazing fees, which became effective in January, 1906, were merely nominal — thirty-five to fifty cents per head on cattle for the year-long period, and one-third as much for sheep. But to that early regulation establishing a principle, the following significant statement was attached: "These prices will be gradually advanced when market conditions, transportation facilities and demand for the range warrant such action." Upon which a wild Western howl went up and the battle was fairly joined.

Sheep Grazing in Nez Perce National Forest, Idaho

The Line-Up in the Public-Lands Game

IN THE beginning, with only the livestock interests involved, it looked like a purely private or local fight between the Government and a single specialized industry, and the stockmen played a lone hand, rebelling against what they honestly conceived to be an unfair principle, contrary to their frontier traditions and their highly individualistic habits of bossing their own concerns without let or hindrance from the eastern powers. But with the great increase in population and development of the West, other groups and interests came to the fore; each group with its own idea of what should be done with the national forests; each group trying to make itself the dominant one and either frankly indifferent to or openly contemptuous of the claims of other groups; each striving by means of propaganda, public pressure and congressional influence to put through legislation inimical to the others. Each group, with possibly one exception, has its own undeniable rights, and also its indefensible wrongs, where it encroaches on the privileges of others.

The line-up of these groups is briefly as follows: First the livestock men of the Far West, to whose plain self-interest it is to obtain pasturage as cheaply as possible. No business man wants to pay more for any commodity than he can help. These stockmen are in the market to buy grass and they naturally wish to buy it at the lowest possible cost. But the matter is not quite so simple as that sounds. Behind this desire is a whole background of pioneer tradition and emotion, the entire attitude of the West as opposed to that of the East with regard to the public lands, which renders the problem exceedingly delicate and complex.

The second group is composed of the livestock men who live at a distance from the national forests and must grow their own feed or lease private grazing lands at much higher rates than prevail on the Federal ranges and thus are opposed to low government fees as unfair discrimination. Third is a fairly large group of citizens, no more interested in the internal problems of the livestock industry than they are in those of the automobile or the steel industry, who honestly believe and maintain that the Western stockmen are sitting pretty at the nation's expense; and they hold that Uncle Sam, as an honorable trustee administering this public estate for the benefit of all the citizens, and not just one small specified group, should make a profit out of the ranges, put them up at public auction and sell them to the highest bidder, extracting every dollar that the traffic will bear. This group has been actively trying to get a bill to that effect through Congress for years. Fourth are the irrigation and mining interests as well as the 700 cities which obtain their water supplies from streams that rise in the mountains, and wish to protect the purity of their water supply by prohibiting the grazing of livestock in their environs.

Sheep After Being Sheared are Taken Into the High Country for the Summer Grazing

Magnified Rights

FIFTH are the recreationists, a powerful and ever increasing group. Last year more than 10,000,000 people visited the national forests, as over against 35,000 stockmen who use the ranges. And this summer-vacationist group, reenforced by mountain-climbing clubs, dude ranches and mountain resorts, are making insistent demands for more recreation areas, more and better roads and more game preserves, so that they can enjoy the wild life as they drive through the forests. They often object strenuously to the sight of sheep and cattle as blots on the rugged landscape and as destructive of flowers and grass. They complain bitterly that the sharp hoofs of the sheep spoil their trails, that they often block the mountain passes which summer hikers may have selected to subjugate and, worst of all, they eat off the beautiful wild flowers, thus preventing the tourists from snatching them out by the roots and throwing them away to wither a few rods farther on. Sixth are the big-game enthusiasts, intent on making democracy safe for the buffalo and the elk and to preserve for posterity the last remnants of those noble herds which once streamed across our plains.

At the core of each of these groups is a genuine citizenship right; but very often these intrinsic rights are magnified, distorted and confused by a lunatic fringe of blind and prejudiced enthusiasts, unmindful of the general welfare of the community or of the legitimate interests of the livestock men.

"Very often," said Mr. Will C. Barnes, assistant forester and chief of grazing in the United States Forest Service, "these people make extravagant demands which in their essence are unjust to stockmen in the community who are trying to make a living. The Forest Service is sympathetic to the stockmen; we have always been sympathetic, even when we have not seen eye to eye with them, as in the matter of the

(Continued on Page 40

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(Continued from Page 38)

grazing fees, for we know what their problems are from the inside. We know the sheepman is absolutely dependent on the mountain lands of the national forests to graze his flocks He can't do without them; he can't prosper; he must have the lush grass of the mountain pastures for his spring lambs. So his future is dependent upon our policy at Washington, and we intend to take care of his rightful interests.

"But when these other extravagant and often unreasonable demands come pouring into our office, backed up by congressmen or politically powerful influences, the Forest Service is placed in a difficult position. The fact of the matter is, we're between the devil and the deep sea on many problems which force themselves to the front in handling a property as vast as that of national forests. Not only the livestock interests but the lumber men, the tourists, the big-game enthusiasts, the irrigationists, the city watershed people and the miners who object bitterly every time the sheep graze near their claims—all these conflicting interests—each one sure it is the dominant one and that all the others are of no account—meet right here in this office, which thus becomes a battlefield, and it is our thankless task to prevent the various factions from tearing each other limb from limb. Standing between these important public and national utilizations of the forests on one side, and the 35,000 stockmen who use the ranges for commercial purposes on the other, the Forest Service is occupying no bed of roses."

Wild Elk Wintering in the Jackson Hole Country

Taking the Middle Ground

"WE HONESTLY endeavor to be just and fair to all the parties concerned. The problems which arise are difficult and they admit of almost unlimited opportunity for sincere differences of opinion and argument. But if each group would be moderate and reasonable in its demands and would try to understand and appreciate the viewpoint of the other groups and yield a certain amount of leeway like travelers using the same public highroad, the present frictions would be greatly eased."

Early in 1927 Secretary Jardine of the Department of Agriculture, after careful consideration of all the diverse aspects of the matter and constant consultation with prominent stockmen of the West, North and South, announced a decision with regard to grazing fees in the national forests which, it is hoped, will stabilize the livestock industry, and at the same time be just and fair to all the interests entitled to consideration in the administration of these vast public properties, maintained and developed at public expense and with varied resources which many classes and groups of the American people are entitled to utilize and enjoy. The terms of this decision, which will be discussed later by Secretary Jardine, were not altogether agreeable to the Western livestock men who desire a lower rate, covering the bare costs of administration of the ranges, though, as one stockman grimly remarked, "The sentence was lighter than the West expected from the East." Nor did the decision satisfy the group of bitter-enders who hold that the stockmen are sitting pretty at the nation's expense, and who maintain that the grazing lands should be put under the hammer and auctioned off to the highest bidder. But standing midway between these antagonistic groups is the great body of tolerant, fair-minded Americans, solid for conservation as a principle to be worked out along practical, moderate lines.

But no matter how sane, constructive and far-seeing a regulation or statute may be, it remains a dead letter until the people themselves get in behind it, stamp it with their approval, and by conforming their conduct to its principles, render it a live and active force. And in an issue as thorny and many-sided as this one, in which groups from all parts of the country hold passionate and diametrically opposed convictions, in which, moreover, the tradition and background of the West differ from those of the East—being based on a different pioneer experience—it is idle to hope that regulations from Washington, no matter how honest intentioned and fundamentally just, can be 100 per cent effective until the various groups themselves consent to bury their differences, try to understand one another's attitude, yield a little of what they consider their inalienable rights and get together on a common meeting ground of mutual tolerance and good faith.

It is with that object in view that the writer intends to put all the cards of the various contenders face up on the table, sort out their rights and their wrongs and check up the intrinsic justice of their demands by the data in the Forest Service, which has been umpiring this game for the past twenty years. Not all the rights nor all the wrongs will be found solidly massed on any one side. In fact, like human nature itself, they're a variegated lot. And it may be discovered that on this vast estate of Uncle Samuel there is ample room for all these interests, if no single one of them tries to hog the whole game.

As the livestock industry is the protagonist in the controversy which has the most to gain or lose, and is, moreover, dependent for its prosperity on the policy at Washington with regard to grazing in the eleven Western range states in which national forests are located, we will call them first to the witness stand.

A Land of Cattle and Sheep

AND now shift the scene. Conceive yourself sitting on the porch of a ranch house in a high, barren, sun-blistered desert of sage-brush flats and desolate lava waste As a backdrop to the scene you have the jagged granite peaks of the Sawtooth Range rising in majestic splendor, the dark flanks of the lower foothills furred with lodgepole pine, the needlelike crests painted with snow. It is a land of steep dugout roads with hairpin curves clinging perilously to the mountainsides, of chill, wind-swept passes, of little green shoe-string farms on the narrow floors of steep canyons or strung along the edge of the Snake River, that great, shiny boa constrictor, which twists with powerful convolutions through the land and is called the jugular vein of the state; a land of jack rabbits and coyotes and a merry little afternoon zephyr compounded of equal parts of grit and speed, and guaranteed as a sure hair-and-hide remover, or your money back, on a single application. But above all, it is a land of cattle and sheep. Idaho, a mile high in the air. It is the end of a glorious day spent in the clean crystalline sunshine following the trail of the sheep back to the high-range country where the lambs—the young stuff—are topped for the spring markets. Sheep everywhere—on the broad

(Continued on Page 42)

Sheep in the Idaho National Forest, Idaho. Above—A Bull Elk

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When the salesman points to the monogram plate bearing the symbol "Body by Fisher" on a motor car, he goes a long way toward completing the sale. For it is perfectly plain that the public today is grouping motor cars in two classes—those first-choice cars which are equipped with Fisher Bodies, and those which do not offer the superior comfort, value and beauty inherent in every Fisher design

▼

Watch This Column

Our Weekly Letter

OUR "LINDY"

Today I devote this column to a tribute to Charles Lindbergh, or "Lindy" as the whole world now affectionately knows him, the courageous young King of the Air who, without blare of trumpets or elaborate preparation, hopped across the Atlantic alone, attended only by a bottle of water and half a dozen sandwiches.

Was ever a hero so simple and unaffected? The people of the universe were not prepared for what he did. The usual ballyhoo was lacking. "Lindy" simply stepped into his plane and flew to France. By this act of unadorned daring, he accomplished more than diplomats and ambassadors could. He amazed Kings and Presidents. There was none too great to do him honor.

While the world was ringing with "Lindy's" praises, Chamberlin and Levine flew to Berlin, and again there were wild demonstrations of approval for individual courage.

It is rather wonderful how the International News Reel Service secured moving pictures of the wild scenes in Paris and Berlin and brought us here at home face to face with the triumphal progress of these daring bird-men.

Just watch International News Reel in your favorite theatre hereafter and note the great skill and courage required to picture the highways and byways of the universe.

Ask us for a list of Universal's forthcoming productions for Fall and Winter. It will prove a revelation. We want you to be informed of our pretentious offerings so you can be sure to see them. Have you written to me lately?

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 40)

benches moving in a cloud of dust; in little side draws of aspens; silhouetted darkly on some high ridge against the sky line; packed like sardines in some small corral where the Basque sheep herder is cutting out the dry ewes. Here also are flockmasters, some of them big operators, owners of great flocks—25,000 ewes, 600 rams, plus the natural increase of about 100 per cent, or 25,000 lambs. It is a vast, utilitarian pageant, its setting an empire a mile high in the air.

After a Gargantuan supper we move out to the porch where a purple glory is dyeing all the world. Neighbors from fifty and sixty miles have dropped in. There is quite a crowd. In the group are flockmasters, cattlemen, breeders of pure-breds, a superintendent, a professor at the agricultural college and a banker—a representative set.

Somebody broke the ice with the story of Johnny Gray. Johnny was a jovial old-timer, a gambler to his finger tips, who would bet his whole flock on the flip of a coin, a millionaire and busted a dozen times. He and a friend had each shipped out $120,000 worth of lambs, as prices were then. Johnny had fewer lambs than his friend, but they were heavier, so the money involved was about the same. As the train pulled out, Johnny took two bits from his wallet and said casually to his friend, "I'll flip you for the train, Bill." That flip cost him 120,000 iron men. But old Johnny didn't care. He knew he could make it up the next trip.

"But what the East doesn't realize," said one of the stockmen, "is that the old West has shed its skin. Johnny and his crowd are in the discard; changing conditions have forced them there. Don't think we're ashamed of those veteran wheel horses of the old régime. We're not; they were bears. Maybe they did wear out and war out the public lands with their range feuds; we're not disowning them on that account, for they were grand, two-fisted old fighters and trail makers who wrestled with the Indians and rustlers and border outlaws, faced trouble with courage, were never stampeded and were generous to the full extent of their means. With incredible hardships they drove their herds from the Rio Grande up north to Laramie Peak and the headwaters of the Cheyenne, breaking open new country—with the farmers hard on their heels. And it might be mentioned in passing that those old trail finders and looters, as it seems to be the fashion to call them now, came originally from the East. They weren't bred out here by a species of spontaneous combustion; they're an Eastern brand; so on that score the honors are easy both as to praise and to blame."

The Medicine of Conservation

"Well, the embattled farmers chased the stockmen from the plains up into the hills. All right. That's evolution. The man with the hoe told the man with the cow to move on. He moved. Higher and higher. And now comes along the summer recreationist, the dude girl in pants, invading the mountains above the mile-high limit, complaining that the livestock eat the pretty flowers that bloom in the spring tra-la, and demanding that the stockmen move on still higher up. Lady, we're at the top right now! The next station is heaven. And if you chase us up there, where will your lamb chops and beefsteaks come from?

"Well, we'll make out to forgive the girls; but the point I'm emphasizing is that the old West is gone. A new West is here, and that new West is for conservation up to the hilt. Not that we're any nobler than those fine old back numbers, but because conservation is to our self-interest. We swallowed down the principle of conservation years ago. Ask the Forest Service. I'll not say those old huskies who had conquered this wilderness and thought it was theirs swallowed that medicine down like lambs; it was bitter in their mouths and they let out a yell that was heard around the world. But the point is, they swallowed it. And to us who have followed them it's a dead issue."

"I'd like to say," broke in another, "that in this matter of practical conservation we have those Eastern birds faded to a whisper. Take, for example, the livestock in the national forests. Instead of being a detriment to the forests, they are actually a great benefit, for they graze off the grass and clean up the underbrush and weeds. The biggest fires are started in the forests where there are no livestock, as there the grass and underbrush grow tall and make a highly inflammable tinder. When lightning strikes, it gets a good start in this dead stuff, but if eaten off it is almost impossible to start a great fire in that way. So the herds are the best fire fighters there are.

"And another thing. In the most inaccessible parts of the high mountains you find the lonely shepherd or cowboy watching the stock. They are the first ones who see and report most of the forest fires, for there are not nearly enough forest rangers to go around; and these lonely outriders put out innumerable minor fires which, if left, would cause great conflagrations. And when a fire does get started it's the livestock men the Forest Service calls on first. They can always be depended on to help out. So innumerable fires are put out by the stockmen of the community, who thus save hundreds of thousands of dollars annually to the Government."

Nonmilitary K. P.'s

"And don't forget," put in the college professor, "that one of the greatest menaces to the forests are the ignorant recreationists themselves, who go around casually dropping matches into inflammable grass, tossing cigarettes into dead brush and leaving smoldering camp fires to be dispersed by the wind. The sheep and cattle interests are always policing up after these pests. Time and again a cowpuncher will mark in the distance a thin wisp of smoke curling above the trees and will ride miles out of his way to extinguish a camp fire left by negligent recreationists. It's all in the day's job for him, and for all of the mountain fraternity whose lives are spent in and about this high-range country, to police filthy camps, bury tin cans and refuse and serve as sort of unpaid, nonmilitary K. P.'s, cleaning up after a careless, unthinking horde, many of whom seem to leave their sense of decency and fair play behind them when they lock their front doors, and yet raise Cain when a band of sheep crosses a mountain trail that they use about once a year. They send in complaints to the Forest Service, declaring that some of the ranges are so stamped out and deteriorated that the wild flowers and grasses have been permanently destroyed. Flatly, that is not true. The livestock does not hurt the grass and does not injure the range. Check us up on that."

I did, and the Forest Service reported as follows: "Grazing under present permits as issued by the Forest Service does not injure the range. Seventy per cent of the 3,000,000 lambs which go straight to the markets for immediate slaughter—fine prime lambs—are produced on the Federal ranges which, according to some complainants, are being destroyed by cattle and sheep. The Forest Service is constantly receiving letters of complaint from persons who feel that the ranges are being injured. But these complaints are not in consonance with the facts. You cannot produce fat livestock on overgrazed or worn-out ranges. The two things do not go together. These wild pastures are just like any others; the crop is there to be harvested; and the fact that it renews itself just as abundantly year after year and turns off fat livestock is proof positive that the ranges are not being injured. It is better to have the grasses and flowers grazed off by livestock than left to start forest fires."

"But now let's get right down to the nub of the whole business," said another stockman. "That's the question of grazing fees. On all other points the Western stockmen and the Forest Service see practically eye to eye. Our relations have been cordial and satisfactory; they have coöperated with us and we have coöperated with them. We have no kick coming save on that one point. Out in the West here we think the Secretary of Agriculture is as square a man as ever lived. The livestock industry as a whole agrees heartily to the principle of protection of the ranges and their administration by the Federal Government so as to preserve their usefulness. For the use of the ranges we are willing to pay a fee sufficient to cover the cost of administration.

"What we object to is for the Government to make a profit out of us; exploit us; put the fees on a sheerly commercial basis and try to squeeze out of us all the traffic will bear. Frankly, we don't consider that fair. As I say, we're willing to pay for administrative costs, but we believe that the policy should be similar to that employed by the Post Office Department—as low as possible to be self-supporting. We're not the only ones who use the national forests, and so why should we foot the whole bill?

"It is true we have to pay more for private grazing lands than for the Federal ranges. But the private ranges are more valuable to us. And for the following reasons: First the primary purposes for which the national forests were established were for timber and watershed protection, and so grazing is a secondary consideration. It must be secondary, for there must be restrictions for the conservation of the forests. But these restrictions, right and necessary as we acknowledge them to be, render the national forests less desirable than private pastures, and therefore they should be lower-priced. For example, there are seasonal restrictions; we can't get into the ranges until the grass is well up, and we're not permitted to overgraze. Also the stockmen must often trail their stock long distances in order to get into the forest reserves, much farther than if it were private pasturage; and this movement of livestock, as everybody knows, is destructive of their weight; transportation is always an expensive item with livestock. Then we always have to count in a certain percentage of loss from poison weeds and the depredations of wild animals. All these restrictions and handicaps render these lands less valuable than those privately leased; and when you throw into the balance the actual benefits accruing to the national forests by the grazing of livestock which keeps down fires, our contention for a low fee to cover administrative costs is seen to be, not a grafting proposition, but a fair and reasonable demand."

Vested Emotions in Land

"And then there's the matter of taxes," said the banker. "These national forests were cut out of the eleven Western states—for the good of the whole nation, we heartily admit. But you can't get away from the fact that abstracting all those millions of acres, together with their rich and varied resources, from the states makes taxes higher than if private citizens owned and operated them and the wealth was private, taxable wealth. Some Easterners are inclined to jeer at us; they say we talk as if these national lands belonged to us alone, instead of to the nation as a whole; they say we act as if we had a vested right in them. Well, we have no vested right in them. Our forefathers believed they had when they fought the Indians and border outlaws, but that was before the law came West.

"The old West believed firmly in what it held to be its vested rights. The new West knows better than that. We have no vested rights in those lands, but we have vested emotions. Call it sentiment, call it irrationality, or what you like, but it operates powerfully; it colors all our actions, our point of view. These lands are a part of us, a part of our physical anatomy. If these lands had been taken out of Massachusetts or Florida we wouldn't cherish

(Continued on Page 44)

STARTING LIGHTING IGNITION

Because "Eights" impose extraordinary demands upon an ignition system—and because they require the ultimate in quality—*20 out of America's 23 eight-cylinder cars use Delco-Remy*

Delco-Remy

EXECUTIVE OFFICES: ANDERSON, INDIANA

The nationwide organization of United Motors gives official Delco-Remy Service wherever motorists drive

Tough—
that's the word!

There's just one word that fits the cover of this new Goodyear Golf Ball.

Tough—that's it.

And having climbed into gentleman sport, the word finds itself right at home. For it means this improved ball is "a glutton for punishment"; it has "the insides champions are made of"; it "comes back for more after a brutal round."

The *toughness* of this ball was developed by Goodyear. And who knows better than Goodyear how to make the right compounds for every duty?

Ask your professional for the *tough* new Goodyear.

The new Goodyear—All-Weather or dimple marking—only 75c. The Goodyear Glide, 50c.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF GOODYEAR TIRES

GOODYEAR

© 1927, The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

(Continued from Page 42)

them so; we wouldn't be so touchy and resentful when other folks criticized us and told us we weren't treating them right.

"Why, darn it all, it's our native land! We love it as the sailor loves the sea. We don't expect the Floridian or the New Yorker or the Pennsylvanian to feel the same way that we do about it any more than we expect them to love our wives, but we would like them to understand that the feeling is there."

Upon the cooperation of the livestock industry with the Forest Service the latter has this to say: "Except for the one unfortunate note of discord—the matter of grazing fees—our dealings with the stockmen, whether grazing sheep or cattle, have been unusually cordial and satisfactory. They have repeatedly recognized the value of our methods, even when their permits were reduced because we felt the ranges were overstocked. They admit frankly that the livestock industry of the eleven Western range states has been stabilized and protected by the Forest Service. And we feel sure that any effort to do away with the national forests—if such an idea were conceivable—would be promptly turned down by the stockmen by an overwhelming majority."

The next witness is the stockman far removed from the national forests who must buy from private sources or else grow his own pasturage. He has been listening in to the above argument with considerable amusement and chuckling quietly to himself.

"Those birds," he says, "have a pretty smooth line, but it has a flaw in it the size of a barn door. And that flaw is, namely, myself and all of the rest of the stockmen like me who can't use the national forests and must either lease pasturage from private sources or grow their own. When I was at one of the meetings of the National Livestock Association, a man—a lawyer as I recall—got up and made a speech. Somebody had been talking about how deeply the stockmen felt for the settlers and homesteaders. And this is what the lawyer said: 'You fellows don't care about the settlers unless you're intending to be one yourself on a piece of land you have your eye on. There's no use to mince words and make false pretenses. What you want is to get as much grass for your stock as you can, and as cheap as you can. That is your intention. You want to hold your rights, and the best way is simply to say so.'"

Uncle Sam Delivers a Spanking

"Now you're getting the meat in the coconut. That was straight goods. I'd want low grazing fees, too, if I could use the national forests. Sure! And if Washington offered to let me graze free of charge because my stock lowered the fire hazard I'd take that, too, and never say a word. It would be to my self-interest. But all that stuff about having the same policy as that of the post office is—well, you say it! And why? Because the post office serves everybody. But the proportion of stockmen who can use the national forests to the whole number in the industry is extremely low. The Forest Service takes care of 16 per cent of the cattle and 29 per cent of the sheep. The rest are taken care of, at a much higher price as a whole, on private lands. Why should those few stockmen have such an edge on us? It's unfair discrimination. I have to pay a fair market price for my grass; why shouldn't they? I don't go as far as to say that the permits should be put up at public auction and knocked down to the highest bidder. Nevertheless, a fee taking all handicaps into consideration, but based on the commercial value of private grazing lands, is the only fair thing to all.

"Why, I know a big stockman whose cattle cost $4.40 a head per year on private lands; on the national forests they cost him $1.20. That shows you. The difference between those two figures is pure velvet. And if they don't consider the national ranges so valuable, why are they always running to Washington to beg for permits? As the grazing lands become more and more limited these grazing permits are bound to become more and more valuable, and it is only fair to the entire industry that the fees should be put on a commercial basis."

To this contention the Forest Service agrees and points out the following facts:

"In the Custer National Forest, Montana, our monthly charge is twelve cents a head for cattle, while on the adjoining Cheyenne Indian Reservation, just across the Tongue River, with exactly the same kind of land and the same kind of grass, the permits or leases are put up at auction and pay forty cents a month a head, and are granted, moreover, only from year to year. There is no tenure, whereas in the national forests the tenure is for life or good behavior. In general it may be stated that a lengthy and comprehensive survey showed that leases of private grazing lands have brought much higher prices than those asked for Federal ranges. Another example: A certain stockman had a grazing permit at two and a half cents a month a head in the national forests; a friend offered him $1.25 for the four months to graze his livestock; the offer was accepted. The United States Government found it out, put the culprit across a barrel, spanked him soundly and took his permit away. There is no doubt these permits are eagerly sought after and prized—which is evidence of their commercial value."

Helping the Small Man

"If we were able to take care of the livestock of every citizen who applied for a permit on the national forest, it might be a fair proposition to furnish the range at cost of administration, just as the post office is run—on merely a self-supporting basis. But when one considers that out of perhaps 500,000 individual stockmen in the Far West, we can accommodate but 30,000 or 35,000 at the outside, and the rest must buy their feed elsewhere, it is evident that the 35,000 are enjoying a special privilege that many of their neighbors cannot share, which justifies a fee or charge based on the market value of the feed furnished."

The next group of citizens to be heard are those who would put the grazing lands under the hammer and auction them off to the highest bidder. This group says: "These Western fellows seem to think that just because the national forests are located inside their own states they own them straight down to the center of the earth. But they don't belong exclusively to them. The whole nation has a stake in them, the Floridian exactly as much as the Californian. They're a source of national revenue; and the only fair thing to all is to put the permits up for auction, just like any commodity, and sell them to the highest bidder."

But to this argument the Forest Service firmly replies: "No, we cannot indorse that policy or principle. Such a course would be unjust and unwise. Those putting it forward are ignorant of the inside conditions of the livestock industry. It would be extremely inadviaable to adopt a plan of selling grazing permits to the highest bidder, because the new settlers and smaller stockmen would be unable to compete with big, established ranchmen and the inevitable result of competitive bidding would be the concentration of holdings in the hands of large owners. A shut-out policy, in fact. And it has always been one of the fundamental principles of the Forest Service that it would rather help the small man make a living than help the big man make a profit."

We come to the wild-game enthusiasts. Here the wrongs are not those of essential policy, but rather overzealousness and blindness to the rights of other interested groups in the methods of procedure. Sometimes they make unfair demands, backed by a powerful public sentiment uninformed on the subject, which is very difficult for the Forest Service to withstand.

"For example," said an official in the Forest Service, "take Northern Arizona. The game enthusiasts wanted to stock it up with elk—make an elk country of it But that was a section intensively occupied by sheep and cattle interests. Had the elk people obtained their demands it would have meant ruin to the livestock men. But the enthusiasts weren't thinking of them; they were thinking in terms of elk. We saw what a grave injustice it would be to the livestock interests and so we substituted a rough section in the Blue Ridge country in Arizona, rough, broken and uninhabited, which the cattle won't use, but ideal for the elk.

"These immoderate demands, backed often by influential people and a large and easy-going public opinion that doesn't bother to inform itself accurately, are hard to make headway against. Take Jackson Hole and the elk. The cattlemen there who are losing money in cattle and turning to sheep would like to put their flocks in there, but the elk enthusiasts would tear them limb from limb. If the Forest Service had a perfectly free hand in Jackson Hole and could persuade public opinion of the following undoubted facts: First, that sheep properly handled on the range are no more injurious to it than are cattle, which, properly handled, are not injurious at all; and, second, that game and livestock, properly taken care of, can occupy the same range, we could work out the problem to the satisfaction of all parties. But both sides are prejudiced; they have aroused public opinion, which loves to take sides. Tolerance and an intelligent comprehension of the facts involved would help us a lot here."

The next group of interests is that which stands for the protection of the watersheds from which more than 700 towns and cities procure their municipal water supply. There can be no discussion on this point; these waters must be kept pure. Millions of acres of grazing lands have already been closed to meet these needs and undoubtedly these areas will be increased as time goes on.

A Barrier to Mountain Climbers

We come now to the varied claims of the 10,000,000 summer recreationists who visit the national forests each year, the dude ranches, summer resorts and mountain-climbing clubs who demand more and more recreation areas, more improved roads through the mountains and more game preserves. These are reasonable demands and are being met as fast as possible. But it is the unreasonable, ignorant and criminally negligent fringe of this group, already described above, who check their morals and manners at the railway station while sojourning in the wilds and leave in their wake a wide swath of dirt and downright destruction, that arouse bitterness and hate among the mountain fraternity of stockmen who are forced to clean up after them and drop their jobs to fight forest fires started through a sheer, you-be-damned carelessness. And it is this type of gentry, criminally careless and intolerant of the rights of others, who is usually the loudest complainer against what he considers his inalienable rights to make a chartered nuisance of himself.

"I don't know why it is," said Mr. Will C. Barnes of the Forest Service, "but there seems to be a popular prejudice against sheep. Cain killed Abel in a dispute over a sheep and that seems to have started the controversy which went raging merrily right through Bible times. But sheep, I repeat, under proper regulations do not injure the ranges any more than cattle. If the public could get that fact firmly fixed in its head and would be more tolerant in its attitude toward the stockmen, we could make some headway. Let me give you an example of an unjust demand. A mountain-climbing club had occasion to cross a certain pass. They found it blocked with sheep. They complained,

(Continued on Page 47)

Stop - Go - Stop - Go - *but how* ?

New Ford traffic efficiency —added economy, too!

Perhaps Henry Ford smiles with satisfaction as he rides through today's congested streets. Here Ford principles have been vindicated dramatically.

The small Ford has always been one of the easiest cars to park and turn about in little space. The quick Ford—with its two-speed transmission—has for years been the quickest car to get into high from a standstill.

Now the final step in Ford traffic efficiency is provided in the new improved Mobiloil "E." Perhaps the greatest achievement of the many credited to the Mobiloil Engineering Board.

STOP! But how? Smoothly—with the new Mobiloil "E", which keeps the transmission bands soft and pliable.

Now your engine is idling. Here is a condition which invites added carbon troubles in *any* car. Oil reaches the combustion chambers in greater quantity. Your Mobiloil "E" burns clean. Unusually clean. Many Ford owners tell us that Mobiloil "E" has cut in half their carbon removal bills.

GO! You press down into first speed. You let up into high. For a smooth, gliding start your transmission bands must be soft and pliable. They *are*—with Mobiloil "E."

Yes, there have been oils which smoothed down Ford starting. But none which at the same time gave such freedom from carbon deposit, sticky valves, or dirty spark plugs. That achievement came only with the new Mobiloil "E."

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil "E" *for* Fords

Costs and Savings

Yes, the new Mobiloil "E" costs a little more than many other oils. Perhaps 5¢ more a quart—perhaps not. But that's not all there is to the cost of lubrication.

Repair bills, carbon removals and band replacements must often be traced to poor oil. Mobiloil "E" proves cheapest to use because it reduces these items—the big items of expense.

The new Mobiloil "E" has an extra margin of safety for the Ford engine, clutch, and transmission. A margin of safety that brings the protection so necessary for today's driving in crowded city streets. A margin of safety that gets you away speedily at traffic corners.

The next time you have your crankcase drained, ask for the new Mobiloil "E" and be sure you get it. Then let this remarkable new oil speak for itself. You will never accept substitutes after *that!*

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

MAIN BRANCHES: *New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Dallas*

Other branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

Iced Postum made with Milk

Dissolve eight level teaspoonfuls of Instant Postum in half a cup of boiling water.

Mix with three and one-half tall glasses of cold milk.

Sugar to taste, and serve with a little cracked ice.

Iced Postum made with Water

Dissolve eight level teaspoonfuls of Instant Postum in half a cup of boiling water.

Mix with three and one-half tall glasses of cold water.

Sugar to taste, and cream. Serve with cracked ice.

* * *

This is a sufficient quantity for four tall glasses. More, or less, may be made in the same proportions. The attractiveness of either drink is increased by putting a tablespoonful of whipped cream on the top of each glassful—or beating into the drink, with an eggbeater, a heaping tablespoonful of vanilla ice cream for each glassful. If ice cream is used, no cracked ice is needed.

Wonderful to drink Easy to prepare...and Attractive to serve

ICED POSTUM

TALL, frosty glasses filled with a new flavor. The smooth, mellow, delectable flavor that comes from roasted grain. You never tasted anything quite like it before, unless you have already discovered Postum—*Iced*.

This is a *different* summertime drink, in more ways than taste. It is easier to prepare—no tedious process of brewing or boiling. It takes less ice, for it is almost cold when it is made. And it is a drink that every member of the family can enjoy, any time of the day or evening, with no fear of the sleeplessness or nervousness which comes from beverages containing caffein.

Try Iced Postum! Follow the easy recipes given above. Prepared with water, this drink is cooling and invigorating. When milk is used instead of water, it is ideally suited to the needs of children, or adults who are under weight.

You—your family—will undoubtedly benefit by making the thirty-day test of Postum. Hundreds of thousands of others have found it a way toward better health and greater happiness. Start the test with Iced Postum. Then try it, hot, at breakfast. Make it your mealtime drink for thirty days. Experience the relief from artificial stimulation. Then decide, on the basis of *results*, what drink you want to use in the future. Four out of five decide in favor of Postum!

Carrie Blanchard, famous food demonstrator, will help you start the test. Accept her offer:

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"Let me send you one week's supply of Postum, free, and my personal directions for preparing it, as a start on the 30-day test.

"Or if you would rather begin the test today, get Postum at your grocer's. It costs much less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup.

"Please indicate on the coupon whether you prefer Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

Postum Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich. P.—S.E.P.—7-16-27

I want to make a 30-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

Instant Postum (prepared instantly in the cup) ☐ Check which you prefer

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In Canada, address Canadian Postum Company, Ltd. 812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario

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Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which also include Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes

(Continued from Page 44)

insisted that the sheep should be prohibited from using that road. But the club used that particular pass maybe once a year. The stockmen used it all the time. To force them to make a long detour was manifestly unjust. And another illustration: Some summer recreationists in the national forests decided that a certain grazing area was being ruined by livestock. They interested their congressman, took photographs and sent them in to us with a complaint. The next spring I went out myself to that selfsame spot and found the grasses and wild flowers knee high. The crop hadn't been destroyed; it had simply been harvested! So I took a picture and sent it back to that congressman.

"But not all the wrongs are on one side. The livestock men themselves are partly to blame for the antagonistic attitude of the recreationists. We have been forced to make some very drastic changes in grazing areas in some of the forests, due to the failure of the owners of stock to realize the importance of this matter. A little attention to it would have saved them their permits and ranges; but, instead, some of them utterly ignored the requirements of the regulations and their permits and allowed their herders so to handle the stock that there went up a unanimous demand from the public, through the press and in other ways, calling for the absolute exclusion of all livestock grazing in certain areas where, had the stock been handled as it should, the two interests—the recreational and stock grazing—would each have received the reasonable use of the forests and neither interfered with the other."

The Considerations for a Just Fee

This is straight talk and reveals how tolerance and intelligent comprehension of the rights of others can harmonize all these diverse interests. Ladies and gentlemen, you 10,000,000 recreationists who are planning to spend your vacations in the wilds of our national forests, be tolerant, be intelligent, try to observe the rights of others, live and let live. Don't curse out the stockman because a flock of sheep blocks momentarily a mountain pass. Don't flood the Forest Service with letters because you find a range close cropped; the flowers are not destroyed; Nature takes care of that; you will see a glorious resurrection next spring.

Remember that the livestock business is the basic industry in these intermountain states, and we hope it will continue to be so; for as a nation we are great meat eaters and we do not wish to become like the Europeans, where the masses cannot afford fresh meat more than once or twice a month.

And above all, show that you are good practical conservationists not only by lip service but by your acts. Kill your cigarette snipes. Murder your matches. Drown your camp fires. Don't expect the sheep herders and cowpunchers and ranchers to police up after your messes.

That's not their job. These forest fires caused by your negligence burn up millions of dollars' worth of the nation's property each year, raise the taxes, and embitter the mountain communities in which they occur. At present they feel hospitable toward you. They love to show you their splendors. But don't ride them too hard. And, stockmen, keep to the strict letter of your regulations. Give no opportunity for complaint. Give strict orders for the handling of your herds and see that they are obeyed. There are only 35,000 of you as over against 10,000,000 of the public who use those forests each year. If those 10,000,000, with the leverage of the newspapers behind them, should become downright incensed at your encroachments, take the bit in their teeth and decide to put you out, you'd have about the chance of a canary in a blizzard to come through the battle unscathed. So watch your step, keep within your borders, and speak the public fair.

Summing up the entire matter Secretary Jardine said:

"The Department of Agriculture is willing to stretch a point to be absolutely fair to the grazing permittees on national forests. We have no intention of charging the full commercial values that might be justified by comparison with private lands, or of getting all that the traffic will bear. We want to maintain the social and economic relationships that have always been considered in the allotment and administration of the ranges in national forests. We don't want to charge anything that exceeds the reasonable capacity of the sheepmen and the cowmen to pay under the conditions confronting them during the next few years.

"I wish to emphasize the fact that the commercial basis was only one of numerous factors taken into consideration in establishing a just fee. And while the principle of fair compensation for the use of the national forests is recognized, in the interest of all of the people of the United States, we intend to apply that principle in a moderate way, with moderate increases adjusted to the existing conditions in the industry, and with assurance against future changes unless the present conditions are materially changed. This should set at rest the idea that the Department of Agriculture is out to get all that the traffic will bear.

"The United States Government does not wish to be a hard and unreasonable landlord; it does not wish to make this absolutely a commercial undertaking, as some people think it should be. Some citizens think this whole business should be absolutely a commercial enterprise—so much grazing land, worth so much per acre for pasturage, as compared with the market values of private grazing lands—and if the Government does not ask the full price these citizens consider that they are being defrauded. But we do not look at the matter in that way at all. We have to figure in the commercial element, certainly. We have to know what prices are paid for grazing on private land in order to have a basis of comparison; but in order to be fair we must also know the inside needs and conditions of the industry in figuring out a reasonable rate. So we took all the factors and weighed them carefully, one by one.

"Now what were these factors? First, we had to consider the primary purpose for which the national forests were established—namely, to conserve the forests and watersheds. Grazing is a secondary consideration. And yet the forests need the livestock to remove a fire risk in the shape of grass and forage plants, and the stockmen must have the summer ranges to produce fat lambs and beef steers. So there's a mutual advantage here. Then there's another point to consider. We have to make certain arbitrary restrictions on account of the ranges being in the national forests, but these restrictions render them a little less valuable than privately owned pasturage lands. 'All right,' we said, 'we'll knock off some on the price on that account.'"

Helping the States

"But also we are bound to consider that there is not enough land to supply permits to all the stockmen; and if we make a purely nominal rate it's not fair to those who cannot obtain permits and must buy pasturage at higher prices from private sources. Then, too, we must be fair and reasonable to all the interests entitled to consideration in the administration of this public property, and the rest of the citizens who are not in the livestock business have a right to see that we receive a reasonable return for its use. Also we must figure in the very important fact that government-owned lands in national forests are not subject to taxation, and therefore the Government owes a duty to the states and counties in which they are located. This obligation is met at present by helping with the roads and rural schools and general problems of community development and welfare.

"Congress has provided that 25 per cent of the receipts from national forests shall be paid to states in which they are located for the benefit of roads and rural schools. These rural schools are vitally important. They need help. So we had to figure in their needs in fixing a price. Finally, we must have money for administration costs, not only for grazing but to see that the national forests as a whole are kept in good condition for future use and not be permitted to deteriorate; and it is only just that the livestock industry should pay a reasonable percentage of this overhead. Not an unreasonable or oppressive percentage, mark you—we do not want to be hard on them—but they must pay a certain share to keep up this great heritage for the future."

Our Greatest Need

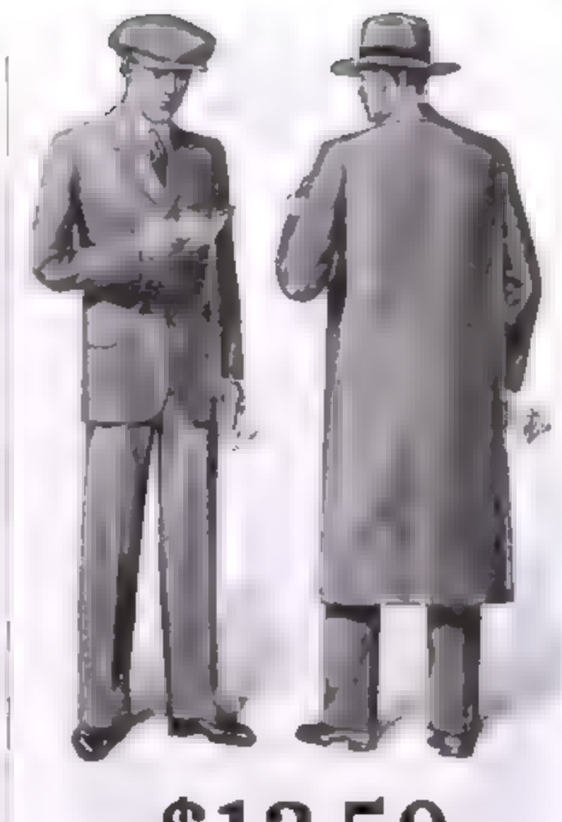
"We know that the livestock industry would not want to put back the clock and return to the time when there was no Federal control and no fees; when there was bloodshed and enmity and fierce cutthroat competition between warring factions and no stabilization for anyone. They want to see this thing stabilized; they want to know what they can count on for the future.

"Well, that's what we've been figuring on—how to harmonize all the elements and make the stockmen secure in their place. I think this decision makes their future secure; and I believe that it would be shortsighted and ill-advised for the livestock industry itself to sacrifice this security for the sake of some small temporary advantage. So, after innumerable conferences with stockmen, we finally arranged the terms of an agreement, and these are its main points:

"First, that no increase in grazing fees shall be made during the year 1927. That gives the stockmen a year of grace in which to adjust themselves. We might have put the new regulations into force the very next day, but we didn't. We wanted to show the good will of the Government as a reasonable landlord. Second, the increases in fees called for by the schedule we worked out are to be applied in installments of 25 per cent each during the years of 1928, 1929, 1930 and 1931, the full increase being applied during the years of 1931 to 1934 inclusive. Third, that in view of the economic and social purposes of the national forests in the administration of grazing and the general public benefits derived from grazing, this schedule of fees shall be accepted as representing fair compensation for grazing in the national forests under the conditions now existing, and that no changes in this schedule of grazing fees shall be made for the ten-year period beginning 1935, unless there shall be a material change in the conditions existing then as compared with those existing now. And finally, it is part of our program to employ the best efforts of the Department to secure ample appropriation for range improvements in the national forests.

"This agreement stabilizes the industry for a period of years. It gives it a chance to find its feet, and in that time we may be able to work out some plan which will be a still greater improvement.

"What the East as well as the West needs is a broader vision, a more tolerant attitude. If the East could see the problems of the West, visualize the inside picture as it actually exists in the livestock industry, realize what they are up against and how cordially they have coöperated with us for the past twenty years; and if, on their part, the West, and the livestock interests in particular, could realize that they are not the only ones to be considered, that the East and the South also have a stake in this vast public property, I believe that most of the prejudice and bitterness and heartburning would disappear. A larger vision—that's what all of us need."



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These are the famous NOGAR Economy Clothes—built for hard wear. A million enthusiastic wearers have saved money on them.

Designed for work clothing but so good that thousands are worn by business men. Ideal for sports. Topcoats make perfect motor coats.

Made of NOGAR Cloth, the strongest fabric used in clothing. Almost tearproof, won't burn easily, resists wind and water.

There is only one NOGAR Cloth and we make it. Beware of imitations. Only garments shipped direct to you from our factory at Reading, Pa., and sold through our Authorized Representatives are the genuine.

Two prices only—$12.50 and $13.50—according to pattern of cloth. Boys' suits and topcoats, $9.85 and $10.85. Mail coupon below for Style Sheet showing full range of snappy new styles and other information.

SALESMEN—
here's your chance!

Something you can't help selling—no experience needed. Thousands writing for these goods and waiting to see you. Every man and boy a prospect. Your earnings limited only by number of calls you make. Mail coupon at once to secure territory.

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Take home a soda in a Dixie - - - one for each!

THE new Decorated Dixie is specially made to hold all cold and iced drinks indefinitely—and is closed tight with a snug-fitting cover! One, two or more slip nicely into a paper bag, carried home easily and safely.

And—these new Dixies are beautiful. A delicately glazed surface made more charming by a dainty border design. Gracefully shaped. Altogether lovely enough to set before a queen.

Try the idea! Take home the favorite drinks in a Dixie! If you're a busy office man, have your fountain send your "special" in a Dixie—right to your desk.

INDIVIDUAL
DRINKING CUP CO., Inc.
EASTON, PA.
Original Makers of the Paper Cup

Nowadays they eat and drink from *Individual* DIXIES

THE BATTLE OF THE CORN BORER

(Continued from Page 37)

apparently impossible to find an uninhabited stalk.

Recently the mayor of Chatham remarked that the corn-fed hog was almost an extinct species in Ontario. Of course, a quarantine was established on the American side against corn and all products in which either the moths or borers could smuggle themselves across the border. At first many tourists coming from Canada were annoyed at having their cars searched and their vegetables and flowers confiscated. A lot of fuss about giving a free buggy ride to a few stray bugs! But these precautions didn't particularly bother the corn borers. The moths took advantage of favorable winds and flitted across the lake—even stopping for rest on its surface. Dr. W. H. Larrimer, in charge of the Division of Cereal and Forage Crop Insect Investigations of the United States Bureau of Entomology, declares:

"If I were on trial for murder and the evidence against me was as strong as that proving that these moths cross Lake Erie I would be sure of conviction. We have sprayed thousands of them with a brilliant indelible stain and recovered many several miles from the point of liberation. Their identification was unmistakable."

The physical equipment of the army of resistance cost the Government about $2,500,000—at prices sometimes representing no profit, but rather a contribution to a cause in which the manufacturers have a vital interest. This equipment is now at the front, scattered over about 30,000 square miles and covering about 15,000 acres in each day's operations.

Because each piece of artillery is working in a separate field, a real army organization is necessary to supply and service all this scattered equipment. It requires a personnel of nearly 5000 men to keep the battle going without cessation. This organization works with clocklike precision. As far as possible it has been recruited from the farms. Everything possible is done to favor the farmer.

Advancing on the Corn Belt

The war was planned on the theory that farmers would themselves do 80 per cent of the clean-up work, at an extra labor allowance of two dollars an acre, and that government forces would be obliged to do 20 per cent, at public expense, after the May first dead line was passed. This involved the possibility of having a considerable amount of artillery idle until the Government had given the farmers the agreed time in which to do their own field cleaning. But the eagerness of many progressive farmers to use the special machinery in the hands of the government forces, and thereby do better work, induced the high command to loan many of its machines to them and still allow farmers using them a dollar an acre allowance. This plan has worked well and has hastened the work.

On April twenty-eighth the inventory of army equipment included the following: Twelve hundred and forty tractors, 800 stubble pulverizers, 800 covering plows, 64 field burners, 100 3½-ton trucks, 75 one-ton trucks, 74 stalk-pile burner rigs, 100 busses for scavenging crews, 64 tank trailers for field burners, 16 1000-gallon tank trucks, 50 600-gallon tank trucks, 475 slip-on-body ½-ton trucks for service men and inspectors, 75 small coupés for supervisors.

The enemy advance has been westward and southward, toward the center of the Corn Belt, at the rate of about seventy-five miles a year, and now occupies about 100,000 square miles in New York, Ohio, Indiana and Michigan. The infestation has already gone over the divide of the Lake Erie watershed; the streams flowing southward and westward into the Ohio and Wabash rivers offer a peculiar peril. Although government forces are giving vigilant attention to cleaning up along all streams, they admit that all corn states ultimately will become infested; the problem is to keep infestation down to a point which will not involve great commercial damage. Control, not extermination, is the real objective of this war. "Absolute extermination of the borer, if that were possible," declares Administrator Worthley, "in the present infested territory, would involve reducing that fertile region to almost the barrenness of a desert. Control is the best that can be expected."

The "flame thrower"—as the overseas men call the big field burner—is the most spectacular piece of heavy artillery used in repelling this foreign invasion. It requires the closest teamwork on the part of a battery of a dozen trained men. Watching its operation in an Ohio cornfield where the borer had cut the yield 40 per cent, I realized that this was real warfare. We're in the Army Now is a popular song with the burner gangs.

Cleaning Their Own Fields

The burner is fed from a huge oil tank at the edge of the field and is mounted on sulky wheels and pushed by men protected from the intense heat by a curved plate of boiler steel back of the burners. These sweep a width of eighteen feet with jets of spray, which burst into roaring flames. A special pump on the tank truck gives the high pressure required for atomizing the jets of oil. A hose, usually 2000 feet long, connects the pump and burner.

The linemen who carry the hose are often forced to do some fancy stepping; but the burner pushers have the hottest job. One of them remarked: "Wonder if they make asbestos shoes," and his companion quickly retorted: "Afraid you'll get chilblains?" Few stalks are left unconsumed in the wake of the flame thrower. Opening a scorched and charred section of one, I found the baked and shriveled remains of a borer. These burners are used only on fields where there is a heavy concentration of the enemy, where the damage is already on a commercial scale.

The work done by this roaring engine of war is that of extermination. If any borers survive in a field over which it has passed, it is because the burner has been pushed too rapidly. All foremen of burner crews are given a short intensive training in the field under an expert. As the cost of burning a field with one of these machines is eight to twelve dollars an acre, it is easily understood why this third-degree treatment is reserved for fields which are too intensely infested to be left to other and cheaper methods.

A sulky rake with extremely close-set teeth has been developed by the manufacturers. This does an uncommonly clean job of mechanical raking in fields covered with stalks. In the initial clean-up process of getting the stalks into windrows for burning, it is a fast and effective worker. It greatly diminishes the volume of hand clearing, which is the final process before the government inspector is called in to give his official approval to the field.

The thoroughness with which this war on the borer is being waged is suggested by the fact that this hand picking is never omitted, save on some fields which have been subjected to the scorching flames of the oil burner. Even then the field edges and the roadways must be carefully scoured by the gleaners for scattered stalks and leaves.

A drive through almost any part of the infested area just previous to May first would have suggested to an observer familiar with the Old Testament that the whole countryside was staging a reproduction of the story of Ruth, the wise young widow from the land of Moab, who gleaned so successfully in the fields of Boaz. On every hand were gleaners scouring the fields for scraps of cornstalks. Apparently it was a pre-Mayday festival in which the whole farmer family took a hand, from the five-year-old girl to gran'pa.

"If you need any proof," remarked Dr. W. H. Larrimer, of the United States Bureau of Entomology, "of the wisdom of paying the farmers for doing their own clean-up work, you have it right here. This big hustle of gleaners, all through the infested area, is not a family picnic, but a frantic effort to get fields in shape to pass government inspection on May first. Those who make the grade will get an order for the pay allowed by the Government. Most of them need the money and all of them want it.

"The expectation of government pay for cleaning up their own fields puts pep into the gleaners. Also, the farmer doesn't exactly like the idea of being told that he has done a poor job and that government men will be assigned to the task at which he has failed." Here L. H. Worthley, in direct command of the army of resistance, remarked:

"Though May first is the official dead line for the field and barnyard clean-up by farmers, the government policy is not to be arbitrary, but reasonable. Where weather conditions or family circumstances have made it difficult or impossible for a farmer to finish his clean-up on schedule time, he will be given an extension. We prefer to have the farmer do a good job himself for himself and get his pay for it, rather than put our own men into his fields. This war is scarcely a one-season campaign; every farmer who learns how to defend his own fields is a permanent asset in this conflict; therefore every consideration is and will be extended to the end of training good fighters. It is safe to say that the first government work at public cost will be done on the fields of those who have refused to fight. The proportion of these slackers is small. Of course, our forces will have to do some clean-up work on farms whose owners are unable, by reason of illness or other handicaps, to do the work themselves; the presence of a government crew on a farm is not certain evidence that its owner is careless or unwilling to help in this war."

A Shocking Suggestion

"The emergencies of the situation demand that no man be permitted to get by with poor work. Our standard is high and our inspectors are instructed to enforce it and play no favorites. This is war and it is being fought by United States forces! It was difficult for some farmers to get this viewpoint at first, but most of them have come to it. Those who haven't will do so ultimately."

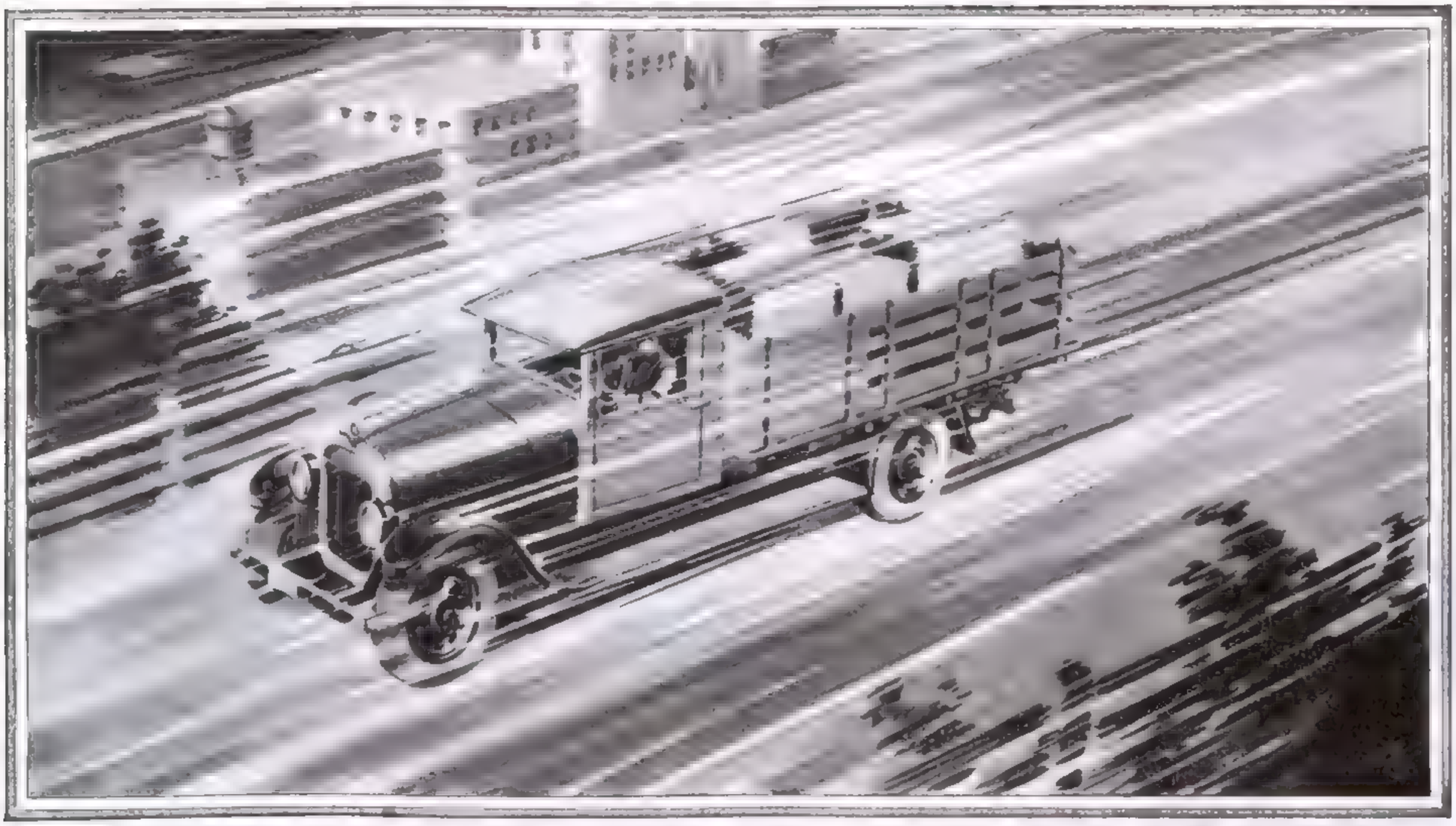
This war has stirred the imagination of the nation profoundly and hundreds of correspondents have offered suggestions as to how to best the borer. Many of the proffered plans are absurdly impracticable

"This correspondence," declares the administrator, "indicates that several million people are thinking about how this foreign invasion can be met. Perhaps the strangest plan thus far proposed is that of broadcasting sudden death to the borer by means of wireless electrical current. We are assured that this form of wholesale electrocution is cheap and effective, that it will injure only the borers. With this, as with nearly all other volunteer plans, certain key details are withheld for the protection of the inventor. After we have shown proper interest, these will be supplied."

Not all of the plans offered by correspondents are wildly absurd, but enough of them are to give a spice of humor to the flood of incoming mail. In one Ohio field, for example, a most ingenious home-made stubble shearer is attracting as much public attention as a street faker. In general appearance, it is a narrow stone-boat affair with knives projecting from its sides, which shear

(Continued on Page 50)

The Third of the New Speed Wagons



The Master Speed Wagon

also

SPEED WAGON JUNIOR
"A Chip of the Old Block"

STANDARD SPEED WAGON
for the World's Average Load

MASTER SPEED WAGON
for Loads up to Two Tons

EVEN huskier than the Standard Speed Wagon—for hauling loads up to two tons. The announcement of this Master Speed Wagon, the third of the new Speed Wagons, marks the widening of the Speed Wagons' field of usefulness, the opportunity to put Speed Wagon utility and Speed Wagon economy to work on a greater number of hauling jobs.

6 Cyl. Speed Wagon Engine
Coupe Cab-4 Wheel Brakes

NEW lowness—*NEW* comfort—*NEW* power—*NEW* acceleration—*NEW* speed—*NEW* ease of handling—*NEW* completeness—*NEW* chassis lubrication with Myers Magazine Oilers—*PLUS* even more of the rugged durability that has saved thousands of dollars for former Speed Wagon owners

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Lansing, Mich.*

SPEED WAGON

for faster, surer, easier, cheaper hauling

Built like a racing car ...for *speed!*

And now the "cutaway" of swimming attire—the Jantzen speed suit! Buttonless. Neck and arm holes cut low. Arm straps part of the garment. *Not sewed on.* Other exclusive Jantzen features, of course . . . non-rip crotch . . . perfect-fitting bow trunks . . . elastic Jantzen-stitch fabric.

"Jantzen is the ideal suit for swimming," say 478 out of 517 athletic instructors. "Bill" Bachrach, dean of American swimming coaches, states: "All my swimmers wear Jantzens!" Mille Gade Corson, first mother to swim the English Channel, adds: "In a Jantzen, I always enjoy that wonderful freedom of action so essential to the swimmer."

See the new speed suit and other Jantzen models on display at leading stores everywhere. Solid colors. Bright hues. Stripes. Color-fast; dyed-in-the-wool. And the size-by-weight system assures you a perfect fit. Style sheet sent free upon request. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon. Jantzen Knitting Mills of Canada, Vancouver, Canada.

Jantzen

The suit that changed *bathing* to *swimming*

(Continued from Page 48)

the stubble of the two rows between which it is drawn. But its outstanding feature is the device back of each knife which carries the cuttings to the sled. Many ingenious adaptations of existing types of machines are in the field. One farmer studied a stubble beater and decided that he could beat it. He rigged a one-row set of flail blades and slung it underneath his tractor. And it works well!

"But the big practical help which we have received," declares C. O. Reed, at the head of engineering and equipment, "has come from the machinery manufacturers; their coöperation has been admirable and immediate. This outstanding adaptation of mechanical engineering to an entomological problem is virtually unique in the age-long fight of man against insects. As soon as these engineers were given the vital facts concerning the nature and habits of the corn borer they quickly developed mechanical means for its destruction upon a practical scale. This quick, unstinted and resourceful coöperation of implement manufacturers has been of peculiar value in this warfare, which is largely an engineering job, with small help, thus far, from chemicals or parasites.

"One of the large plow manufacturers designed and made a special plow capable of doing a remarkable job of stubble covering. This has a very wide bottom, a special colter, and is so finely molded that it completely overturns a wide strip of soil and leaves only a rare bit of stubble protruding, to be gathered by the farmer or the government scavenger crews, and burned."

Close Shaves for Cornfields

"Plowing under is an excellent retardant. Admittedly many buried borers come to the surface, where thousands of them are promptly nabbed by birds and large beetles. Blackbirds, robins, woodpeckers, English pheasants and many other varieties of birds are doing valiant work in this war on the borer, but the downy woodpecker is the real glutton for borers.

"Another example of how quick the implement manufacturers have been to meet this high emergency is seen in the fact that they have generally revised their corn harvesters to provide very close cutting. Before the borer invasion, high stubble was desired; now it is important to cut the stalks as close to the ground as possible. The silo cutter and the regular shredder do very good jobs of reducing the borers to mincemeat in the harvested stalks. Not so with the stubble; that usually remains in the fields for the spring clean-up. Short stubble, fewer borers! Also, the shorter the stubble, the easier the task of turning it under or of pulverizing it with a stubble beater. The alacrity with which the manufacturers of corn harvesters have adapted their machines to close cutting has, therefore, helped greatly. The first move was to get close-cutting corn harvesters on the market. Attachments adapting old-type machines for this use are now obtainable at from twelve to twenty dollars.

"The stubble beater is a brilliant example of how the inventive spirit of the implement manufacturers of the country has responded to this great emergency. We saw that the stubble rows presented a major menace; they must be destroyed in a manner which would carry destruction to nearly all the borers hiding in them. Though plowing under would serve as a strong check to the borers in fields only moderately infested, a more effective means of destruction was needed where infestation was more than moderate. Promptly we were offered an inexpensive stubble beater doing about as deadly execution as a machine gun and capable of being operated at a cost of about eighty-five cents an acre."

County corn-borer supervisors are division commanders in this army, and they live where they fight. Invariably they are men of prominence in their regions. Former State Senator George Kryder, of Henry County, Ohio, is typical. He was in the office of the high command going over the situation in his sector. His statements and questions showed that he knows his cornstalks, and also his people! When asked about farmer resistance, he answered:

"We have very little of it now. There would have been plenty of it last fall, if we had not taken about 300 of our farmers up into the devastated region across the Canadian border, where they saw for themselves that the European corn borer is something more than an entomologist's dream. It made a recruiting sergeant of every one of them. Standing at a corner of four fields which looked as if a buzz saw had gone wild in them, a neighbor remarked to me: 'George, if that ain't dirty work at the crossroads, then I never seen it anywhere!'

"The fields at which he looked were almost a total loss. You couldn't have fattened more than two hogs on ten acres of that corn. To farmers from a county that's all corn, that sight carried a big kick. In 1925 we had 61,800 acres in corn and in 1926 we exported 1,924,000 bushels of shelled corn, besides feeding about two-thirds of our crop to hogs and cattle. Corn means something to Henry County! On his return from the tragic cornfields of Canada, every one of our visiting farmers became a home missionary of corn-crop salvation."

Today it is not necessary for doubting farmers to go to Canada to acquire the conviction that a stiff fight must be made to save America's $2,000,000,000 corn crop; they can find the materials for a first-class scare almost anywhere a little back from the shores of Lake Erie. On one side of a field road I saw an oil burner belching flame and roaring like an airplane; on the other a group of men were watching the operations of a covering plow, while close beside the edge of the road a group of young men were engaged in the good old Yankee sport of whittling. On near approach I saw that they were splitting cornstalks, extracting borers and dropping them into cans.

"What's the high score?" I inquired.

"Eighteen in one stalk," was the quick answer. "This morning farmers from a county on the edge of the infested district called and one of them took fourteen borers from the first stalk he touched. That converted him; he went back to help hold the line. We're making an infestation count and also providing borers for scientific study—which is continuous and intensive."

Bug Hounds Not in Favor

The officers in command of the Federal forces resisting the borer invasion do not enthuse over the possibilities of repelling this foreign foe by means of parasites. Instead, they invite firm pressure on the soft pedal on phrasing this theme. Even the head entomologist, D. J. Caffrey, frankly says that the hope of victory is not with the parasites but with machinery. He adroitly refuses to admit that the possibility of breeding borer parasites in time to meet this acute emergency is a good bet. Though he pins his faith on the artillery, he declares that no possible means of help is being neglected. This general attitude of the high command evidently makes a hit with the American corn farmer. Breeding bug hounds seems rather far-fetched to him. Not so, however, with the Pacific Coast farmer. The parasite is his first thought as a relief measure. This is because he is familiar with one of the most brilliant and effective parasite campaigns ever conducted—the destruction of the black scale by the ladybird bug imported from Australia.

When the black scale threatened the extermination of California's citrus groves a department entomologist was dispatched to the island continent of the South Seas. Later he returned as the chaperon of a large and aristocratic flock of ladybirds. Liberated in California groves, they raised large and hungry families that fed on their favorite food - the black scale. Here they did as quick and clean a job as they had previously done in Australia.

The English people are extremely partial to parasites, but Americans are in a hurry and also proudly mechanical. Allow our justly famous mechanical genius to be bluffed by a squirming little corn borer? Never! Hence the battle of the corn borer is being waged in the main by artillery. But in the front lines of the hottest sector in Ohio I encountered ample evidence that the parasite is not being wholly neglected, even if he isn't pampered. Here carpenters were building what appeared to be an elaborate series of runways for chickens, but what in reality is a big bug house. The structure covered about 1000 square feet, and into this area were being placed shocks of corn stalks. Rolls of gleaming and close-woven copper wire were at hand for inclosing the runways.

One More Job for Uncle Sam

"While we believe," explained Administrator Worthley, "that for the time being we must depend mainly upon mechanical means to check this foreign invasion, it would be poor generalship to neglect any agency of defense which has been effective in repelling other serious insect attacks. Consequently we are giving the parasites every chance to come to the aid of America's $2,000,000,000 corn crop. That structure is a parasite pen. Into the field from which those shocks were taken were liberated thousands of them—which we hope have raised large families. In that small screened box at the corner are exactly 6510 lusty borer hounds, just in from Tours, France—new blood for the colony! We have imported from Europe, China and Japan ten distinct species of parasites of established hostility to the European corn borer; of these, seven have become established. Our interest in them at this crucial moment is precautionary. A few years hence they may be of decided importance."

This war is being fought by Federal forces with a Federal appropriation, because the invasion is interstate and the big objective is to delay, as long as possible, the borer from getting a foothold in the great corn states. The states already infested are not keen about doing a lot of this protective work for the benefit of other states; they have plenty of troubles and burdens of their own in fighting to keep the borer population in their fields down to the lowest possible point.

Again, the farmers of both infested and uninfested regions are no more worried about how high a price the consuming public pays for its pork and beef than the Wall Street clerk who grumbles at the high cost of pork chops and beef roasts is worried about the personal prosperity of the particular farmers who grew the corn that fattened the pork chops and the steaks and roasts consumed by him.

Uncle Sam alone is in position to handle this situation, with its diversity of viewpoints and purposes, and equalize the conflicting interests of farmers in infested states, farmers in the leading corn states not yet invaded, and the great consuming public. States in the invaded and threatened territory are contributing about $1,250,000, and the money of each state is spent for state purposes within the commonwealth.

The area now under the clean-up regulations embraces about 3,000,000 acres of cornfields. The infested area in the United States has increased about 50 per cent in 1927; it spread from twenty-one townships in Ohio in 1921, to 525 townships in 1926. It's on its way to the heart of the Corn Belt and going strong.

A government poster proclaims: Five Million Farmers Expect You to Hold the Line. Another urges: Know the Corn Borer, and recites: "Feeds on all parts of corn plant except roots; moth comes out and lays eggs, June and July; worm hatches in 6 to 10 days and bores into stalk for food and shelter; worm tunnels up and down stalk and into ears; borer spends fall, winter and spring in cornstalks, cobs and stubble: KILL THE PEST IN THE WORM STAGE!" Still another war poster proclaims: THE CORN BORER CAN BE CONTROLLED.

They win in a Walk every time

"The best-wearing silk socks in America—bar none!"

Men, Listen! When you know the facts, it's really not surprising that men everywhere say that Realsilk Gold Button Brand SUPER-SERVICE Socks actually *are* "the best-wearing silk socks in America—bar none".

Not only were they *designed* to be just that, but because of Realsilk's unique method of manufacturing and selling, certain standards of excellence can be maintained which otherwise would be impossible.

One big advantage is that Realsilk sells *direct to the consumer* through the 10,000 Gold Button Men who call regularly at homes and offices in every community.

That enables you to get these socks *direct from the Mills* while the silk is still FRESH. As a matter of fact, the silk in Realsilk SUPER-SERVICE Socks is seldom more than 24 days old when your socks are delivered ready for wear . . . And it stands to reason that the *fresher* the silk, the longer life and more lasting good looks your socks are sure to have.

Next, Realsilk has invented a remarkable *friction-testing* process (and patented it) by means of which you are not only able to tell just how well Realsilk SUPER-SERVICE Socks will wear (before you ever put them on) but *how much better* they will wear than any other socks made . . . That's going *some* toward assuring proved-in-advance satisfaction, isn't it?

And then, Realsilk adds the final touch to sock endurance with a special *rip-proof,* double-reinforced top, which defies every tug and pull where the garter ordinarily does its damage.

What a combination! Here, indeed, are socks that, literally, from top to toe are *made* to wear longer, look better and give greater all-around service.

Next time a Realsilk Gold Button Man calls on you, don't overlook the opportunity to have him tell you more about these great socks of ours. You can dismiss sock worries from your mind for all time once you do it. For there's simply no wear-out to these Realsilk Gold Button Brand SUPER-SERVICE Socks.

You'll find that they'll *win in a walk* every time . . . no matter how heavy the going.

FRESH Silk

REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, U. S. A.

World's Largest Manufacturers of Silk Hosiery and Makers of Fine Lingerie

250 BRANCH OFFICES IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA · CONSULT 'PHONE DIRECTORY FOR YOUR LOCAL OFFICE

REAL SILK

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SUPER-SERVICE SOCKS

REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS FROM MILL TO MILLIONS

This gold button identifies the Bonded Realsilk Representative when he calls at your home or office

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Coming in August!

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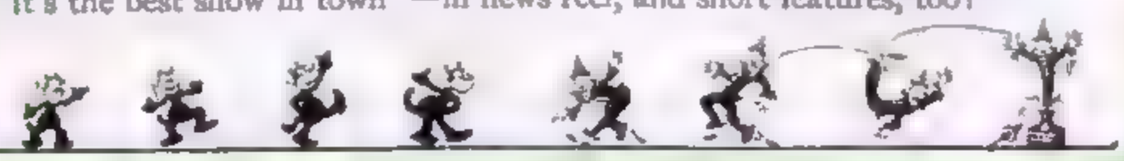

"Beau Geste"

"The Year's Greatest Melodrama"

ONE of the rare treats Paramount has in store for you! "Beau Geste" played at advanced admissions for nine months at the Criterion Theatre, New York, in Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston and many other cities, now coming to regular motion picture theatres at popular prices. "Beau Geste" is a stirring story of adventure and romance in the French Foreign Legion, utterly unlike any picture you ever saw. Produced by Herbert Brenon from the novel by Percival C. Wren. With RONALD COLMAN (by arrangement with Samuel Goldwyn) Noah Beery, Alice Joyce, Neil Hamilton, William Powell, Mary Brian, Ralph Forbes, Norman Trevor and Victor McLaglan.

PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORP. Adolph Zukor, Pres. N.Y.C.

Coming in August!

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Your old favorites, and some new ones in their best Paramount Pictures yet!

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*Produced by Harold Lloyd Corp. Released by Paramount

Here are some of the Paramount Pictures which you can see now or very soon:

Clara Bow in
"Hula"

Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton
in "Firemen, Save My Child"

Pola Negri in
"Barbed Wire"

"Amazing! Totally different from anything the screen has ever seen."
N. Y. World.

PARAMOUNT

The Whole Show
in 1927-1928

A STUDY IN BLACK

(Continued from Page 15)

time of day. We can go just as we are and sit in a corner and talk and look on."

It was her New England conscience that bothered her for a moment. It gave her a sharp pinch of warning.

"I'm not sure ——"

"That's all the leeway you need, Betty," he laughed. "You must give me the benefit of the doubt."

They were still walking, and before she knew it he had turned her off her course and toward one of the newer hotels. Then he quickened his pace, not giving her time for further protest. It was only six o'clock when they entered the grill, but this gave them the room to themselves, besides offering an excuse for not being dressed for the evening. At a corner table they were as secluded as though at home.

"We're in no hurry," he said to the waiter. "You may be as long as you wish in serving."

To Betty he said, "I've only a few hours to get back three years of you. You must help me by telling me about yourself."

"I'd rather hear about you."

"Sitting here there seems so little worth telling. When Uncle Charles wrote that he had an opening in his office, it looked like a good opportunity. And in a business way it was, for he has one of the largest real-estate offices in the city and is making plenty of money. Better than that, we work well together. He likes me and trusts me enough to give me plenty of responsibility. As a result, I suppose you'd say I've gone ahead rather fast. Anyhow, he pays me a good salary and has given me an interest in the business. That's about all there is to my history."

"That ought to be enough to make you satisfied."

"So far as business goes," he admitted. "And when I left home that was all I was thinking about."

"Yes," she nodded.

"And there were other things I should have thought about."

"I'm not sure, Dana."

"There were," he returned decidedly. "There was you."

She drew into the shadows where the pink glow of the shaded candle could not reach her face.

"It's just as well if we don't go back to that."

"I must"—he ran on—"I must, if only to confess how dog-goned selfish I was. I see that now."

"Even if true, it's better forgotten."

She meant what she said. These moments did not count. She must remember that so far as she was concerned she was talking with the dead—with the ghost of a former lover. His big heart was moved with sympathy for the time being. That is what she might expect and what, up to a certain point, she craved. It was not easy to resist the tenderness of his eyes and his voice. It was not easy not to want just this. But if he could have seen her a few hours before—just an inconsequential one-piece brown suit—he would not have felt the same. And that self was her true self. She was only masquerading now.

But as she leaned back he leaned forward. "We grew up together, Betty," he said. "As children we went to school together—from your pigtail days until after you did up your hair. I remember how proud you were the first time you showed me a pug knot. I'm sorry you ever let that go. It suited you better than a bob."

"It was old-fashioned enough."

"And so were you. I like to think of you that way. At heart I don't believe you've changed much."

He took her eyes in his own again. He spoke softly, with the trace of a smile. "I'll bet you still blush when you remember how—I kissed you."

She did. Try as hard as she might to control herself, her cheeks grew scarlet. She would have got up and run had this been possible. As it was, she bit her lips in rebellious anger.

"Oh," she cried, "I'm sorry I came."

"Don't say that," he pleaded, fearing he had gone too far. "I—I apologize. After all, that was before you were grown up." Then he added, "And I'm glad you're not grown up yet."

"You forget ——" she began.

It was as though she had called his attention to the black. Yes, he had forgotten that too.

"Everything can change so in a few years," she explained.

"All but the past. That's why I like to go back to it."

"That's why it's so useless to go back to it," she argued.

"Then that ought to hold true of the past of last year as well as the past of three years ago," he insisted.

"I'd hoped nothing would count but these few hours."

"And the years ahead."

"I don't think ahead any more."

"We can't get out of the future that way, can we?"

"By taking it hour by hour, we can."

"You might think so, only—well, some hours count for years. This last is hitched up with the largest part of our two lives."

"Not the largest; only the longest."

"Then," he said, "this last year has counted for a lot with you. Tell me, Betty, was this man someone I knew?"

What was left for her now but to go on? If half the trouble in the world comes from not treating the heart seriously enough, the other half results from treating it too seriously. If only she could have smiled a little; taken the whole affair in the spirit of Broadway! But already he had brought back too vividly the beautiful and the sacred bits of the past to allow this. She must stumble on. It was better to trifle with the dead than to mock with laughter the living.

"No," she answered, for Kendall had known neither himself nor her three years ago.

"Tell me more."

"He—he was about your age."

"You couldn't have known him long."

"It seemed long."

"You met him here?" She shook her head. "You won't mind my asking this because—because we are old friends. You were happy with him?"

She caught her breath. "Both happy and unhappy," she replied.

He frowned. "He should have made you happy all the time."

"Perhaps I didn't make him happy all the time."

"That must have been his fault."

"Does it ever matter whose fault it is?"

"Certainly. If you've done your very best ——"

"And he's done his best," she cut in.

"His best should always be enough. The responsibility is his."

"You're rather hard on him, Dana."

"And you?"

"I'm inclined to forgive. He was young."

"He's been gone—how long?"

"More than a year," she faltered.

"And you're still in deep mourning."

She did not reply to that, but she wondered how long he was to keep her on the rack. If she could endure this another half hour then she would be free to leave him.

"Betty," he said, "I'm sorry for you. Your face shows what you've suffered."

"No," she protested, "I can't let you think that. I'm just as I would have been."

"You've grown sad and beautiful."

"There's no need for you to say such things."

"I'm telling you what I see. My eyes are better than they used to be. They see truer."

She was not certain of that, but they burned—of that she was certain. Her cheeks felt hot under their gaze and they scorched her heart. She was growing more afraid every minute now, but she saw no way of escape. Neither of them had done more than nibble at the courses set before them, until, with the salad, the waiter looked anxious.

"If the dishes do not suit ——"

"Everything is fine," Kendall assured him.

"But madam ——"

"She needs a better appetite," Kendall answered for her. "Tell the chef to blame me, not himself."

The waiter stole off into the shadows again.

"I'm afraid I haven't given you time to enjoy your dinner, Betty, but I have only a few hours left."

"And I should be getting home."

"Where is your home?"

"Not far from here."

"You're keeping house?"

"I have only a room."

"Then we couldn't go there."

"No—oh, no!" she exclaimed in terror.

"So we must stay here. I know what it means to have only a room. I've been living that way out there. It isn't so pleasant."

"You get used to it after a while."

"I don't."

"You have your friends."

"Yes," he admitted, "but that isn't enough. You've made me realize that tonight."

"I'd be sorry to feel I'd left you discontented, Dana."

"Then," he said quickly, "don't leave me."

"It was only an accident that we met again at all."

"You can't call anything so wonderful an accident, Betty," he said. "There's more to it. Our meeting was timed too perfectly to be mere chance. You—you were sent to me."

He said that, not knowing he was dead. But the little Parisian dressmaker had known. That is why she had made this costume. That is why Sam Lowenstein had placed it in the window and had slashed the price to fit Betty Hill's pocketbook. That is why she had come along at precisely the psychological moment. That, in fact, is what this story is all about.

Betty was dining not with the quick but with the dead. This man before her, this man who leaned over the table so eagerly with his face aglow, was only the symbol of what might have been.

It was difficult for her to realize this, but it was necessary to do so if she was to retain a particle of self-respect. It was the only way she could justify this costume and this hour.

"You—you forget," she faltered.

"I forget nothing. I remember all those pigtail days and I remember all the days following. I remember all the times you wouldn't let me kiss you and the few times when you couldn't help yourself."

"Dana!"

"When you couldn't help yourself," he repeated. "And I haven't forgotten what a selfish, stupid cad I was ever to leave you. I was thinking only of myself then. I want to confess. I knew you expected something different, but I brushed aside all questions of sentiment and loyalty, and ran away. It isn't as though I did not know what I was doing. I did. I balanced you against what I took to be success, and chose success. Perhaps I did not realize this then as keenly as I do now, but I—I was anything you choose to call me."

"You mustn't."

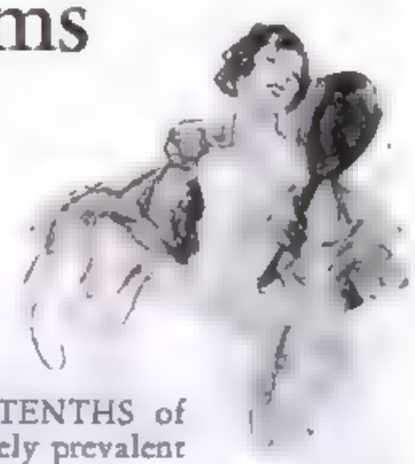
"At that time you loved me a little," he went on mercilessly.

"That's all over."

"A little. You loved me a little?"

That is the way he put it, when she had loved him with all there was in her; when she had kept on loving him after loving

Why our diet damages our gums



NINE-TENTHS of these widely prevalent troubles of the gums, dentists say, can be definitely ascribed to this régime of soft cookery under which, as a nation, we live.

Our soups and sauces, our vegetables and our puddings—all are cooked to a soft consistency. We are "choosy" about the cuts of meat we buy. The roughage and the fibre have departed from our food. Our diet, so soft and so delicious, has lost its power to stir our gums to health.

And our national bad habit of eating too hastily does our gums no good. For, deprived of the natural massage that careful mastication would give, our gums have grown soft and tender.

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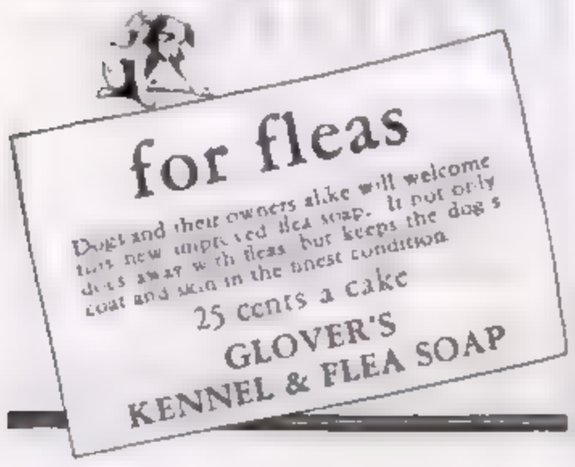
Glover's Worm Capsules	65c
Glover's Vermifuge	65c
Glover's Distemper Medicine	$1.25
Glover's Mange Medicine	65c
Glover's Condition Pills	65c
Glover's Digestive Pills	65c
Glover's Laxative Pills	65c
Glover's Fit Medicine	65c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Dogs and their owners alike will welcome this new improved flea soap. It not only drives away with fleas but keeps the dog's coat and skin in the finest condition
25 cents a cake
GLOVER'S
KENNEL & FLEA SOAP

was nothing but pain; when she continued loving him after love was dead.

She rose to her feet. "You have no right!" she cried. "I'm going! Please to take me home."

He obeyed to the extent of paying his bill and taking her out of the narrow boundaries of this room which by now was beginning to fill. He needed to be more alone with her than he was here. The night sky, even though it came only through a slit above the streets, would help him. Once outside in the fresh June air, she recovered herself somewhat; enough at any rate to know that she could not allow this situation to continue.

"You must leave me here," she said.

He grasped her arm firmly. "I haven't finished. I've only been talking of the past. There's the present and the future."

"You don't understand!"

"Nor do you. Which way shall we go?"

It was more to escape the porter than anything else that made her lead him toward her room. And as they went along he kept talking. She could not stop him.

"You loved me a little?" he asked for the third time.

"Oh, if you will!" she stammered.

"And when a girl like you loves a little, she loves a great deal," he went on. "I'm going to cling to that because I need all your love. I need it because of my love for you."

He made her stop beneath an electric light on the corner of Fifth Avenue. It was an absurd spot for such an avowal.

"Look at me," he commanded.

She turned her eyes, not knowing what he might do if she did not obey.

"I love you, Betty," he declared.

"Please take me home," she answered.

"Your eyes are like the stars overhead," he whispered. "They were always like that—stars in the purple. I love you."

"You do not know what you are saying," she said through stiff lips.

"If I kissed you, I think you'd believe."

He might do that, she thought. He was capable of it. And then, how could he ever be dead after that?

She hurried him on across the Avenue and ever nearer her room. But she knew all the while that this was no solution. Soon she would reach a point where she must stop; where she could go no farther. And with every step she took, his warm hand gripping her arm, it became more and more difficult for her to keep her thoughts clear.

"You haven't told me if you believe, Betty," he reminded her.

"I—I think that perhaps for the moment—you—you think you love me," she answered.

"And do you think—for the moment—that perhaps you love me?"

"I can't think. You won't let me think. If you'd go away ——"

He shook his head. "This is too important. It's nine o'clock, and in three hours we start."

She had stopped before the brick block, before the very door which led to the cubicle she called home.

"You—you can't come any farther," she murmured.

"No. That's why you must come with me, Betty, dear. There's no reason why you shouldn't, now, tonight. We can get married somehow. There's a justice of the peace at the hotel. And the wedding can come later. You've plenty of time to pack while I'm getting the tickets, and then ——"

"Dana," she broke in, "you don't know what you're saying—you don't."

"The only thing I ask is that you change out of your black ——"

That was all, but that was everything. If ever he saw her in what she usually wore, in what she should have worn this evening, the masquerade would be over. Then she would stand out for what she was—just her plain, drab self. But here was the solution.

"Wait," she breathed, "I'll be back in a minute, and then ——"

"Don't run off," he said.

As he freed her arm she ran up the steps and made her way along the dark hall into her dark room. Switching on the light, she hurried out of the chic black gown—the dashing black gown made by the little Parisian dressmaker who knew both how to laugh and to weep. She tossed it on a chair, and even here, hanging limp and discouraged, it made its plea. But resolutely, her lips trembling, Betty turned away from it and went to the clothes closet where all in a row the one-piece suits were suspended from hooks like dead men from gibbets. It did not matter which one she chose. She seized the nearest—a fawn-colored thing—and slipped into it. She removed the pert black hat and substituted the soft felt which matched the dress.

There she stood before the mirror of her oak bureau—plain Betty Hill; one with a hundred thousand others. Her swimming eyes were all that remained of her tragic beauty. Below them, weary with the strain of the last few hours, appeared dark semicircles. Her cheeks stood forth starkly colorless except for something like a fever flush. Her mouth was drawn not with a widow's sweet grief but with shame and with plaintive loneliness.

Shuddering she drew back from herself. Then with unsteady steps she faltered toward the door again—a frightened thing driven to her doom. Dana would see now what, in reality, she was. Neither the laughing Parisian dressmaker nor Mr. Sam Lowenstein had reckoned on any such dénouement as this: The dead come to life and the quick about to die. It was not usual. It was not fair. If this happened often, the world would be turned topsy-turvy. If only she could have died decently and properly before seeing him, that would have been better. For a second this flashed across her mind as a possibility, but there seemed no practical way of accomplishing that and, besides, she was not the kind to sneak away from responsibility in any such yellow fashion. She must go on.

She hesitated only once, and that was just before she opened the lower door. Even then she paused only long enough to make a childish sort of prayer.

"God make me brave," she said. With that she went on.

Kendall stepped forward to meet her. All he saw was that she was dressed as though for traveling. He did not know a whole lot, and anyhow, he was looking at her eyes and not her costume.

"You're coming with me!" he exclaimed.

"Don't you see?" she stammered.

"Sure I see," he answered.

There was plenty of light on the street, and as far as that goes he could have seen her at that moment in the dark.

"Dana, I've lied to you. I'm not a widow. I—I'm just me."

That was not good English, but the wonder was that she had breath enough to speak at all.

He took her arm again. "You mean you're just Betty Hill?" he demanded.

Nodding, she closed her eyes. And that is where she made a mistake, for this man Kendall was a bold fellow. He leaned toward her quickly and kissed her. If, up to then, she had thought she was dying, she changed her mind at once. With the touch of his lips, even though this was scarcely more than a peck, the blood rushed to her cheeks and she opened her eyes wide.

"Betty Hill," he said, "will you marry me?"

"But look at me again!"

He was looking straight into her eyes again. "Will you marry me?"

"You're making it so hard for me not to."

"Then ——"

"If you'll forgive me."

"This time. But if you ever try to be a widow again ——"

Two hours later a very excited bride had packed her trunk, paid her landlady and written a note to her employers. But before she turned out the light in her room to go down to Kendall and the waiting taxicab, she crossed to a limp black gown left hanging over the chair. Stooping, she kissed the dainty bow drooping sadly from one shoulder.

DID HE LEAVE A WILL?

(Continued from Page 27)

was no power vested in him unless the bank chose to be reasonable.

As they abandoned the search for the night, the trust officer settled some of those problems for the chief lieutenant of the late Mr. Bellinger.

"There's about $15,000 on deposit at the bank," he said, and Gropp nodded. "Well, the bank will advance whatever is required to keep things going and risk getting the authority later."

The niece expressed her belief that there was no use continuing the search.

"We'll make a fresh start in the morning," said the trust officer. "That will is bound to be somewhere. We'll keep on looking until we find it."

In the morning the hunt was resumed, but before noon every likely place had been examined, every paper in sight had been handled at least once and stored temporarily in the packing cases.

Then the trust officer called for a screw driver, and when one had been brought by a shipping clerk he attacked the roll-top desk. He took off the top and found lodged in the dust behind the pigeonholes a few scraps of paper, some wire clips and a few rusty thumb tacks. Next he took out all the drawers in the bottom and searched behind in the cobwebby recess in which they had rested.

It was not until one of the drawers was turned over to free it from its content of dust that the will was revealed. It was secured with thumb tacks to the underside of the drawer.

That will made Cheever Gropp executor of old man Bellinger's estate and also left him $10,000. The niece shared equally in the other $90,000 with her relatives. But Gropp never served as executor. On the advice of Bellinger's lawyer, he resigned in favor of the trust department of the bank in order to be free to bid for the business with his $10,000 bequest.

Just what prompted old man Bellinger to hide his will so skillfully as nearly to defeat its purpose is a subject for guessing; yet it must have been an impulse common among mankind, for many are the tales told of frantic searches for such documents. In this case the testator had expressed an intention of rereading his will, which may be accepted as a reasonable excuse for withdrawing the paper from its original and ideal hiding place. But why did he refrain from delivering it into the keeping of his lawyer? Why did he take such extraordinary precautions to conceal it?

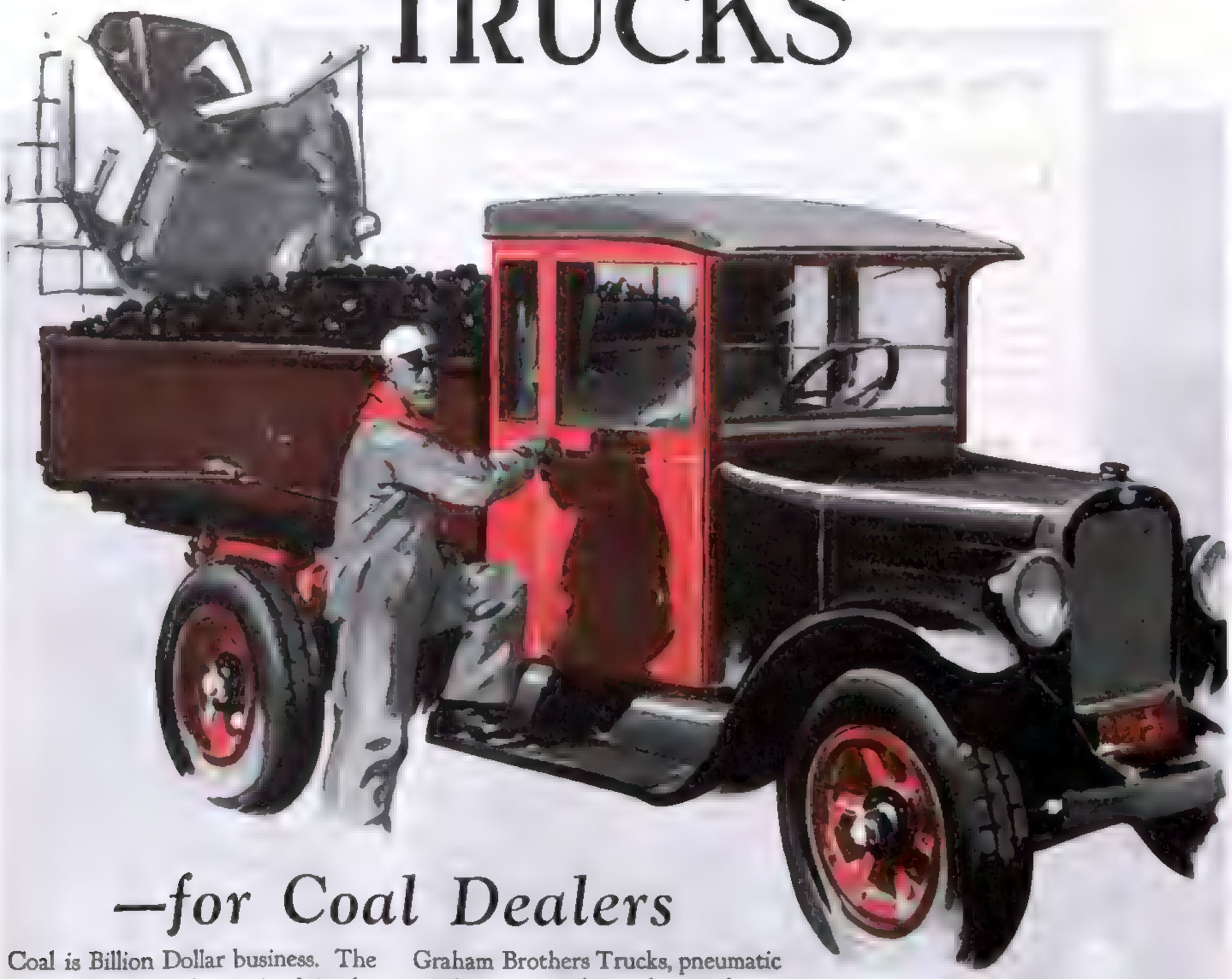
One thing that can be said positively is that he followed a pattern of human behavior that is familiar to those whose work brings them in contact with its manifestations in the more than 3000 courts in the United States that are devoted to the legal distribution of dead men's treasure.

Usually wills are found in safe-deposit boxes; more rarely in some place for safe keeping within a home, but often that place for safe keeping becomes, after the death of the one who selected it, a secret that baffles searchers and is only revealed, if ever, by some fortuitous accident.

There was the widow of a New England farmer who determined to leave all her property to the poor-farm girl who had been her companion for many years. The villagers all knew that it was the widow's desire that the girl inherit her property, the

(Continued on Page 59)

GRAHAM BROTHERS TRUCKS



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Web Cord is the completely satisfying answer to these requirements. By soaking the cord in pure, liquid latex, every strand of cord is saturated and surrounded with a *uniform* layer of rubber.

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Furthermore, the latex *webs* the cords together without the use of cross-tie threads. A major cause of internal friction is thus removed.

The result is *maximum strength* with *maximum flexibility*—which means *maximum mileage*.

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UNITED STATES TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES

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TRADE US MARK

Q. *Who invented Web Cord?*

A. The technical staff of the United States Rubber Company. The process is patented and owned by the makers of Royal Cord Balloons.

Q. *You say that "pure rubber latex" is used. Where does this come from?*

A. From the United States Rubber Company's Plantations in the Far East. These plantations were established in 1909. Today they are the largest in the world—and leaders in the scientific culture of rubber. Pure Latex is brought from them in steamer tanks and tank cars—a journey of 12,000 miles—to the United States Tire factories.

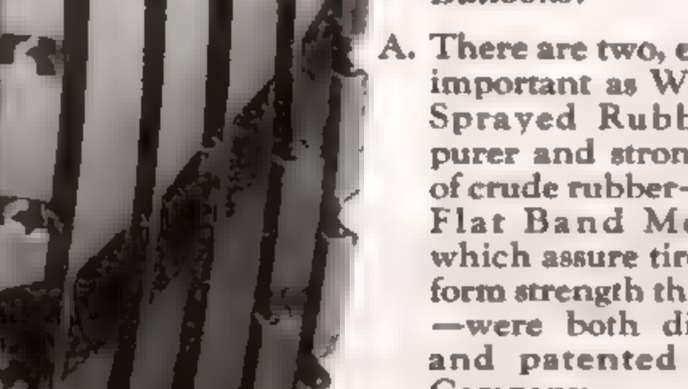
Q. *What other technical advances are brought to the car owner by Royal Cord Balloons?*

A. There are two, equally as important as Web Cord: Sprayed Rubber—the purer and stronger kind of crude rubber—and the Flat Band Method—which assure tires of uniform strength throughout—were both discovered and patented by this Company.

United States Rubber Company

The Old

The *old type* of Cord Structure. Note the cross-tie threads and the unevenness of the cords.



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Latex-treated Web Cord—no tie threads—and the cords lie *straight* and *even*.

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Only those who drive a Chrysler "70" can know just how unapproachable is this superiority. Make arrangements with any Chrysler dealer for your drive today—you at the wheel and selecting the route.

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(Continued from Page 54)

farm with its comfortable house, tight dairy barn and livestock. There were distant relatives, though, who were the heirs-at-law, and when the old woman died, seemingly intestate, they appeared to claim what was theirs unless there should prove to be a will otherwise disposing of the property.

Some of the neighbors helped the girl conduct a search for the will, but it was a futile proceeding, until she, preparing some butter for market, dug deeply into the yellow mass in a spring-house tub. The thick edge of the paddle encountered something that resisted her gouging, which, uncovered, proved to be an oiled-silk wallet that contained the will.

A lifetime of experience with such situations was reflected in the letter of a country banker written recently to an organization of bankers in which he urged that something be done to persuade all banks to provide a repository for wills.

The Key to a Fortune

"Country bankers," he wrote, "are familiar with the trouble occasioned by wills which cannot be found, and we should try to overcome the tendency to leave these very valuable documents secreted with so much safety that even the sometimes forgetful persons who hide them could not find them."

It was not a countryman, but a business man of one of the largest industrial cities of the East who hit upon a cache for his will that was not revealed for four years after his death. His family knew that he had made a will, because he had it drawn up at a tragic time in his life. A baby son had died and the father made what seemed to be grim preparations to follow. Time dulled the pain of his grief and the family settled into its routine. Then the father died quite suddenly.

The widow, assisted by her lawyer and friends, turned the home topsy-turvy looking for the will. Eventually the probate court issued letters of administration to her and the estate was divided according to the state's inelastic code of succession, and there were sisters and brothers of the dead man living. The will existed—the widow was positive of that—but she was quite powerless to produce it.

One day, four years after the funeral, she was engaged in a rite that, though it always saddened her, unfailingly brought its own kind of comfort. She was awakening the past by handling a small assortment of tokens of her early married life. There were letters from her husband that she had read a hundred times; a dance program with its tiny contract pencil, souvenir of a day before cutting was tolerated; some crumbling leaves that had been flowers, and an absurd little button shoe of blue leather, soft as a glove. It was the baby shoe of her dead boy.

Somehow she had never quite been able to bring herself to touch that poignant memento. She had looked at it unnumbered times, each time remembering unutterable things. But she was afraid to touch it—afraid of the storm of emotion that would come if she allowed herself to inhale its ghost of perfume. This day she seized the little shoe and pressed it to her cheek. There was a crackling sound inside that matrix of her baby's foot. She drew out a sheet of crumpled paper. It was the missing will, an informal testament, unwitnessed, but acceptable for probate in that state because it was in the handwriting of the maker.

There was quite recently in New Jersey $150,000 awaiting division because the will of the man who built that estate could not be found. It had been expected the paper would be discovered when his safe-deposit box was opened, but the shallow metal drawer merely revealed a hint like one of those puzzling clews devised by enterprising hostesses of last year when treasure hunts had a vogue. The clew was a key to some other safe-deposit box.

A young woman who regarded herself as the favorite among the kin who survived the man who had placed that mysterious key in his home-town safe deposit is prosecuting a search much wider in its scope than that shoe-fitting contest by means of which a certain sentimental prince at length succeeded in restoring her glass slipper to Cinderella. This young woman is trying to find a safe-deposit box that her key will unlock. She believes that if she finds the box she will discover the will, and she is confident that hidden document will entitle her to such a share of the $150,000 estate as will give her a wide choice of assorted princes, all charming.

When last reported, she had determined to try first to find the manufacturer of the key, and then her problem would be to induce the manufacturer to canvass his customers among the thousands of safe-deposit companies in the United States in the hope that one of them might recall her dead uncle as a safe renter.

There are sound reasons for hiding wills, though it is silly to hide them so effectually that they cannot be found. One of the commonest reasons for hiding them is that men—and women—are often well aware that their heirs will not be in sympathy with the division. They do not wish to light that package of shooting crackers until they are ready to flee from the scene.

Any discussion of the idiosyncrasies of testators is necessarily limited, however, to a small fraction of the people of the United States. An estimate was made some time ago by a distinguished surrogate that 97 per cent of Americans die without making wills.

It is superstition that keeps most people possessed of property from making their wills. Few mortals are bold enough to face the inevitable circumstance which makes wills important, and so the majority procrastinate.

Making a will, of course, has no more to do with hastening one's death than taking out a life-insurance policy. It is, equally with life insurance, a form of protection for the members of a family; and curiously enough, wills have to be sold by trust companies and lawyers with almost as much energy as though they were engaged in selling life insurance. The superstition exists and it is as difficult to overcome with argument as any other form of prejudice.

A Will From Ancient Egypt

One of the foremost lawyers of New York signed his will with a mark not long ago because the belated document was drawn up when he was on his deathbed. Why had he waited so long? Superstitious dread, beyond doubt; a dread buried too deeply in his subconscious mind for the logical part of his mind to deal with it.

"It's none too soon for a man to make a will when he signs a marriage contract." Former Surrogate John P. Cohalan, of New York County, expressed that opinion after long experience in adjudicating the transfer to sundry heirs of $500,000,000 yearly. "It is a puzzling fact that so many people who give their utmost efforts to accumulating property for the comfort and protection of their families neglect to provide the link that is best calculated to insure the accomplishment of those objects. The court records of every county in this country show that untold millions in property pass every year not as the owners might have wished, but according to the laws of the states under the administration of persons selected by the courts."

Once a man is dead, his will is the only means by which his wishes respecting his property can be enforced. In the sight of the law it is his voice, and by all peoples since the dawn of civilization seems to have been regarded with wholesome awe.

Some few years ago the British archaeologist, Sir W. M. F. Petrie, was directing the work of excavation at Kahun, where there are many Egyptian tombs, when there was unearthed a bit of papyrus folded vertically and sealed with a scarab. The characters on that ancient piece of paper were translated into English by a scholar at Oxford University and the date was estimated to be 2548 B.C., so that it antedates by more than 1000 years the time of King Tutenkhamun. The document, were it the writing of a man of this generation, would be readily accepted for probate, so simply does it express the purpose of Uah, who wrote it. It reads:

I, Uah, am giving a title to property to my wife Sheftu, the woman of Gesab who is called Teta, the daughter of Sat Sepdu, of all things given to me by my brother Ankh-ren. She shall give it to any she desires of her children she bears me.

I am giving to her the Eastern slaves, 4 persons, that my brother Ankh-ren gave me. She shall give them to whomsoever she will of her children.

As to my tomb, let me be buried in it with my wife alone.

Moreover as to the house built for me by my brother, Ankh-ren, my wife shall dwell therein without allowing her to be put forth on the ground by any person.

It is the deputy Gebu who shall act as guardian of my son.

Done in the presence of these witnesses:
Kemen, decorator of columns.
Apu, doorkeeper of the Temple.
Senb, son of Senb, doorkeeper of the Temple.

The care taken by Uah to provide suitable witnesses must have had an important bearing on the formality of that day corresponding to what we know as probating. The accessibility of witnesses after the death of a testator is not always considered, and this lack of provision sometimes causes an estate to be put to great expense.

Disappearing Witnesses

A few years ago a Philadelphian had his will drawn up by counsel and then took it with him when he went to New York on a business trip. While staying at a hotel there he read the document over, decided it was in satisfactory form and proceeded to execute it, having as witnesses of his signature the room clerk and the public stenographer of the hotel.

After a lapse of several years he died, but when the executor named in the will came to probate it he discovered that the witnesses had long since left the service of the hotel and disappeared. Three months of costly searching finally brought the executor in touch with the former public stenographer, and not until she was found could the will be probated. The hotel clerk never was reached.

The inability to find witnesses commonly arises where wills are executed in homes and servants are called in to observe the testator write his name and then sign their own beside his. Servants who abandon their situations are a difficult class to trace, generally, and it is equally difficult after their disappearance to find any persons who can testify to the genuineness of their handwriting. Many wills have been rejected in America and the wishes of testators frustrated because of the foolish practice of using as witnesses for such important documents any human being who happens to be within call of a bell.

In New York and some other states it is a misdemeanor for a witness to a will to fail to add his residence to his signature. Likewise fine or imprisonment may be imposed on anyone who fails to deliver to the surrogate for probate, after the death of a testator, a will in his or her possession.

A severe penalty was invoked in another state not long ago against a young woman, but it was mild in contrast with the self-imposed penalty which caused her to be punished. Soon after the death of an uncle, and before its formal reading, she managed to get hold of his will. In it she was willed $10,000, but other nieces received $15,000. In a tantrum, she threw the will into a fireplace. When others in the room snatched it back from the flames the signature had been destroyed. The will was rejected by the probate judge and all the large estate went to the children of the testator. By way of increasing her humiliation, perhaps, those heirs carried out the provisions of

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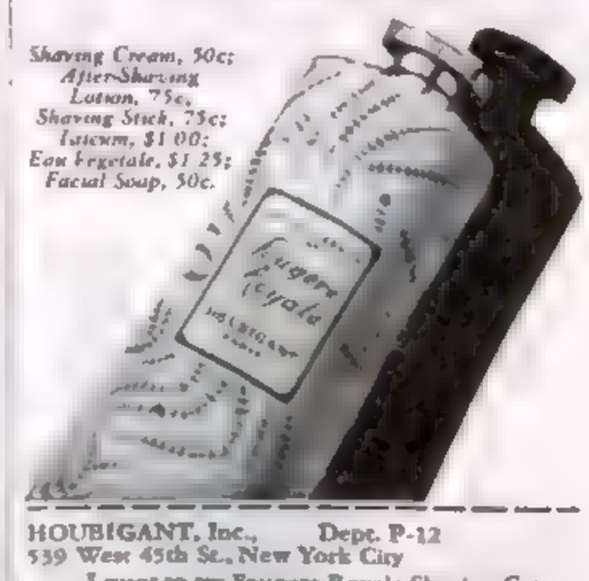

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IT ALWAYS LIGHTS

their father's will in every detail except as to her $10,000.

The possibility of recourse to that method of contesting the provisions of a will—destruction—it seems reasonable to believe, may enter into the thought processes of those who, instead of depositing their wills in a safe place, hide them. The common way of contesting is to make a protest in court on any one of half a dozen grounds—that the will was not executed in the manner required by law; that the testator at the time he made it was not of sound mind and memory and therefore incapable of making a will; that the execution of the will was obtained by undue influence or by fraud or misrepresentation; that it has been revoked, or that it is a forgery.

As a means of terrorizing possible contestants, lawyers have become addicted to the practice of inserting in wills they draw a condition phrased approximately so: "In case any person to whom any legacy is given, or to whom any beneficial use or interest in or income of any trust fund is given in my said will or codicil, shall oppose the probate of the same before the surrogate or any court, or shall take any legal proceedings of any kind in any court to set aside the said will, then and in that case I revoke all or any legacies in favor of any such person."

It sounds terrible, is quite as impressive as the red-seal stickum papers with which lawyers seek to give added authority to wills, and in the opinion of certain high courts it is a gesture quite as futile. It is regarded by some as against public policy, although it is recognized with equal force that contest of wills without probable and just cause should not be sanctioned by the courts. Such litigation has entirely devoured some huge fortunes and reduced innumerable ones to modest proportions. Not long ago the heirs of an estate of $125,000 in the Middle West abandoned their contest after three years of fighting because the costs had already consumed a sum greater than the value of the estate.

A Sound Investment

Contests, though, are less likely to occur when a testator has been well advised and has taken that advice. Brigham Young left $2,500,000 to be divided among seventeen wives and forty-eight children, and there was no contest. Probably he had a good lawyer. The head of one of New York's biggest trust companies remarked recently, after the distribution of a large estate had been accomplished with facility, that the will had been one of the testator's soundest investments.

"He grumbled because his lawyer charged him $1000 to draw up his will," the trust officer said, "bu that thousand saved his estate literally hundreds of thousands, because it had bought an intelligence that foresaw every pitfall."

No legal document requires so accurate an employment of words as the drawing of a will, because a person's entire earthly estate is involved. It should be done calmly, not in a deathbed; but there is a warning against a despicable form of fraud hidden in the words of an experienced probate-court judge who has said:

"It is highly inadvisable and unethical for a lawyer to prepare a paper writing in the nature of a will unless he be requested to do so personally by the will maker. A request by others should be regarded at once with suspicion. Should the call come to him from another, or one interested as a possible beneficiary, and the will is prepared, he should not permit the prepared paper writing to leave his possession before it is executed. He should personally attend upon its execution, be alone with the will maker and become thoroughly satisfied that it expresses the thought and purposes of the will maker."

The judge who gave that advice had in mind not only the possibility of projected murder but the proper suspicions that actuate all probate judges under some circumstances and sometimes cause them to reject a supposed will.

Another pitfall not often realized by persons possessed of property is that a marriage after a will is made revokes the will as to the wife or children of such marriage.

Interlineations rarely become effective. The soundness of the reasoning behind such a rule is apparent; otherwise, how simple it might be for someone temporarily in possession of another's will to type in a line leaving himself a fat bequest.

Side-Stepping Trouble

When friends in New York read the will of a man who with his wife went down with the Lusitania they were struck by the evidence of prevision given there. Seemingly there was no one other than his wife to whom he cared to leave his possessions, and she too was dead. The wife had left a will in which she bequeathed all that she possessed at her death to her sister. There might have been a troublesome suit brought in that situation by distant heirs-at-law of the husband but for a paragraph in his will which read:

> In the event that my said wife and myself should die simultaneously or under such circumstances as to render it impossible or difficult to determine who predeceased the other, I hereby declare it to be my will that it shall be deemed that I shall have predeceased my wife.

Consequently the wife's sister inherited the estate. Usually when husband and wife die in the same accident the courts hold that because of presumed greater vitality the man survived his wife.

"Mag everything I possess," inked on the blown shell of an egg by a sailor was offered for probate a few years ago, but the success of such an expedient in the case of a small estate not worth squabbling about offers no proof of the efficacy of homemade wills. Even that expedient described in Rider Haggard's story of Mr. Meeson's Will is but an argument in favor of wills drawn by lawyers under such circumstances as to give them the leisure to survey every possible contingency. Mr. Meeson, shipwrecked, caused his last will and testament to be tattooed, for want of writing paper, on the white shoulders of a young woman of the company of castaways.

That brings to mind holographic wills, which, because they are less likely to be forgeries, are not required in many states to be witnessed.

In desperate circumstances, even an oral will may be accepted for probate, although there is little to defend the practice of delaying this important task until circumstances are desperate.

"Sergeant, if you get back all right," said an American soldier in Belgium in 1918, "tell Mrs. Blank that she may have everything I own." The soldier was killed soon afterward, and Mrs. Blank, who was his foster mother, did inherit his meager property.

Nuncupative wills are sanctioned today in the case of soldiers on active service as in the time of the Roman Empire, when it was held that a soldier might legally record his dying wishes with respect to his property by expressing his wishes to a comrade, by writing with his blood on his shield, or with his sword in the dust or sand. There were better ways then, as there are better ways now, but no generation has had an exclusive patent on procrastination. That is a human failing as old as man. Probably if more wives realized how much they stand to lose in an arrangement which they regard as a partnership, there would be less procrastination with respect to will making.

There are one or two old-fashioned states in this nation in which a husband may leave half of all his property acquired after marriage to whomever he pleases, but where if the wife dies first she may not dispose of any of her property, not even to her children. The husband gets it. In a number of states the father inherits to the exclusion of the mother when their child dies without a will and leaves no descendants. Every state differs in its interpretation and enforcement of dower law; but, generally speaking, the wife has a right to one-third interest for life in all her husband's real estate.

The man who dies without leaving a will—in most states—cuts his wife off with one-third of his estate, the other two-thirds usually being apportioned among his children. That arrangement might agree with his intention, but it would still be a wasteful operation.

Really rich men seldom fail to have a will prepared. As a rule they are too conscious of their fortune. The multi-millionaire is almost certain to be among that 3 per cent who die testate. It is a matter of pride with most of them to arrange to prevent the dissipation of their estates through the wasteful administration that is almost inevitable in the transfer of an estate unguarded by a well-drawn will.

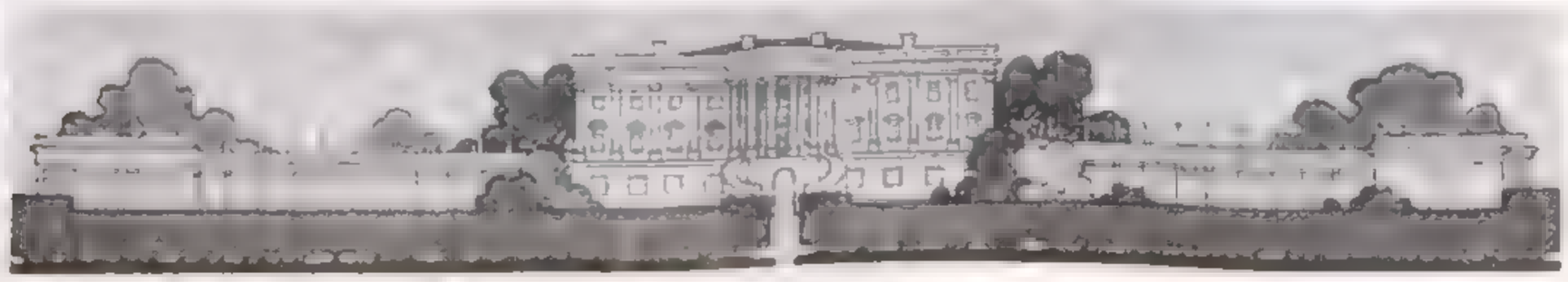
Lost Fortunes

Some of those who die without arranging for the disposal of their property after their death also fail to leave anything whereby their heirs may be found or identified. In the single county of New York the public administrator has in his care at all times a fund well in excess of $1,000,000, representing the fluid assets of from 2000 to 3000 unsettled estates, ranging in value from one cent to thousands of dollars.

Eventually that money finds its way into the treasury of the state, but not before there has been plenty of chance for any heirs to file their claims. Make no mistake about it—there are plenty of heirs in every case, the only difficulty being that they are not very convincing. Some of those estates are no more than the pennies from the pockets of a suicide hauled dripping from the East River; sometimes such an estate is worth $10,000 and represents the lifetime savings of some unhappy immigrant who died alone, without having left any clew as to the identity of the far-off person for whom that money was, perhaps, being accumulated.

In times past, in certain counties, some of those unclaimed fortunes have inspired rascals to make all sorts of ingenious endeavors with the object of hoodwinking a public administrator into accepting them as heirs of one of these maverick estates. There is a record that is likely to stand in one county, though. About 1000 claimants came forward as heirs of a spinster who died intestate and friendless, leaving property worth $200,000.

So much trouble, though, is in store for the family of anyone who dies thus carelessly that real concern and not cupidity often inspires that momentous question: Did he leave a will?



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HONEYMOON HATE

(Continued from Page 25)

"All the same—what?"

"I'll leave the future to answer that question."

"We shan't have much future together," the bride flung at him. "The way you've talked to me now shows what you are, or rather what you'd like to be. A tyrant! Of course I won't stand this sort of stuff. If you fight my wishes about the *palazzo* you can have it!"

"Thank you!"

"And you can have your old business too."

"That's very kind of you, but you've not given me a chance yet to tell you about the new one. Above the shop in the Servelloni I shall make self-contained flats, furnish them beautifully, as no apartments in Venice are furnished. They'll soon be famous, and the rents in summer fabulous."

"By title you may be a prince; in spirit you're a moneygrubber," answered Gail.

"Would you like me better if I sat down and lived in idleness on your money?"

"Yes, I would."

"I should hate myself, which is more important."

"You're making me hate you."

Dantarini shrugged his shoulders and lit another cigarette. "There's no way to get rid of me except by murder," he said.

"Oh, isn't there?" she caught him up. "I shall go home at once."

"That's just what I was thinking might be best for you."

She knew that he deliberately misunderstood.

"There are several rooms that will remain habitable in the *palazzo* for some time to come. If we are going to have scenes like this, a hotel is no place to have them in." He walked to the telephone, while Gail watched him, furious and puzzled. "I want to talk to the manager," he said. "Yes, Prince Dantarini speaking. Unexpected circumstances have arisen. The princess and I are obliged to take up residence tomorrow at the *palazzo*. I thought I ought to give you notice at once. . . . Oh, it's not that! Everything is most satisfactory. . . . No. . . . Yes. . . . Yes. . . . Thank you!"

As he talked, Gail rose to her feet, dashed across the polished floor and grabbed the hand which held the receiver. She tried to wrench the instrument away, but Dantarini smiled that ironical smile which she knew too well by this time, yet never understood. His wrist was iron, and with his free hand he grasped both hers, gripping them until he was ready to hang up. Then he released them gently.

"I won't leave this hotel! You shan't force me to!" the girl panted.

"No, I shan't force you to, and yet you will," Dantarini said. "We are having a charming wedding day, aren't we?"

Tears glazed her big eyes, but she would not let them fall. "Why did you marry me," she quavered, "since you care for nothing except business? Why, why?"

"Partly because you asked me to do it," he answered, "and partly—well, it used to be the fashion for the young blades of my family to import tiger cubs and tame them."

"Do you imagine you can tame me?" She stamped her foot at him.

"That gesture encourages me to hope," he said. "I was taught as a boy that it was a sign of weakness to stamp the foot."

Now the tears would fall. She could not keep them back.

"Don't dream that you're making me cry!" she whimpered. "I'm crying because—because I'm miserable. I miss Mole!"

"I wish for your own sake you loved me even a little," Dantarini said. "If you did I might be able to comfort you, to keep you from being homesick."

"Thank God, I don't love you!" Gail sobbed. "I wouldn't for the world. Why do you wish I did—so you could torture me?"

"No," Dantarini answered. "Haven't I just told you? So that I could comfort you."

"As if you could—when you hate me as you do!"

"My child, I don't hate you."

"You certainly don't love me! Don't try to make me believe you do!"

"I'll not try to make you believe anything. But I could love you. I could adore you if you were only a little different!"

Gail was pierced with a keen desire to ask, "How different?" but she would not please the man by showing curiosity. She did hate him! She cared not a rush, in this mood, if she never saw his beastly old palace again. She would not see it! If he succeeded in forcing her out of the hotel, she would run away from him in the street. She forgot that in Venice there are no streets—not the kind of streets in which it is easy to run away from legal husbands.

V

AS THE moving picture captions say, "Came the night." It came with mental thunders and lightnings for Equinoctial Gail, shut up in her room, having passionately refused to dine.

Her bedroom in the royal suite opened off the salon, and through the door she could hear faint sounds of a ceremonious meal being served to the prince, her bridegroom. Little as she understood the man, she could see that his Italian pride might forbid his dining downstairs alone on the night of his wedding, or of going elsewhere for his dinner. He would wish as far as possible to avoid gossip. If no dinner were ordered in the royal suite for Prince and Princess Dantarini, it would be supposed, with good-natured amusement, that the infatuated pair had forgotten to eat. In common decency, after what had passed between Dantarini and his newly married wife, the prince should have been disgusted with the thought of food. But not at all. Judging by the length of the repast—indicated by those decorous sounds—the bridegroom was treating himself to a feast. Gail was sure that she couldn't mistake the loud pop of a champagne cork. She was shocked by it.

"Cold-blooded brute!" she muttered. Those ice-gray eyes of his! He had no feeling. He talked about the men of his family in old days who imported tiger cubs to tame them. He thought he could tame her—an American girl, Gaillard Grant's daughter. He was probably drinking that champagne to nerve himself for a struggle. What did he plan for after dinner? A taming stunt?

Gail's blood beat in her throat. She felt keyed for battle. She hoped he would attempt something. She wanted to know where she stood, about tomorrow. He had given the hotel manager notice that they—they!—were leaving, to live at the *palazzo*. She had vowed she wouldn't go, and that he couldn't force her to go. He had answered that he wouldn't force her, and yet that she would go. What had he meant? And then, afterward, that queer, disjointed stuff about wishing she loved him a little so that he could comfort her. Impertinence! And that he "could love" her—"could adore" her. When he had said those things, just for one instant his eyes had not been cold. There had been a look in them that she had never seen. She had wondered—not that she cared! It was sheer, unadulterated hatred she felt, and she wanted him to know it and the power of it. Hatred was making her feel far more than she had ever known herself capable of feeling, and suddenly she knew that she must see him.

Not for the world would she have opened her locked door to stare at the man, but she recalled the fact that there was a large, old-fashioned keyhole. She bent down and peeped through it. There he sat in the light, eating a little, drinking a little, waited upon by the special servant whose business it had been to look after Miss Grant. The creature was now all slavish devotion to his countryman. And he wasn't even addressing Dantarini as "*Principe*." "*Colonnello mio*," he called him. They were talking about the war—some action they seemed to have fought together. The man had been a soldier with Dantarini, under his command apparently. They laughed. They might have been equals. Heavens, but they were queer, these Italian aristocrats! Was it because Dantarini had already lowered himself to be a professional guide? Yet, had he lowered himself? Sitting there under the light of the fine old chandelier, he looked a very great gentleman while he laughed with that waiter. And in spite of the laugh, his face—his long, dark, patrician face, with its brushed-back flame of red hair—was pale and sad.

The waiter refilled the prince's glass. What was the servant thinking of her absence? As Dantarini drank, a knock sounded at the door which led into the vestibule and corridor. The man opened it and brought in, on a tray, a small package which had evidently come by post.

Dantarini glanced at it, but did not open the wrapper. A gesture bade the waiter place the parcel on the desk. Probably the packet was addressed to the Princess Dantarini, or to Miss Grant. Well, there was one good thing: The brute drew the line at examining things intended for her.

It seemed to Gail that the person who doubtless considered himself her husband would never finish his dinner. But at last he did. He rose from the table, on which he had laid a tip for the waiter, and seated himself in a position not commanded from the keyhole. But as the servant began deftly and noiselessly to clear away the table, the voice of Dantarini stopped him. Some order was given in a low tone.

"*Buono, colonnello mio*," replied the servant.

The scent of cigarette smoke drifted through the keyhole. The waiter carried out dishes. The door closed. Dantarini remained. Now for it! Something would happen. But what? Prepared for anything, Gail tiptoed away from the keyhole. She wasn't at all ashamed of having peered through at Dantarini. Yet, somehow, she couldn't conceive of his peeping at her.

The scent of cigarettes grew noticeably stronger. But that was all. Then, suddenly, the lights in the salon were switched off. Gail knew this, because her own room was in dusk, save for a small shaded lamp by the bed, and that keyhole—lately deserted—had been like a tiny gold *fleur-de-lis* on the dark door. The *fleur-de-lis* had vanished. And the first sound since the waiter's departure was the firm closing—not slamming—of a door. Gone! Dantarini had gone!

The fire of Gail's excitement died—a flat, clammy, snubbed death. But this was only a trick. He hoped she would come stealing out of her room. Then he would dart back and catch her. No fear! She wasn't that kind of fool.

On the marble mantel stood a handsome clock. It struck—could it be ten? Had he dined for over an hour? Gail switched on more lights. Yes, it was ten!

Never had she felt so devitalized, so let down, though a few minutes ago—before that door shut—she had been spoiling for a fight. Oh, she was tired, weary with her own stupid emotions. His fault, because he had tried to lord it over her and play the tyrant. And she was hungry too - very hungry. There would perhaps be fruit in a big silver dish on the sideboard, as usual. Better than nothing! What if she should rush out, seize something eatable and dash back?

Gail stared at herself in a long mirror. She still wore the dress—not a new one—in which she had been to church that day, to be turned into Princess Dantarini. Never, she thought, had she looked less beautiful. Her eyelids were red, though she was hardly aware that salt tears had stained them. The sculptured waves of her bronze hair were ruffled. Lips and face were pale as Dantarini's had been pale when he laughed with the waiter. What had he meant when he said that if she were just a little different he could adore her? She would not like him to see her as she looked now.

Of course he was not going to see her. Suppose she went out into the salon. She could stop there as long as she liked, if she locked the door, because the would-be tricker would be tricked and he could not get in. Yes, she might do that.

Hastily Gail tore off the dress in which she had been married, smoothed and patted her hair, restoring its perfection; gave face, neck and shoulders a delicate veil of perfumed powder, and a touch of rouge to pale cheeks. Rose lipstick for pallid lips that she had bitten in her rages. Then she slipped into the most adorable of negligees. Mole had pronounced it divine; and now, radiant once more and glowing, she was goddesslike in the embracing silver sheath. Silver slippers with diamond buckles were indicated, and a spray of elusive, alluring scent made in Paris especially for Miss Grant.

"I'm doing this to please myself," Gail said to her reflection in the big mirror. "I wouldn't really unlock the door if he rattled the knob and pounded all night."

With this resolution she swung out of her bedroom and swept into the salon. Under the touch of her finger on went all lights, and the Venetian chandelier shed its rays upon a neatly arranged tray in the center of the table. It was spread with a lace-trimmed square of fine linen, and upon it a plate of thin-cut sandwiches displayed itself, flanked by a carafe of wine and a tall, decorative glass. Beside this glass lay a small bunch of orange blossoms whose fragrance had superseded the late scent of cigarettes.

Gail stood still and stared. "Say it with orange blossoms" might have been the motto of that daintily prepared meal for one. And the orange blossoms said as unmistakably as if they had yelled: "This is for the rebel bride, with the compliments of her enemy husband."

If Gail Grant had ever properly exercised the sense of humor bequeathed her with his less precious millions by old Gaillard, she couldn't have resisted a burst of laughter. But when you are a girl terribly rich and utterly spoiled, you make little use of what humor you may have. You are too busy thinking about how beautiful and important you are, and watching other people to make sure they think the same; or if not, why not? Instead of laughing, Gail felt the uneasy, baffled sensation which cats and young dogs seem to have when they are made fun of by humans.

Dantarini had done this as a joke at her expense. Orange blossoms for the kind of bride she was and intended to be were little less than an insult. Yet, he must have sent for them long before the wedding day and its quarrel, for orange trees don't bloom in Venice in November. Nor were there enough tourists to make it worth while for florists to keep them on show.

Well, but anyhow, the food! That was almost ribald! It was like a crust flung to a prisoner. To be sure, she was a voluntary prisoner; still, it was his fault that she had shut herself into her room and refused to dine with him.

How had the man contrived the presence of this tray? Gail could but wonder. Some order, she recalled, had been given to the waiter. But the waiter had gone, and she hadn't heard him return after he went. There had been only once the sound of a door that closed, and then the lights were switched off. Still, if Dantarini wished to

(Continued on Page 67)

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THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**

Through a great new companion invention to the famous Super-Six Principle

HUDSON excels

A new high compression anti-knock

Heat now lost - used as Power

Greatly increases Efficiency

Gasoline will not dilute oil

Ends all Spark Knock

In previous types of automobile motors, a high percentage of the power of the fuel is wasted in heat thrown away in the exhaust and in the cooling water.

The new Hudson Principle—patent applied for—*reduces this loss by actually converting hitherto wasted heat into useful power.*

This saves fuel and in the New Hudson Super-Six makes it the most economical car per pound weight yet produced.

High compression motors are necessary for speed, snap, performance and economy, but these advantages were previously obtained at the cost of smoothness and flexibility.

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To prevent spark knocks and reduce carbon, special and higher-priced fuels are offered. But this invention with regular gasoline obtains the results sought through the use of such fuels.

This invention makes a cold motor start with

Application Has Been Made for Patents Covering the

HUDSON *itself*

motor that turns waste heat to power

midsummer snap in any weather. No pre-heating devices are necessary. You don't have to wait for or nurse your motor while it warms up before you can start your car.

No method of carburetion completely prevents raw gasoline entering the motor combustion chambers. In other designs this liquid can not escape through the exhaust valves, but goes down the cylinders to the oil pan and causes dilution.

But in the New Hudson Super-Six the valves are so placed that the raw gasoline falls directly on the hot exhaust valve, cooling the valve and vaporizing the liquid at the same time.

And now with this new design invention, another great gain in efficiency is achieved. Less power goes out through the exhaust. There is greater economy in fuel. There is more power at all speeds and much greater power at high speeds.

With the Super-Six principle which eliminates vibration, this new invention combines the highest efficiency in power generation and the maximum efficiency in transmission ever achieved within our knowledge.

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What special fuels have intended, this Invention obtains

Smoothness and Elastic Torque of a Steam Engine . . .

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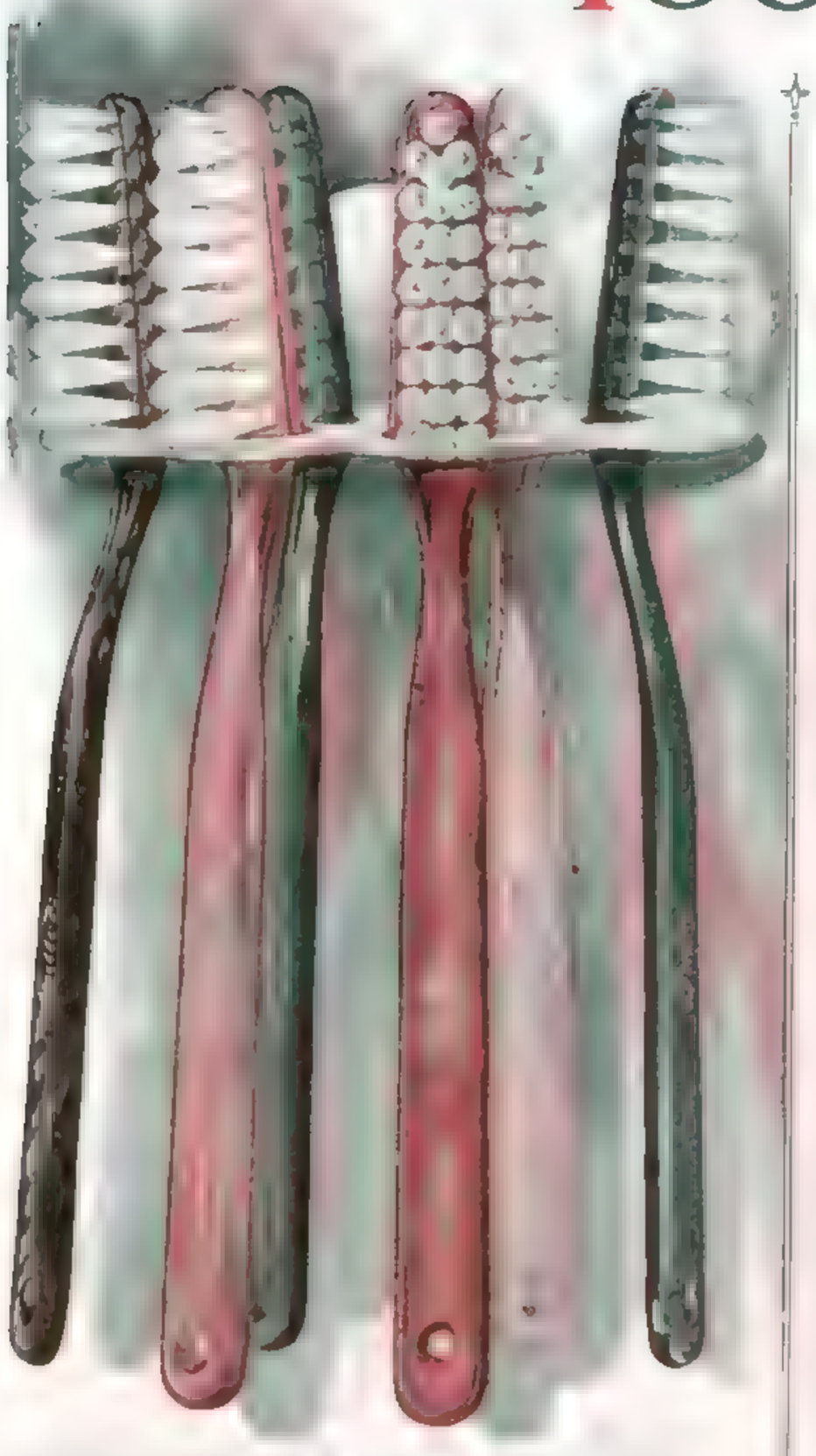
What the Super-Six does with vibration, this invention does with heat . . . . . .

Principle by Which These Results are Accomplished.

To Protect the Teeth of the ENTIRE FAMILY— FULLER Tooth Brushes



Handles come in different colors.

NINE out of ten can forestall tooth trouble by frequent and thorough cleansing with a brush of correct shape. Unless the brush is correctly shaped, it is especially difficult to give all the teeth the regular attention they need to keep them healthy.

THIS is why dentists now advise us to select our brushes with increasing care—why the Fuller Correct-Shape Tooth Brush has quickly become one of the fastest selling tooth brushes in America.

THE Fuller Man will show you this modern tooth brush. Notice the scientific shape of the handle—how easy it is to use in any correct brushing position. See how the tufted bristles are correctly shaped to clean all the teeth, front and back, and in between the teeth. See how the bristles are anchor-gript and cannot pull out. Appreciate how easy they are to keep scrupulously clean. Observe that handles come in different colors for easy identification.

DENTISTS now urge two brushes for each person—one for morning and one for night use. One brush is then always fresh and thoroughly dry, ready to do its full duty in guarding your teeth and health.

The Fuller Dental Plate Brush

ITS name tells its use. The popularity of this special Fuller product emphasizes the high regard in which it is held by dentists and public alike. It shows the quick acceptance of a brush of this character which thoroughly cleans every part of the dental plate without risk of damage to costly and delicate work. Made on the twisted-in-wire principle, with stiff white bristles and ivory Fullerex handle, it has a distinct place in the personal hygiene of the home.

The Fuller Dental Plate Brush.

If you wish to start protecting your teeth at once with this Fuller Tooth Brush, or desire any other phase of Fuller Service before the next regular call of the Fuller Man, here is the way: Phone the Fuller Brush Company Branch in your city. Or write direct to The Fuller Brush Company, 1038 Windsor Ave., Hartford, Conn. (In Canada, Fuller Brush Company, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.) Also ask for free booklet, "The Cleaning Problems of the Home."

FULLER BRUSHES

45 BRUSHES – 69 USES – HEAD TO FOOT – CELLAR TO ATTIC

Genuine FULLER PRODUCTS carry this Red Tip Tag and trade mark

Fuller

Look for both!

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(Continued from Page 62)

be subtle and clever, he could have smuggled the waiter in without noise, and the two could then have left together. That must have been it. And now she must change the dramatic picture she had made in her mind for one less romantic: Bridegroom hoping to pop in and surprise bride gorging herself on food provided.

With an "Oh!" of dismay and anger, she ran to the door and locked it. Then her eyes involuntarily returned to the table. How horribly hungry she was! She moved nearer and gazed at the sandwiches. There were twelve small, thin ones. Had Dantarini been such a fiend as to count them, and to measure the height of that attractive, gold-bright wine in the carafe? Even if he had, she could eat and drink and thwart the joker's triumph by ringing for a waiter when she had finished, and having the tray removed. It wasn't yet eleven. There was service till after midnight.

She pulled a chair hastily to the table and sat down. She poured herself a glass of wine and almost wolfed three of the dozen small sandwiches in her haste to carry out the rest of the program. As she hurriedly ate and drank, the orange blossoms gave her their romantic perfume, and somehow it made her unbearably sad. It was as if they told her of life's best sweetness which she was missing; a sweetness Gail Grant had never known and never could know, because it couldn't be bought with money.

What had he meant about that "difference" in her which could bring her his love, his adoration? It was as if the orange blossoms were trying to explain; but she would not understand, and told herself only that she was ill-treated, misunderstood, homesick for America.

The wine and sandwiches cheered her slightly in the end, however, and made her feel more like the Gail Grant she had hitherto been. She rang, unlocked the door, and gave the tray to a waiter who soon appeared. But first she had removed the orange blossoms. That precaution was for her own sake, not Dantarini's. She didn't wish to be laughed at by the servants.

As she closed the door after the departing man she felt a strong draft from the window opposite. It must be open, but she would leave it so. The orange-blossom scent filled the room even as it was, and the big, painted screen which Dantarini had doubtless drawn across the window for his own benefit before dining, would barricade the breeze once the door was shut again.

She wished, and told herself fiercely she didn't wish, that Dantarini would now come back and try the door. She couldn't help feeling that there would be a flat anticlimax if he didn't return to be flouted by the vision in silver which she had troubled to make of herself. But minutes passed. He came not. Time dragged. How hateful everything was. Should she give up, and go to bed? Restlessly she paced the room, like a caged young tigress—the tiger cub that a Dantarini could never tame!

Her eyes fell upon the package lying on the desk. "Miss Gail Grant" it was addressed, and had not, after all, come by post, but apparently by hand. It was neatly tied, as parcels are tied in superior shops. Gail cut the string, threw aside the white paper and discovered a book—a small but beautiful book, bound in white vellum patterned with gold. "A wedding present!" the girl bitterly told herself, and lifted the white cover to look for a card. There was none, but the title of the book sprang to her eyes: The Taming of the Shrew, by William Shakspere. Anger ran through her blood more hotly than the wine she had drunk.

This was too much; the half a straw beyond the last! He had sent for this. No other could have done it!

As a matter of fact, another had done it: Lady Drumkilbo, receiving the great news from Fanny Molesey on the day she landed in New York, had amused herself by cabling—cheap "deferred"—to the most celebrated bookshop in Venice. Her instructions had been to bind the book specially for the price of five hundred lire, no more, no less; adding that money would arrive by post before the work was finished. The gift was to go to Miss Grant anonymously. But tonight the Princess Dantarini had forgotten the very existence of her somewhat catty, erstwhile chaperon.

She flung the book from her with such force that it struck the painted screen and made it tremble.

"I'll throw the thing out of the window!" she added, and snatching the fallen book, dashed aside the screen. It fell, also, with a loud noise, and revealed a man apparently aroused from sleep, on a particularly uncomfortable sofa.

"You!" choked Gail. "Cad!"

In her whirlwind of surprise she started back, lost her balance on the polished floor, and would have sat down with spine-breaking force if Dantarini hadn't leaped up and caught her.

VI

HE HELD her, but in no loving clasp. "You must take back those words," he said, "and explain, if you can, why you dare use them to me."

"I won't take them back," Gail panted. "And you know very well why I used them."

"I do not know, except that you have been brought up with manners to shame a fishwife," said Dantarini. "And I will not let you go till you explain and ask my pardon, as a woman who respects herself, to a man she has no reason not to respect."

"I don't respect you," Gail flung back, "and you can hold me all night before I'll say I do."

"Very well," agreed Dantarini, "then I'll hold you all night. But in that case, we may as well sit down." He lifted her off her feet as if she had been a featherweight—which she was not, with her five feet, seven inches—and, seating himself in a big *bergère*, planted her firmly on his knees. She writhed and struggled, but his hands on her waist trapped her with a clasp of steel.

Suddenly she remembered, however, that her arms were free. Looking him full in the eyes, she struck him hard, first on one thin brown cheek, then the other. The touch of his flesh under her palm sent a tingle of electricity through her. Not repenting what she had done, yet somehow appalled by it, she felt sick, and almost as if she might faint for the first time in her life, as she saw a red stain follow the blows on his face. "Now—now strike me back!" she heard herself gasping. "It—it would be like you."

"I should enjoy doing it," he answered, with no expression whatever in his reddened face, except in the eyes, where hot coals might be glowing underneath that glacier ice. "But, you see, it isn't like me! The men of my family don't tame their tigresses that way."

"Tame!" she repeated the hateful word. "You bought that book for me—The Taming of the Shrew. Well, I've read it. It's the only play of Shakspere's I ever did read after I stopped having governesses. Another man sent it to me once, and that finished him with me, just as it has finished you—that, and your hiding in this room behind a screen, like the—the ——"

"No more words that you'll regret, please," he cut her short. "As it happens, I didn't send you that book and should have been rather stupid to do so, as my way of taming you will be entirely different from Petruchio's, and far more modern."

"What do you mean?" challenged Gail.

"You will find out for yourself, and profit by it, I hope. Unless you are the complete fool you begin to make me think you are, by misunderstanding or pretending to misunderstand why I stayed in this room, instead of going out for the night, as, personally, I should much have preferred to do."

"You—you call me a fool?" she stammered. "That's the first time in my life anyone ——"

"What a pity nobody gave you the truth before! It would have been for your good. You called me a cad. So I must judge you are a fool, otherwise your brain would have told you I couldn't go out—for your sake."

"For my sake?"

"So conceited a person as you are, must know that you and I are both very conspicuous figures in Venice today and tonight. A little fiction about your not joining me at dinner saved you from servants' talk. Besides, the waiter happened to be a very good wartime friend, and I think would bite out his own tongue rather than speak a word to injure me or mine. You are mine now, for good or ill. I prefer to save you from scandal, if you are wise enough to act with me. Especially should I regret scandal reaching America, for I suppose that would hurt you most. There are a number of Americans still in this hotel and other hotels in Venice. You may consider them beneath you, and if so, you will certainly have let them see it. Is there anything they would like better—human nature being what it is—than to report at home that Prince Dantarini left the princess alone on their wedding night—that he was seen going out of the hotel, and coming back next day, or not coming back at all?"

She did not answer. She felt sicker than before. Her cheeks burned even as his burned, though only darts from his eyes had struck.

"Now will you ask my pardon?" he repeated.

For a moment Gail was silent, though she could hear her heart beat, and feared that he could. Then she said sullenly, "Of course I'm sorry if I did you an injustice."

"And you see you did do me an injustice?"

"Ye-es. I suppose so."

"What about those two blows you struck?"

"I—oh, I'm sorry for them too. I was wild—that was all. What with your hiding there and—and the book ——"

"Which you know now I didn't send?"

"Oh! Since you say you didn't."

"Very well! I ought not to expect anything more gracious from you. Get up!" He dropped his hands from her waist as if she had been something he preferred not to touch.

Because it was a command, Gail's impulse was to disobey, but disobedience meant continuing to sit on the man's lap, as if she liked it, so she bounded from his knees.

The prince rose also. "Now, you have your choice, since you admit that you understand my motive," he said. "If you hate me so much that you prefer my turning out ——"

"No!" Gail broke in. "After all I've gone through, you'd better stay. But, at least, you needn't have hidden. You've not explained that!"

Dantarini shrugged his shoulders. "Being entirely selfish yourself, you can't comprehend thoughtfulness for others. I knew you would be hungry. You're a healthy girl! And I knew you wouldn't come out and feed if you were aware that I was in the room. I did the best I could. And you need never have learned I was there if you hadn't kicked over that screen."

"I didn't kick it!" flashed Gail.

"I'm not interested in the details. The effect was the same. I was extremely uncomfortable on that sofa, in all my clothes, and would have given a good deal to be at home in my own bed."

This also sounded rather like an insult, but was difficult to dispute without embarrassment. Instead, Gail said, "You might as well go to Mole's room for the rest of the night as—as you were to have done, if you hadn't made me so angry I locked myself into my room."

"Oh, were you locked in? You needn't have troubled," observed the prince.

Gail blushed.

"I will go into that room—where I believe I have some hand luggage—if you really wish it," he consented.

"I—yes." Gail choked on the words, but spoke them.

(Continued on Page 69)

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ON THE ball pockets and hoods of golf-bags, on sweaters, weather-breakers and tobacco pouches, the HOOKLESS Fastener has attained great popularity among golfers.

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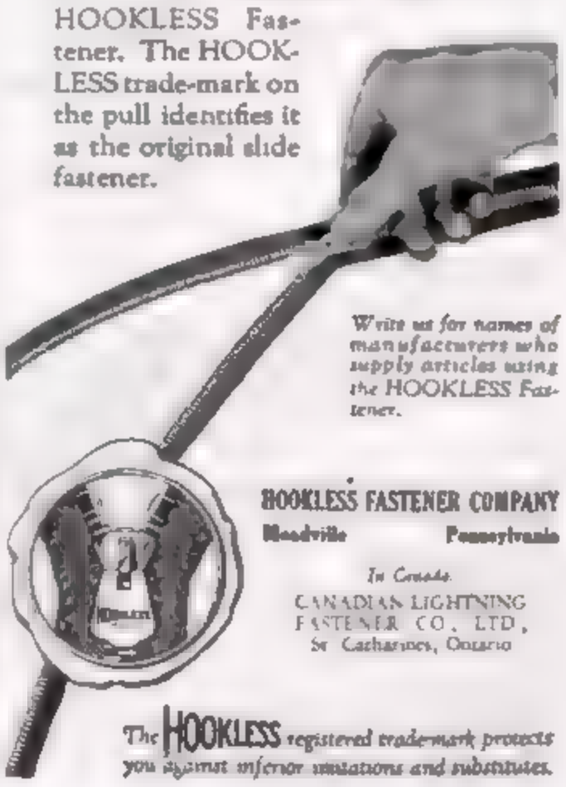

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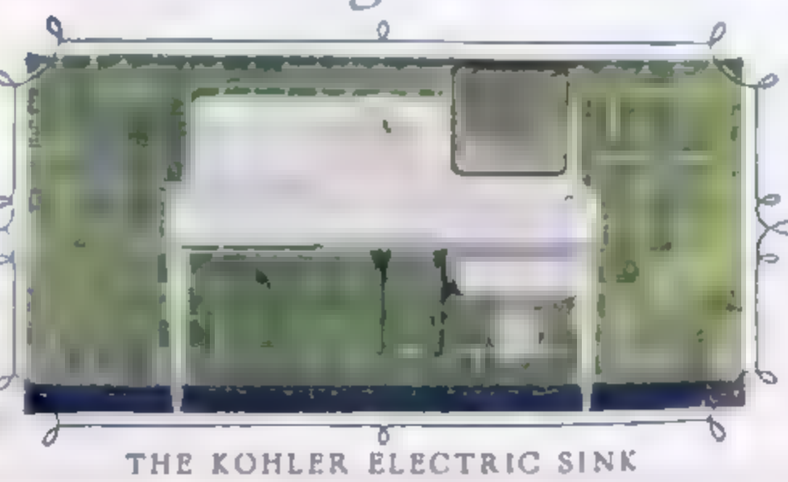

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(Continued from Page 67)

"Thank you! But before I bid you good night, at what time would you like to move tomorrow?"

"Move?" she repeated.

"To the Palazzo Dantarini, as I arranged with the manager of this hotel, in your hearing."

"I told you then I wouldn't go. And I'm not going. If you expect to make me, you'll have to use force and drag me."

"Oh, not at all," Dantarini assured her coolly. "I explained, didn't I—though perhaps not in words of one syllable to suit a child's intelligence—that I wasn't Petruchio, though you might out-Katherine Katherine. If you refuse to move with me, I shall move without you. I shall never come back to you, nor receive you if you wish to come to me. Now, don't let's argue the pros and cons of that tonight. Just think it over. Or dream upon it—if you sleep."

With that he marched through her bedroom and into the one which had been allotted to him—once inhabited by Mole.

The door between the bedrooms shut. Indeed it seemed to Gail—though that could not be, even this man would not have the impudence—that a bolt was shot.

For some time the girl stood as he had left her, her arms hanging listlessly at her sides. If she had known about Dido, she might possibly have called up a tragic picture of the Queen of Carthage. But instead, she found herself wondering shamefacedly whether he had taken in all that had happened about the wine and sandwiches.

VII

WHAT possessed Gail to pick up the book and carry it with her to her bedroom, she could not have told. But she did so, as if hypnotized. And perhaps she was hypnotized.

She undressed. She got into bed, trying hard not to think of that man on the other side of the shut—was it locked?—door. She did not put out the light. She read for hours, The Taming of the Shrew, not because she was interested in it as a play, or a farcical flash of Shakspere's genius, but in order to study Petruchio's system so that she might be warned in time of what his modern fellow countryman would not do.

And in the next room—it was sheer Venetian impishness, a relic of boyhood, which had made him bolt the door—Pietro Dantarini stood for long at an open window, looking up, as if for inspiration, into a sky of stars. He knew that away in the little country house near Mestre his mother would be thinking of him, perhaps praying for him. He smiled faintly at the picture of that sweet, innocent old lady, who would have been shocked almost to illness by the scenes he had passed through with his Equinoctial Gail that day; rather a wry smile it was. "God knows I need her prayers!" he told himself, as he turned his back to the stars at last.

Gail's first thought when she waked—for she did sleep—was, "What shall I do?" But, Petruchio or the opposite, the man's technic was horribly perfect. You might call it "passive resistance." There were no pricks for her to kick against, if she should kick, as he had so rudely accused her of doing.

She began dimly to see already what he had meant when he had said that his idea of taming was not Petruchio's. Petruchio, though laughing always in his sleeve, as this Pietro laughed, had used brutal force to constrain Katherine. To be sure, he had pretended that it was for her benefit and pleasure, but force it had been. He had kept her from sleeping, he had made her go hungry, he had dragged her this way and that till she was cowed with fatigue and starvation.

Dantarini, on the contrary, fed his shrew. He bade her go to bed and sleep. He used force only when insulted by the lady left free, and then he did no more than hold her on his lap, almost making her sit still in the end because he told her to get up.

And now, this affair of moving to the palace, which she had said she would not do. She had had to ask him not to go out last night, after abusing him for staying. She realized today, from his words then, precisely what sort of story would go to her friends, if any, and her enemies in America if the prince walked off and left the princess alone in her hotel.

The way in which she had seen herself behave to Dantarini and the way in which he had spoken his opinion of her, showed the girl for the first time what she might be like in the eyes of others.

Who had sent her that book, since Dantarini hadn't? Someone had, since instinct told her that he was not a man who lied. Someone thought her a shrew and longed spitefully for her to be tamed. If one could thus long, doubtless many did. And how pleased they would be to say, "I told you so! Her prince has walked out on her. Like all the other men she tried to grab, even her looks and money couldn't keep him."

Oh, she would have to go with him to live in the *palazzo*, let him triumph over her as he might! And so, of course, she did go.

Dantarini was taking her there, despite the discomfort of workmen in the house, because such scenes as she made on her wedding day were a disgrace in a hotel. He had said that. And if she had run true to form she would have made worse scenes in the palace of the Dantarinis, so that the last of the line would have fled from them and been tamed by them as he had intended to tame her.

But the man's method was so strange that sheer curiosity, if nothing more, kept her quiet and watchful. Besides, there was a wish to prove that she was not the ill-bred person he had accused her of being; to show him that she might quite well have been trusted to behave as a princess should behave at Danieli's.

Nevertheless, she was in the palace, and the taming process—if that it was, according to some preconcerted plan—was the most amazing thing that had ever happened to Gail Grant.

A few servants whom she tried soon fled. But Dantarini did not reproach her, or refer to his mother. He found an old woman who had been his nurse when he was between the ages of two and six, a formidable person with the profile of Nero, a slight mustache, and a boundless knowledge of all that concerned cooking and housework. She did everything herself, and preferred to do it; but it was best for both that she be kept at a respectful, or disrespectful, distance from the young princess.

Gail, however, did not suffer from neglect. Inconspicuously, Dantarini served her needs himself. The new bathrooms were seen only in blue prints so far, but the prince placed a shiny tin bathtub in his wife's dressing room and carried up heavy pails of hot water. He cleaned her shoes and built her a fire of scented wood. He brought a breakfast tray to her door. He made himself more charming, at the well-cooked meals they ate together, discussing architectural plans, than he had ever done when engaged at one thousand lire a day to guide the American heiress. In a romance between book covers he would only have had to save his young wife from drowning in the Grand Canal at the risk of his own life—she could easily have fallen in from the front doorstep of the palace—and on top of that to take pneumonia with a temperature rising to 106, for Equinoctial Gail to become soft as a sweet summer breeze languid with love.

But these events did not occur. Only the emotional life of Princess Dantarini was hectic during those short winter days that she spent so near, yet so far from the prince in his palace. People called—such people as had not gone in search of warm weather to the Italian or French Riviera. They were charming people, all with very grand, high-sounding titles, and the most friendly, simple manners. The grander the title, in fact, the simpler the manner. Gail noticed this, though what she noticed she hid in her heart, if indeed a thing can be digested by the heart. Dantarini had said, "If you have a heart." But these people all took it pleasantly for granted that she had one, and that with it she adored this dear, dear Pietro, as, of course, he must adore one so sweet, so beautiful.

And often Gail was almost sweet, partly because she didn't know enough Italian to be disagreeable in it, even if bored, and partly because she was so dazed by everything. Uncomfortably she felt herself changing.

Lovely work was being done upon the pink and gray *palazzo*, and inside it. Gail couldn't help being interested. She had always responded to the beauty of Venice, so mysteriously that Mole had once said, in an expansive moment, to Dantarini, "I do believe this place is giving the girl a soul." And he had answered, "Or waking it." Now, a delightful duchess proposed a theory that "our pretty American princess is a reincarnation of that blond beauty who married the Monk Giustiniani for one year. She is so like the old portrait in the Accademia."

Gail well remembered that love story Pietro had told her, and how deeply she had been impressed. What if such things were true? The released monk and his wife had been granted one year of joy. She and Pietro had been married for months, yet they were not husband and wife at all, nor ever likely to be. No joy was theirs. It did seem a pity—a waste.

In the spring they were to go to America together, and Pietro was to be a shopkeeper, and still Gail felt that, if there were any fun in being a princess—which there wasn't really; not the kind of fun she had meant to get out of it—the gilt would be off the gingerbread in New York.

And then, at this time, something did happen. Very little, you would say; only a caller, a lady who came one day while Gail was out. Gail had been taking a walk, which she had learned to do in Venice, over bridges, along narrow pavements, into unexpected squares, and, coming home, she had arrived at a little green gate which opened into the garden court of the Palazzo Dantarini. She had hurried back, for the old princess was expected for luncheon, and pride made the daughter-in-law wish to see that all was perfection.

It was that court of which she had had a glimpse on her first visit to the palace, with Mole, when she thought of buying a piece of brocade to cut up for a cloak. She had seen it then from the big front salon, looking through to a smaller salon, and so through a very wide window which framed the court and its trees and white wellhead, like a picture.

Now she looked from the court into the small salon, which she and Pietro were using every day, as the workmen were in the front of the house.

The window was open, for the true breath of spring was in the air. Gail heard voices and paused a moment. Dantarini was there with a woman. They were sitting near each other on an exquisite old Italian settee which the bride's money loan to her husband had saved from being sold. It stood with its back to the window, and so close that Gail could hear what was being said.

But at first she was unconscious of hearing, for with amazement and a strange, uneasy pang she recognized the woman whose face was turned to hers in profile, speaking to Pietro, and his profile also was turned to the window, as he looked at his companion.

He was smiling; the lady was more serious, and seemed to be pleading. Gail, whose appreciation of beauty had grown keen of late for some reason, noticed how perfect the two profiles were—Dantarini's very masculine, yet romantic; the woman's almost lusciously feminine.

Gail had not seen this lady for three or four years. She was the one woman the girl had ever envied; the woman who, though Gail had never made her acquaintance and had seen her only from a distance,

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had fired her young ambition to spend a fortune on acquiring a title.

She had been an American heiress, like Gail—even a richer heiress. She had been a beautiful blonde like Gail, but more blond and more beautiful, Gail grudgingly considered, and she had a grand background of noble old Southern ancestors. All these advantages had made the girl a sensation in Europe the year before the war—long before Gail was old enough to know foreign titles from German measles. She had married a Russian Grand Duke, who had been killed before the Revolution, and the superb widow had taken her fortune to Paris, or Rome—Gail was not sure which—to turn a palace into a hospital for wounded soldiers. Her name had been Virginia Randolph before she married, at the age of eighteen. She was said to have had offers of marriage since from sons of kings, but she remained the Grand Duchess Sacha, and could be no more than twenty-eight years old, if that, at present.

And Gail, looking in through the window at the ideal of her early youth, thought her more beautiful than she had been on a triumphal tour through America when Miss Grant was a conceited debutante, climbing into New York society as best she could.

Her hair had the gold of wheat with the sun on it, curving out from under the smart *cloche* of almond green which matched her frock—all springlike and lovely as a song—outlined against the dark, carved paneling of that ancient room.

"Oh, Pietro, dear, we must do it—we must!" she was cooing. "It is 'yes,' isn't it? Once you said you would do anything for my sake. And this would be good for you, as well as for me. You see that, don't you?"

"My dear, you must let me think it over," Pietro answered.

He called her "my dear"!

At first Gail thought she would go in. Then she thought she would go away without letting them know she had heard. Then she didn't think at all, but went in. She had to pass through a vestibule, and from there entered the room.

Pietro rose, looking not at all confused; but then he never did look confused. A good poker face, his, if it was Italian, not American. Gail had often thought of that, dating from the moment when he had held her on his knees and she had slapped him. The Duchess Sacha didn't rise. She put up a quaint little jeweled lorgnette, which Gail would have wanted to bite, if it hadn't made the lovely face look slightly, just slightly, more mature.

"Duchess, this is my wife," said Dantarini. "Gail"—usually, *en tête-à-tête*, he called her "You"—"I'm sure you must have heard of the Grand Duchess Sacha, who was such an angel of mercy to us Italian soldiers in the war."

"Oh, it was Italians, not French, then!" remarked Gail, all princess from feet to head, especially chin. "Yes, I have heard of the duchess."

The beautiful lady was on her perfectly shod little feet now, beside the prince. She held out a hand to Gail, almost as if she were hostess, instead of the other way round. "I'm so charmed to meet you!" she exclaimed, in the accent that was still softly Virginian. "I had the happiness of nursing Pietro after he was seriously wounded. He said I saved his life! I hope, at least, I helped, for he was my star patient. You owe me gratitude for preserving him." She laughed delightfully and looked at Pietro. "So do join me in persuading him to carry out the most marvelous scheme with me. If what I hear about you is true, my dear princess, it will suit you down to the ground to have him do it."

"What have you heard about me?" Gail inquired.

All three sat down, Gail on the settee beside the duchess now, in Pietro's late place.

"Why, you'll forgive me, I hope, if I've listened to gossip!" apologized the duchess. "But I've just come from America. Perhaps I may tell you I came on purpose to persuade Pietro! I met in New York a Lady Drumkilbo—I think she presented you at court in England, princess. She had learned from an old friend of hers all about Pietro's—your—marriage, and that friend, who was your companion till you married, told her you adored Venice and wanted to stay here, in this lovely palace. No wonder! I don't blame you. It's unique. She said you didn't really approve of Pietro keeping on his business—this perfectly divine and most amusing business!—and that you disliked the idea of going with him to New York to start another branch. When I heard all this about my star patient—my colonel, who received one of his war decorations in my hospital!—I simply threw myself into an Italian ship and sailed for Genoa. From there I came here as fast as the *train de luxe* could bring me, to beg that Pietro will join me in business in New York. I have already started something in his line, but most of my things are brought me by Russian *émigrés*. People are getting tired of them. Pietro will win, and run New York! Women and girls will mob him! Between him and me we will—as they say over there—beat the world! You will let him go with me, won't you?"

"Why, I'd made up my mind to go with him," said Gail, looking at Pietro. He met her look, but his eyes were baffling.

"But you don't want to go, do you?" purred the duchess. "Anyway, not at first? You want to bask in your fairy palace."

Gail was silent. She had not wanted to go on the conditions Pietro proposed. But now, suddenly all was different and she was different too. The duchess had thrown a new light on the scheme. Pietro and this beautiful being, together in New York; Pietro a brilliant success. All the pretty women flocking to the shop to look at him, fancying him in love with the duchess—whether he was in love or not—and doing their best to make him fall in love with them. She didn't like the picture at all. But she was too proud to say so, after what had passed. She felt very young and *gauche*, almost common, beside this superbeauty whose greatest wish was to do what she, Gail, had scorned to do: Keep a shop in New York with Pietro.

"I think," she said dryly at last—she couldn't help speaking dryly, because her tongue and lips felt dry—"my husband had better do what I heard him say he would do: Think it over."

"Certainly I'll think it over," echoed Pietro, looking almost gay. "I've told the duchess you'll be delighted to ask her to luncheon."

"Oh, of course!" responded Gail. "You remember your mother is coming."

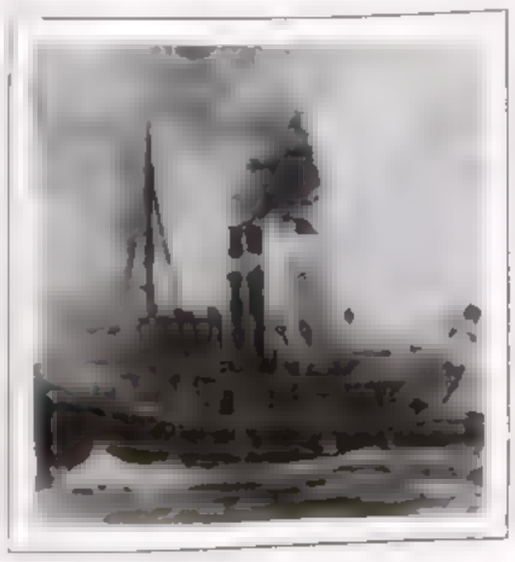
"I never forget," he said, "anything connected with mother."

"You have a wonderful heart, Pietro," the duchess praised him. "I hope your dear mother will love me as much as she used to do when you were convalescent."

"She admires you more than she does any other woman in the world," answered Dantarini. "And she is as grateful to you as I am."

"Oh, 'grateful'! What's gratitude?" laughed the lovely lady.

"I think your mother will come in a gondola, by the canal," said Gail. "Shall I go and look for her?"



"Do, and tell her who is here!" The duchess dismissed Pietro's wife with frank pleasure.

Gail went. And as it chanced, the old princess' shabby, hired gondola was arriving at that moment. The young woman and the elderly one greeted each other nicely.

It was Gail's turn now to be secretly wistful. She couldn't help craving this reserved little lady's approval.

"Let me take you upstairs first, to put away your hat," suggested the girl, for the old princess didn't "hold with" the modern habit of lunching in hats.

"So the Grand Duchess Sacha has come to see Pietro!" she commented on Gail's announcement. And she finished her speech with a sigh. A horrid pain shot through Gail's heart. She knew that the mother was thinking, "Oh, if she had come before he met you!"

Abruptly Gail challenged her. Something irresistible forced her to it.

"Were those two once in love with each other?" she demanded.

The elder princess blushed for the younger princess' bad taste, but she answered, "It is possible the duchess had a romantic *tendresse* for my son when she nursed him. As for Pietro, I know nothing. He never confided in me."

It was a good lunch, cooked and served by old Apollonia, whose eyes admired the gracious visitor as they had never admired Gail. And to Gail the food was as dust and ashes.

Dantarini had asked permission to think till tomorrow. The duchess was staying at Danieli's—in the royal suite. The prince took her home, his mother having left earlier. When he returned after rather a long absence, he fulfilled without delay one of his self-imposed duties, carrying up chopped olive wood for his wife's open fire. He tapped on her door with the toe of his boot, both hands being occupied. No answer!

He went in, expecting to find that she had gone out. But there she was, a dim figure in the twilight, prone on her narrow bed, crying. Her sobs had prevented her from hearing his tap.

Pietro put down the wood by the marble chimney piece. Then he walked slowly, with some hesitation, nearer the bed.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"I don't know!" gurgled Gail.

"Can I do anything?" he persisted.

"I don't—know!" she dully repeated.

His face brightened and flushed. Suddenly he looked years younger. "Do I know?" he asked sharply.

The girl started, quivered, and looked up at him, her face swelled with weeping, red, unbeautiful. But never had she seemed to Pietro so glorious, so desirable.

"Is it true, at last?" he whispered, and went down on his knees at the bedside.

"Oh, Pietro!" Gail choked. "Do you want to go with her?"

"I want nothing on earth but to go, or stay, with you," was the answer.

"You don't love her?"

"I should say not!"

"But you did?"

"Never. I admired—I was grateful to her. You, I adore."

Gail threw out her arms impulsively and clasped him round the neck as he bent toward her.

"You—adore?" she whispered. "Then, am I different?"

"You were always different underneath," he said. "I saw it. I risked everything on it. And I've won!"

For the first time he kissed her. And the tears that were salt on his lips were worth to him more than all the gold, the pearls, the diamonds of Equinoctial Gail.

"Thank heaven!" he murmured against her burning cheek. And by rights he should have added, "Thank the duchess." But even in moments of greatest emotion the Dantarinis are tactful.

(THE END)

8-88 Sport Sedan, $2095 | 130-inch wheelbase | 80 miles per hour

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Value depends alone upon *what* the car does, *how* it does and how *long* it endures . . . . upon how well it meets *your* requirements. We say, "Compare and *drive* the new Auburn Straight Eight, and if it does not give and do *all* things you demand of a car, better than any other, you will not be asked to buy." Proof that it *is* better is in the car *itself*.

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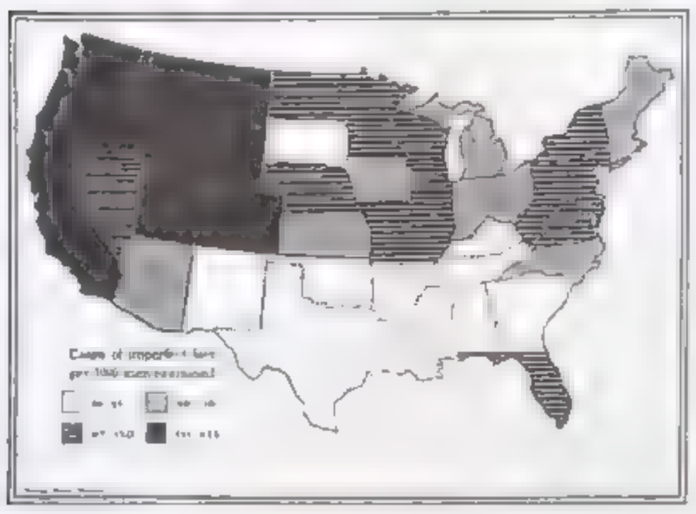
what it proved about the value of KEDS *for children* . . .



This is the map of official U. S. Army statistics showing the foot condition of 2,500,000 men examined during the late war. Note that the South, where children go barefoot or wear light, well-ventilated shoes like Keds, had the smallest percentage of flat-footed men

"IF children run free in the open air either barefoot, *or with light, loose, well-ventilated shoes*—they will have little trouble, not only with bunions, corns, flat-foot or lameness, but also with their backs, their gait or their carriage," says a famous specialist.

And during the Great War the Army Draft Boards proved again the truth of his opinion. For from the South where children are shod as he recommends came the fewest men with flat feet, and from the North and Far West, where shoes are frequently heavy and ill-fitting, came men nearly one-fourth of whom had serious foot defects.

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Keds soles wear and wear; uppers shaped to support feet and ankles; Feltex inner soles to keep feet cool.

Keds come in over thirty styles, high and low for men, women and children, at prices from $1.25 to $4.50. They are made only by the

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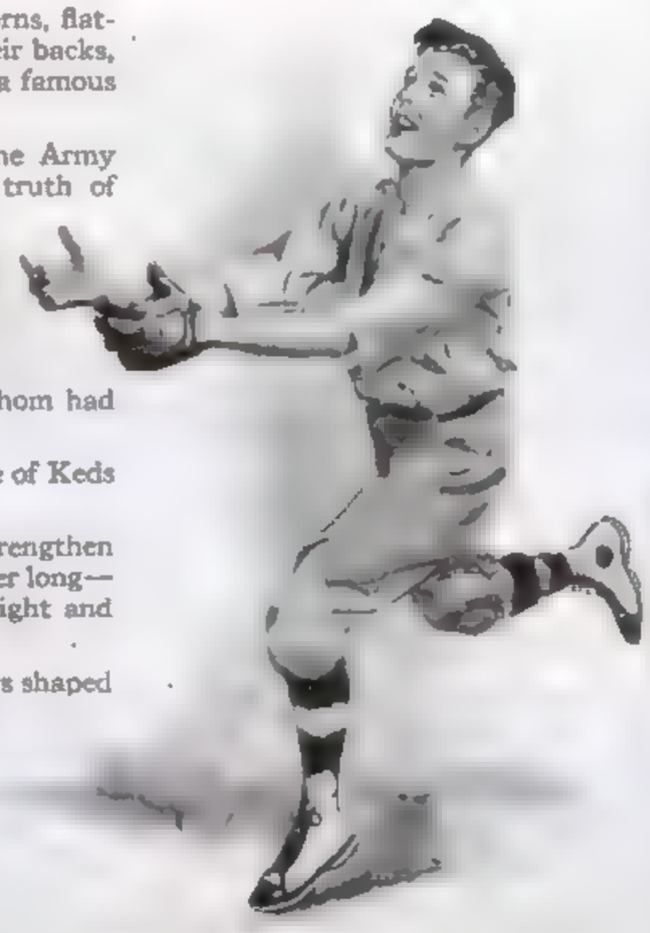
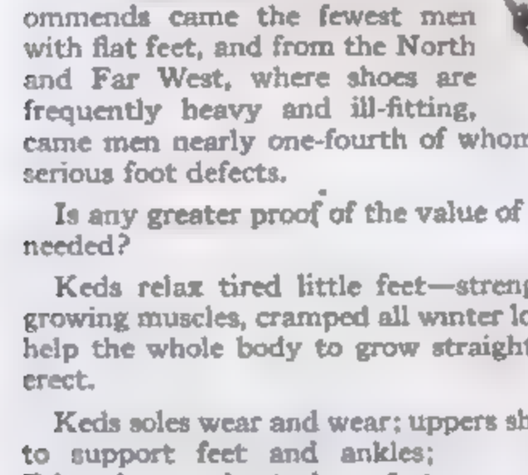


The "SPORTSTER"

A sturdy athletic trim Keds model—built for hard wear. Comes in lace-to-toe style—white with black trim or brown with gray trim—both models with gray soles



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They are not **Keds**

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unless the name *Keds is on the shoe*

HELL

(Continued from Page 7)

nobody pays any attention to 'all that kind of thing,' and it looks as though almost nobody does. Well, they'd better, maybe! There'd better be a few morals left, I guess! It looks to me sometimes as if everybody had begun to just run wild—all these naked girls in shows, and nobody talking about anything but murder trials—like the way Rollo did today at dinner—and Lida getting that hard look she's ——"

"What!" he cried. "What you talking about? Lida isn't getting any hard look."

"She is too! She's getting a real hard look around her eyes."

"You're crazy!" he said violently. "You're absolutely crazy!"

"Am I?" And with that Mrs. Bolling began to weep. "You'll see whether I'm crazy or not, some day, George Bolling! You'll find out. All I ask you is to influence Lida and Rollo to get the baby christened, and if you won't do it ——"

"I certainly won't," he said. "I don't care one way or the other about it. If they don't want to do it, I'm not going to nag 'em about it."

"All right then. Just you wait!"

"Wait for what?" the exasperated man inquired, and then again, "What is it I got to wait for?"

Mrs. Bolling did not know; she was thrown back, therefore, upon mere sound. "Just you wait and see!" she said with a lachrymose ferocity. "You won't do what I ask you to do, so just you wait and you'll see!"

The meaninglessness of this threat roused almost a fury within him, and at that moment he hated her. He would have been glad to tell her so, but he withheld his tongue.

He stood staring at her angrily for some moments, then he felt a renewal of the vertigo that had bothered him when he returned from the afternoon walk.

"Look here," he said. "There's no use our arguing. If you want to talk 'em into it, go ahead and do it. I don't care. I'm going to bed, myself; it's too hot to sit up and be wrangled at."

"I guess it's you doing most of the wrangling!" she said indignantly, and he heard her sniffle as he walked out of the room.

"Oh, for heaven's sakes hush up," he muttered from the narrow hall, but not loudly enough for her to hear.

His dizziness had increased, and he caromed from one side of his doorway to the other, but he closed the door and locked it noisily, which was sufficient retort to her, as it informed her that he would not reappear to listen to any more of her wrangling.

He fumbled for the light button; his hand suddenly was shaking, almost fluttering, and there was not strength enough in his fingers for even so slight a task. He felt that he must lie down immediately, and plunged toward his bed, getting off his coat and waistcoat as he went. "What's the matter 'th me?" he said querulously.

He postponed any further undressing until the fit of vertigo should have passed, and flopped down upon the coverlet as he was. His collar was unbearably tight and hot about his throat, but when he would have removed it, the movements of his shaking hands made his breath so short that he abandoned the attempt. He began to fear that something serious might be the matter with him, and wished that he had left his door open so that he could ask his wife to bring him soda or ammonia. He tried several times to call to her, though he knew that if she heard him he could not get to the door to open it for her.

He lay gasping for breath, while the darkness about him seemed to whirl like a fast-spinning black dynamo. The inside of his head whirled, too, and he became aware of a low whizzing and humming sound made by this frightful rotation; the humming sound grew louder and louder and rose in pitch until it seemed to be not a hum but the pealing of shrill bells—infinite multitudes of bells. The universe seemed filled with bells, all ringing; to the outermost borders of space there were bells; yet space had no borders, and where the borders should have been, the bells were as thickly clustered and as near the center of space as they were anywhere else.

They were above him and below him and to right and left of him, filling all dimensions without end—infinite cycles of bells, unthinkable and uncountable. And yet it seemed to him that he was compelled to the task of counting them and that they were all in his head. All space was in his head.

He passed through that; the bells and their high-pitched clangor receded from him; they became remote, and he felt easier; but it seemed to him that there was a pounding upon his door and later a crashing, as if somebody were trying to break it down. Then he thought that he had dreamed this, and presently found himself in another dream—a vivid one, of his mother and Charlie Scott—the cousin he had long ago liked so well in the old days at Waterbury.

In this dream it seemed to him that his mother and his cousin Charlie treated him with an anxious consideration that was very pleasant and soothing. They talked to him earnestly, too, but in the morning when he woke he could remember nothing of what they had said.

His indisposition had passed and at breakfast he made no mention of it, nor did either he or Mrs. Bolling refer to their argument of the previous evening. It was apparent, however, that she had been weeping, and he was annoyed by the impression that she was in a state of grief and would weep afresh when he left the apartment. Moreover, that same morning in his office he was again annoyed by a woman's depression. Miss Michiadis, his secretary, began suddenly to be watery of eye and pink of nose as he instructed her upon some matters of correspondence.

"What's the trouble with you?" he asked crossly.

Miss Michiadis applied a handkerchief to her eyes and nose. "I'm sorry," she said. "I've had a loss, Mr. Bolling."

"A relative?"

"No. A person I've been a great deal associated with for the last eleven years. I didn't have any special personal feeling for him, Mr. Bolling; but you can't be associated with anybody, day by day, for eleven years, and not feel pretty upset when he goes. I don't believe I can keep my mind on my work today. If you'd excuse me ——"

George told her to go home, and she departed, blinking and swallowing, while he sat wondering who it could be that she mourned. She had been in the office of the Bolling Pulp Products Company for eleven years, and the only day-by-day associates of hers of whom he had any knowledge were her fellow employes. As they were all in excellent health, he doubted that she had told him the exact truth about her loss; yet a sentimental grief was hard to connect with her; she was middle-aged and had never appeared to be anything more than a small, rather dry mechanism. Tokens of sorrow from her surprised him uncomfortably and remained puzzlingly in his mind all morning. Thus, at intervals, when he should have been thinking of other things, he found himself wondering, with a curious impatience: "Now, who in the world could she have been crying about? How could she have been associated day by day with anybody outside of this office—for eleven years?"

He was bothered again when, after lunch, he smoked his first cigar for the day, as was his habit, at his customary downtown restaurant. The food had not pleased him.

(Continued on Page 74)

The "Spirit of ST. LOUIS"

In commemoration of one of the most gallant adventures in history, in appreciation of the spirit and faith of the great city which made it possible, two famous Pennsylvania trains, "The St. Louisan" and "The New Yorker," have been renamed the "Spirit of St. Louis."

A HIGHWAY which becomes a main artery in a city's life—a public library around which the lives of thousands grow richer—a public square which becomes the playground of the masses—

Something that is constantly in the minds of the people because it plays an important part in their lives—what more effective monument can there be to commemorate a great deed or a heroic man?

Every day for almost twenty years the two famous Pennsylvania trains "The St. Louisan" and "The New Yorker" have speeded over the broad steel highway that links together the business and social life of the "49th State" and the great South-West with the Atlantic seaboard.

These trains eastbound and westbound will henceforth seek more effectively than ever to express the "Spirit of St. Louis."

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The "Spirit of St. Louis"

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Lv. New York	1:45 P.M.
Lv. Philadelphia	3:36 P.M.
Lv. Washington	2:15 P.M.
Lv. Baltimore	3:18 P.M.
Ar. Indianapolis	7:57 A.M.
Ar. St. Louis	1:35 P.M.

EASTBOUND

Lv. St. Louis	12:02 P.M.
Lv. Indianapolis	5:40 P.M.
Ar. Baltimore	11:47 A.M.
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Made by the Makers of WEED Chains and WEED Bumpers

(Continued from Page 72)

though it was what he regularly ate, but the cigar was worse. It didn't "taste right"; in fact, it had no taste at all, and after taking its fellow from his pocket and testing it in turn, he decided to try another brand. So he bought a cigar of a kind he liked but smoked seldom because of its costliness. He lighted it, frowned and, after a futile persistence, threw it away. "It's not the tobacco," he thought. "It's me. That attack I had last night must have upset my digestion, I guess. Something a little wrong with me, maybe."

However, on his way home that afternoon he stopped at a tobacconist's and bought three cigars of different types, but found no satisfaction in any of them when he experimented with them, successively, during the evening. They were like the cocktail he had mixed as usual before dinner, flavorless and disappointing. "Looks almost as if I'd lost my sense of taste," he thought. "Maybe I better lay off cigars and cocktails a while." And the next day, when Mrs. Bolling, still melancholy, and Lida and the baby departed to Shingle Cove, he decided not to smoke or drink during the two months of their absence. A week later he wondered if his resolution were wise. "Either not smoking or—or something—is making me light in the head," he thought. "Maybe I better see a doctor about those damn bells."

For the delusion he had suffered during the attack of vertigo returned at intervals and began to cause him real anxiety about himself. As he sat in his office, or at home in the evening, or went about his business in the downtown streets, or in the Subway shuttled to and from his work, he would now and then become conscious of the infinitely multiplied bells. Their shrill clangor, not precisely like the sound of any actual bells that he had ever heard, was vague and remote; yet, unless he shook off the oppression quickly, the ringing seemed to threaten to grow unbearably louder—he had a horror of its growing louder. Moreover, as the summer waned he heard it more and more often, and he had the uneasy feeling that the sound was continually all about him, was everywhere in the universe and filled all space, whether he heard it or not.

He thought often of seeing a doctor, but embarrassment and timidity withheld him; he could not face the thought of attempting a description of such a besetting. "Might tell me I'm going crazy," he thought. "Probably it'll wear off." But it had not worn off by the end of August, when he spent his annual week at Shingle Cove with his wife and daughter and grandchild, nor did it wear off with the return to Eighty-first Street and the old familiar clicking back and forth in his groove. Then, upon a strange day in October, the bells did what they had threatened to do and he became demoralized.

The Bolling Pulp Products Company maintained an agent on the road—a middle-aged, reliable man named Saulsbury. One morning, at the office, George received from Saulsbury a wholly uncharacteristic telegram—one that disquieted him:

ARRIVE PENN STATION NOON MEET ME THERE ALONE BIG NEWS TODAY

This seemed to be mad hatters and March hares, but not at all Saulsbury. Trade was placidly as usual; there couldn't be any big news; no urgency was conceivable, nor any reason why Saulsbury need wish to see him more privately than was possible in the office, and from the Pennsylvania Station to the office was fifteen minutes by the Subway.

"What in thunder's got into the man?" George muttered, and incredulously he read the unprecedented message over and over, but decided to do as Saulsbury asked him.

The bells had been troubling him more than usual that morning; they had been "pretty bad"—as he thought of them—in the Subway, so he drove to the station in a taxicab. The cab passed into the great covered entrance drive on the Thirty-third Street side; he got out among the red-capped porters there, walked into the enormous building and was naturally startled to find himself not in the station of the Pennsylvania Railroad, but in the Grand Central Station instead. He had told the chauffeur to take him to the Pennsylvania; the cab had followed the proper route, and not half a minute earlier had driven into the Thirty-third Street entrance of the Pennsylvania. But he was undeniably in the Grand Central.

"My Godfrey!" he murmured. "What is this? A dream?"

But there was perceptible no unreality such as he attached to dreams; the Grand Central Station retained its customary vast solidity, as did the passengers, the porters, the news stands and the clocks. He could only conclude that his mind had been so absent that he had not noticed where he was going, and that if he were deluded by a dream, it had been a dream he had on the way, though his impression of having just driven into the Thirty-third Street entrance of the Pennsylvania Station was uncomfortably vivid.

At all events, he had missed Saulsbury, for it was precisely noon and he could not get through the traffic now before the agent would have given him up.

"All nonsense anyhow," George thought. "He can talk to me at the offices just as well—unless he is crazy!" Then he added ruefully, "Or unless I am!"

He was greatly disturbed by the thought that it was possible for him to be so absent-minded as he evidently had been; he felt shaken and queer. He would walk a little in the air, among the crowds of palpable jostling people, and perhaps lunch uptown. Therefore he went out to Forty-second Street, crossed over to Fifth Avenue and turned northward, feeling a reassurance in the sunshine, the brisk October air and in the customary throng of pedestrians about him upon the broad pavement. Then, when he had gone three blocks or more, he met an old acquaintance—Fred Wentz—a man he had not seen for many years.

Fred Wentz and he had been chance bachelor comrades in a Lexington Avenue boarding house, long before Bolling's marriage; and they had gone upon lively Saturday night excursions together, some of them not to be recalled with pleasure by a dignified business man of George's age. He retained an impression of Fred Wentz as an adroit, inveterate girl chaser, an expert in front-stoop flirtations and in Sunday-stroll pick-ups—one of those specialists who keep memorandum books of women's addresses. Wentz was always adding to his list, and he marked some of them with little crosses, but after others he bleakly penciled the words "No good."

George recognized him immediately when he saw him approaching today on Fifth Avenue, for the change in Wentz's appearance was not what might have been expected; he looked little older than when the two men had last seen each other so many years before. His hair was still brown, his face still unlined; but he had become fat and pallid, and there was an elusive and contradictory haggardness about him. This was most evident in his eyes, which were preoccupied, as by some driving anxiety, and yet were eagerly and slyly jubilant—the look of a drug addict obtaining supplies or of a gourmand about to eat a savory dish he knows to be mortally dangerous.

He was walking southward, apparently in a great hurry; but he recognized George Bolling as instantly as George had known him, and they stopped and shook hands.

"George Bolling! I certainly am glad to see you! What you doing?"

"Nothing. Just strolling for a few minutes. It's certainly a long time since I've seen you, Wentz—not since our Lexington Avenue days in the 90's. My! I haven't even thought of those old times since I don't know how long! What you ——"

"Listen, George," Wentz interrupted, taking him cordially by the arm, "I got something to show you; we're old friends

(Continued on Page 76

DANDRUFF IS INEXCUSABLE—

And now it is avoidable

PUT it up to yourself: Could you honestly be attracted for any length of time to a person who had a case of loose dandruff?

This all too common condition is humiliating to the victim and disgusting to everyone. The pity of it is that often many suffer needlessly.

Now loose dandruff is one of the easiest diseases to combat. If you have the slightest evidence of it, go after it immediately with Listerine, the safe antiseptic.

Here's how you do it: Simply douse Listerine on the scalp full strength and massage thoroughly. Listerine softens dandruff, while massaging loosens it, and permits the telltale white flakes to be washed away.

Keep the treatment up for several days. Do it systematically. Except in the most stubborn cases, marked improvement is apparent almost at once.

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So goes the good news about Listerine Tooth Paste—the dentifrice that gets teeth whiter in quicker time than ever before. The price—25c for the large tube

LISTERINE

—and dandruff simply do not get along together

Chorus: We want Home-made Candy!

Eager appetites clamor for this famous home-made candy that has satisfied the urgent palates of millions:

FUDGE CENTER: 1½ cups pure cane sugar; ½ teaspoon creamery butter, 1 cup rich, full cream milk, 1 cup corn syrup, white of one egg.

CARAMEL LAYER: 4 teaspoons creamery butter, 1¼ cups corn syrup, 3 cups rich, full cream milk; ½ teaspoon salt.

PEANUT LAYER: 3 cups prime No. 1 Spanish whole nuts, roasted in oil (hulls removed).

CHOCOLATE COATING: Melt one pound pure milk chocolate.

That is the line-up on which Oh Henry! was originally home-made—and is made today (multiplied thousands of times, of course).

Oh Henry! is like home-folks—no frills or tinsel. So, when you feel that urge for real home-made candy, go to any candy counter and say, Oh Henry!

Oh Henry!

CANDY MADE THE HOME-MADE WAY

(Continued from Page 74)

and I'll let you in on it. You come with me."

George was a little surprised. "Where? What you mean?"

"You'll see!" Wentz said, and he chuckled. He seemed to be a little excited, and for a moment George felt a misgiving, but suffered himself to be turned about. Wentz retained his arm, and they walked southward together. "It's great, George! You're a good friend of mine and I want you to see it."

"Well, but ——" George protested feebly. "I don't know if I've got time to ——"

"You said you weren't doing anything. It's right near here and it's something you'd hate to miss."

"What is it?"

"You'll see."

"Well ——" George said, and he thought there could be no harm in indulging this whim of an old acquaintance. It would take only a few minutes, and what Wentz wanted to show him was no doubt an uninteresting curiosity in a shop window—something in an aquarium probably.

They turned into a cross street as crowded as the avenue, and Wentz drew him toward a great glass doorway. "It's in here," he said.

George moved with him toward the doorway, but as he did so he was aware of a curious gesture made by one of the passing pedestrians. This was an elderly man who wore upon the dark cloth of his left coat sleeve a broad white band with a red cross upon it; George caught just a glimpse of the elderly man's eyes fixed upon him in a serious regard, and was surprisingly reminded of the eyes of his cousin, old Charlie Scott of Waterbury. But, what was astonishing, this strange Red Cross man who looked like good old dead Charlie Scott shook his head as if in vigorous warning, then went quickly on his way with the crowd.

"Well, that's pretty funny!" George said.

"What is?" Wentz asked, but he did not wait for an answer. "Come on," he urged. "This way. Hurry!"

"Look here!" George protested, and inside the doors of the great shop he became more reluctant. "Look here, Wentz, this is no place for us! Certainly it's no place for me! My wife told me she came here to look at some woman's finery or other once; but she said everything was so expensive she'd never dare put her nose in the door again! There's nothing but women's goods here. What on earth you ——"

Wentz gave him a jocose and confident wink. "You come on. It's right up here."

With that, still keeping his hand upon his friend's arm, he drew him, not toward the busy elevators, but to a narrow stairway against the wall; they ascended this and found themselves upon the second floor, where George's embarrassment increased. The spacious place was not crowded, but it seemed to him that he and Wentz were conspicuous intruders in a sanctum devoted to women—women customers examining fabrics with women clerks, women buying stockings and more intimate apparel, women seated in easy chairs while women models slowly moved and turned before them in studied postures. Then in the distance, through an arched doorway, he glimpsed, reflected in a mirror, the figure of a model who was apparently engaged in displaying herself merely in underwear.

"Listen!" George said. "There isn't a man in sight. I don't believe we ought to be here at all. What do you think you're doing?"

But Wentz only giggled and pressed him forward. "Come on! You'll see!"

They went toward a partition of paneled wood and opaque glass, and passing within through a door left ajar, breathed a warm and heavy air smelling of fabrics and of sachet powders. Smaller rooms were here, with doors opening and closing as women moved in and out, and some of the doors were carelessly open.

"What on earth ——" George said.

"Models' dressing rooms," Wentz chuckled. "The customers try on things here too. Look!"

George had but one startled impression of girls and women dressing and undressing, a vague and terrified glimpse of one or two almost unclad figures; then he turned back.

"Get out of here, quick!" he said, thoroughly alarmed. "We'll be arrested."

"Don't be a fool," Wentz giggled. "Come on ——"

"I won't," George whispered fiercely. "Let me go! You're crazy!"

He jerked his arm free of the fat, clasping fingers upon his arm, and already imagining scandalous headlines in the tabloids, got himself out through the partition doorway as hurriedly as he could without actually running. He was frightened and assumed the expression of a man who has accidentally stumbled into the wrong place. Every instant he expected to hear outcries of indignant discovery, and he did not breathe freely even as he made his way through the great outer room.

Was Wentz insane? Women were different about such matters nowadays, of course, but it couldn't be that they would permit men, total strangers to them, to stand around in their dressing rooms. Of course, if they did and Wentz knew what he was about —— George had a momentary furtive desire to return, but he thought the risk too great; and besides, even if there were no arrests, being a spectator under those circumstances was too embarrassingly shameless, not to say humiliating. How much time did Fred Wentz spend in that dressing room, supposing they actually tolerated his presence there? Fred had been this sort of fellow in his youth; evidently he had become only more so with the passage of years; and George was glad to get away from him. There was something pretty unpleasant about him, something confusing and dismaying.

Out of doors, in the air again, Bolling wiped his forehead, feeling a momentary relief, but the pavements seemed to be unduly crowded—crowded oppressively, though there was to be no public spectacle or parade, and the people were evidently not waiting to see such a thing. They were all walking rather hurriedly and not standing about or sauntering. George went eastward to Madison Avenue and found no lessening of the throngs there. Never in his life had he seen so many people on Madison Avenue. "My Godfrey," he murmured, "I didn't know there were as many people as this in the whole world—let alone just in New York!"

He returned to Forty-second Street, moving slowly through the crowd, and took the Subway back to his office. There he found not a soul in the six rooms, and he was annoyed by this vacancy. "All out to lunch at the same time," he muttered. "Need a little discipline around here, I guess!" He had forgotten his own lunch and did not again think of it; more important matters were before him.

For there was a telegram upon his desk, and opening the envelope, he unfolded the yellow paper so that he saw the name of the sender before he saw the message. The name was that of the agent whom he had intended to meet at the Pennsylvania Station—Saulsbury.

"Darn fool!" he said at sight of this name. Then he read the message.

KEEP AWAY FROM FRED WENTZ.
T. H. SAULSBURY.

George sat down heavily in the chair before his desk. "What's the matter 'th me?" he said huskily, aloud. "Something's gone pretty wrong here."

Incredulously he read the telegram again, and was sickened. The words of the message were the same, but the name of the sender was not.

KEEP AWAY FROM FRED WENTZ.
CHARLIE SCOTT.

George Bolling began to tremble, for he knew that he was awake and not in a dream, even though subject to the transmutations of a dream; nor could he believe himself insane, in spite of the terrible confusion of thought that now beset him. Another thing beset him too: The bells, at first muffled and far-away, were beginning to sound again in his ears; then suddenly he became acutely conscious of them. They were not like the bells of Matthias, the innkeeper, in the old play he had seen in his boyhood—merely the sleigh-bell fictions of remorse; these bells of his made no such light jingling. They rang close to his head and within it and they rang beyond the outermost suns in space, yet he could hear all of them, the farthest as well as the nearest, at the same time.

He got to his feet, shaking. "My Godfrey!" he said. "I'm going home and go to bed and get me a doctor."

Again he took a taxicab, but this time he arrived at his intended destination. He got out, paid the driver, and walked into the apartment house. Over the entrance the number was chiseled in stone and there could be no mistake; but across the short vestibule and just inside the doorway was an incredible partition which had not been there when he had gone out that morning. It was of smooth white marble; it sealed the entrance, preventing ingress absolutely. There was no doorway in it, no bell; there was nothing but the solid marble.

"My Godfrey!" Bolling gasped.

He went back to his office and did not know how he got there, except that he made most of his way on foot through tremendous crowds of people. They filled the long streets as well as the side pavements, walking among the taxicabs and limousines and touring cars and trucks without regard to traffic laws, and George Bolling walked with them, shaking, muttering to himself, and feebly protesting.

"This has got to quit!" he said, over and over. "How much more of it do they think a man can stand? I tell you, it's got to quit!"

The outer door of the Bolling Pulp Products Company's offices stood wide open, and he found the place still empty, though now it was late in the afternoon. He walked through the six rooms; then sat down at his desk and called his apartment by telephone. He got the number without difficulty, but the voice that replied to him—a woman's—was unfamiliar to his ear.

"Who is this?" he asked. "Is it Myra?" Myra was the name of the housemaid and she usually replied to telephone calls.

"No; this isn't Myra. What do you want?"

"I want to speak to my wife—to Mrs. Bolling."

"She can't talk to you."

"Why can't she? Isn't she there?"

"She can't talk to you."

"What's the matter with you?" George said fiercely, but his voice cracked into falsetto, in spite of his rage. "This is Mr. Bolling, I tell you. What's the matter she can't speak to me when I ask her to?"

"She can't speak to you."

"I'm asking you why she can't!" he shouted.

"She can't talk to you."

George put the receiver back upon the hook and then called Doctor Milligan, who had been frequently to the Eighty-first Street apartment when Mrs. Bolling suffered an attack of bronchitis during the preceding winter. The voice of an office girl answered briskly at once:

"Dr. T. H. Milligan's office. Who is it, please?"

"Listen! This is George Bolling. I'm down at my office and it looks like something's gone pretty wrong with me. Could you tell Doctor Milligan ——"

"What shall I tell the doctor is the matter, Mr. Bolling?"

"I don't seem to be feeling very well."

"What?"

"I'm not well."

"What!" The tone was of incredulous amusement. "You say you aren't what?"

(Continued on Page 79)

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(Continued from Page 76)

"I'm not well!" George shouted. "You tell the doctor I say I'm not well!"

Then, to his horror, the voice at the other end of the wire responded with a burst of outrageous laughter.

"Why, what ——" George gasped.

The laughter became uproariously louder; the very fabric of the black receiver buzzed and hummed with it, as if charged with a powerful electric current.

"Damn fool!" George cried, and he threw the instrument down upon the desk. It lay upon its side, the laughter still issuing from the receiver, but more faintly. Then the sound changed in quality and became the sound of the bells.

They began almost quietly, but there was something more ominous about them this time than there had ever been before—as if they were not to be shaken off and understood that they weren't. For now they seemed to be not only bells but the voices of things—the voices of elements—of water and air and fire, of rocks and trees and clouds and of all things in heaven and earth.

Suddenly they grew louder and insufferably shriller; the clamor encompassed him, but still increased and went on increasing illimitably. The bells became shadowily visible to him, surrounding him closely, pressing upon him, yet he could see the enormous mass of them filling the whole ether. They changed their symmetrical shapes and became the faces of screaming and yelling people, space was filled with streams and torrents of these clamorous faces—millions, billions and trillions of faces, all with mouths open and shrieking. Their shrieking was in words; they were saying things, expressing themselves; and George Bolling, in anguish, seemed to perceive that the sound of the voices was not sound at all. What had seemed to be sound was thought, and all of the clamors that beat upon him were the thoughts of all the people alive upon the earth and of all the people who had ever lived upon earth from the beginning, and of all the infinite multitudes and multitudes of people who lived now or had ever lived upon the planets of other suns and in the farthermost spirals beyond the Milky Way.

Then he heard only the bells again, vastly and hideously clangorous, in his head. Explosions mingled with their ringings—wrenchings, cracklings and breakings seemed to take place inside of his eyes and ears.

He slumped in his chair, his face became distorted and he began to weep. "I tell you!" he whimpered. "This is pretty hard! How much do they think a person can stand?"

Then as he sat, blubbering and sobbing like a schoolboy, with the tears bubbling between his clenched eyelids and sliding down over the contortions of his agonized cheeks, the bells once more receded and grew faint; there were footsteps in the outer rooms and the elderly stranger who had shaken his head at George earlier that afternoon walked into the office and sat down.

George opened his eyes and stared at him. The man still looked like old Charlie Scott of Waterbury; but he no longer wore the Red Cross band upon his arm; the insignia appeared, instead, as a small embroidered cross upon the lapel of his dark coat.

"You pretty nervous?" he asked.

George wiped his face with a handkerchief, and tried to appear a little more manly and self-contained; but he was not wholly successful; tears still slid from his eyes and he breathed laboriously.

"Listen," he said, in a broken voice. "I know this much: Something's happened to me—something pretty serious. You know what it is?"

The visitor nodded, and George hurriedly began to speak again. He didn't wish to be told what had happened to him—not in so many words and not just yet.

"Listen," he said. "I'm not crazy, am I?"

"No."

"And I'm not asleep and dreaming, am I?"

"No."

George gulped heavily. "Well, then, I guess there's hardly anything else it could be. Listen. I saw you shaking your head at me when I was with Fred Wentz. I hadn't heard of Fred Wentz in a good many years and I expect that means the same thing that's happened to me must have happened to him. Is that right?"

"Yes," the visitor said, "but he's still bad company. That's why I shook my head."

"Was it?" George shook his own head feebly. "I don't care anything for his company. What I'd like to know, how long have I been this way? Do you know when it happened to me, this thing that has happened?"

"Yes. You had an attack of dizziness and lay down on your bed with the door locked. You heard bells, I think. I was there, but I couldn't do much for you: I couldn't get through to you and had to wait."

"That night?" George said. "Why, that was months ago—way at the end of last June."

"No," the visitor returned thoughtfully, and he seemed a little puzzled for a moment; then his face cleared. "You'll have to get used to thinking of time in a new way. It isn't what you think it is—rotations and orbits. But measured in that way what happened to you was night before last. Then was when the change came."

"'The change,'" George repeated pathetically, and his tears ran faster. "Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I—I—I never really thought I'd ——" He checked himself and spoke more composedly. "Listen. How much more have I got to stand? I can't stand everything, no matter what they think I can! What have I got to go through?"

"Well, a good deal," the other admitted sympathetically. "Those bells, for instance, you'll have to learn what they are—they aren't bells. But you know how it was when you were a baby and when you were a child—you had your mother and nurses and schools and doctors to help you get used to life. Everything's always pretty much like that. Look down from the window."

George obeyed and saw the street below covered with the hurrying throngs of people. But a face looked upward, and it seemed, for a moment, to be his mother's gazing anxiously up. Then she was gone.

"That's all you can know of her now," the visitor said.

George, still weeping, turned to him. "Listen. Are you my cousin, Charlie Scott?"

"Yes."

George hesitated, then he went on: "Well, I guess there isn't any getting around what's happened to me; but you take the way I feel; I feel just as alive as you are yourself, Charlie."

At that, to his astonishment, Charlie Scott began to laugh—he laughed as heartily as he was wont to laugh in their long-past days of companionship at Waterbury.

"How else did you expect to feel?" he said. "Did you expect to feel dead?" And his merriment increased.

Then, listening to the familiar sound, George took a little courage. Whatever had to be borne could be borne, it seemed, for even here were friendliness and laughter. Old Charlie's twinkling eyes, compassionate yet amused, were altogether kind.

Transatlantic Flyer: "God Help th' Poor Sailors on a Night Like This!"

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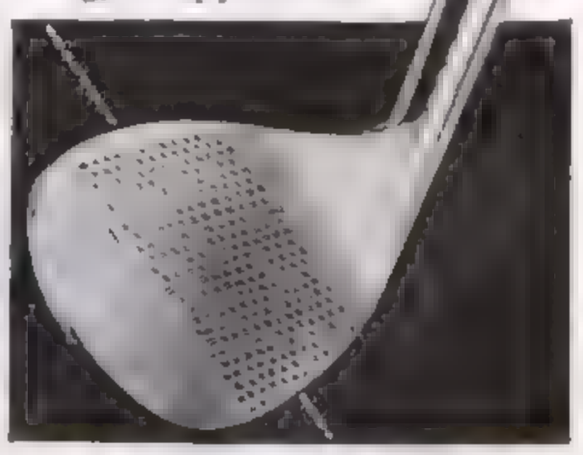

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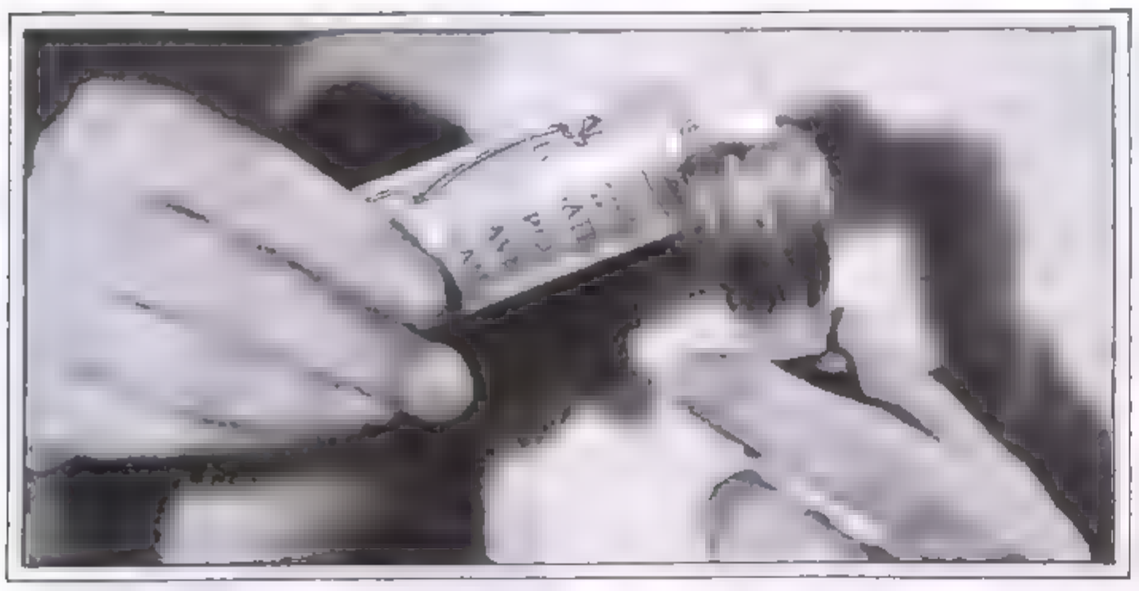

"Small-bubble" lather soaks whiskers soft

Seeps 'way down where hairs sprout from skin . . . softens them at base . . . razor zips through

"SMALL bubbles" explains the difference between Colgate lather and other lathers. Colgate's tiny bubbles teem with water. Their small size lets them filter down to the beard-base, as shown by lather pictures below.

How "small-bubble" lather works

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SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

ENOUGH IS ENOUGH

(Continued from Page 23)

"It don't take much strength to lay there like that. Though my Cousin Julia, that was sick so long, had more appetite than anybody else in the family."

"It seems to come and go on her."

"Coma—that's what it is—coma," said Mrs. Whittles. "My sister Matilda's husband had it. Lay there like that till he died."

"How long does it take?" Mrs. Black asked in a sepulchral tone.

"Well, he was a week, just about. But Aurelia's been like this going on two, already. You never can tell."

"No; it might be a month. She always seemed wiry. Don't seem as if we ought to let her lay there a month."

"My goodness! You don't mean ——"

"I mean there's the hospital."

There was the faintest of groans from Aurelia; she opened her eyes, rolled them upward. The women looked at one another.

"My goodness, do you s'pose she heard us?"

Mrs. Black bent over the bed. "You want anything, Reelia?" she called.

Aurelia's look met Mrs. Black's; she said nothing, but there was unmistakable consciousness in her eyes. Then they closed again; and after a moment of what seemed like embarrassment, the others tiptoed out to the kitchen.

"You were talking about the hospital," Mrs. Whittles said. "Do you think she could stand the journey? It's twelve miles."

"We might ask the doctor."

They did; but the doctor shook his head. "I wouldn't advise her being moved," he said; and Mrs. Black, repeating that, enlarged upon it: "He said 'twould be dangerous to move her. That means it can't be long."

"Poor thing," said Mrs. Simmons. "And I don't suppose she's got a penny saved up for her funeral."

When Mrs. Higgins told Mrs. Ware, she said, "The doctor says it can't be long now. And she hasn't a penny saved up for her funeral."

Mrs. Ware told Mrs. Whittles, and that lady's face grew longer. "Don't seem as if I could stand thinking of poor Aurelia's not having a good funeral, after all the sewing she's done for me."

Even the men were interested; someone met old Deacon Finch on the street and told him. He shook his head. "She was mighty kind to my wife in her last illness," said he. "Always been a good and faithful member o' the parish too. I'll speak to the minister about it."

They were talking about it, of course, at the Ladies' Missionary Society when the minister came in. The Reverend Mr. Tolley was a tall, thin man with a harassed expression; he was a widower with several children, and comparatively new to the parish. But he had been there long enough to have become aware of Aurelia's usefulness.

"Ladies," he said, "I am extremely sorry to hear of the illness of our dear Miss Twiss. Deacon Finch agrees with me that we could scarcely do less than take up a little collection for her. I hear that she regained consciousness for a moment. It may be that she—ah ——"

The minister paused; Mrs. Black spoke up: "They often do that—just before the end."

He nodded. "I believe that is true, Mrs. Black. And it might be that she would—ah ——"

"—— worry? Yes," said Mrs. Whittles. "She hasn't a cent saved up for her funeral, and the Twisses have always been proud, though poor."

"Quite so," Mr. Tolley said hopefully, and looked around the room.

"It would relieve anybody's mind," said Mrs. Ware, "to know they wouldn't have to be buried by the town."

Mrs. Black informed them, "A hundred would do it."

"That would be only the cheapest kind," Mrs. Whittles said. "Seems like Aurelia deserves something better than that."

"The way she's helped us all out," Mrs. Harmon added.

A few weeks later the doctor sat beside Aurelia's chair. The funeral money had been deposited in the savings bank, two hundred good dollars, and the bank book given to Aurelia herself. When the delegation of women brought it, she had turned her eyes upon them silently.

"This is to show how much the town thinks of you, Reelia," Mrs. Black said in that very cheerful voice that is proper to sick rooms. "We knew just how you must be feeling about your funeral, and now you don't have to worry about a thing. It's a-plenty to pay for a headstone too."

Aurelia's lips quivered a little. "Poor thing! She's so pleased," said Mrs. Whittles; and, louder, "Now you can make your mind easy, Reelia."

Mrs. Black put the bank book under Aurelia's pillow. "So don't you worry any more," she yelled. "You hear what we say, Reelia?"

"Um-m," said something in Aurelia's throat; and Mrs. Ware exclaimed, "There! She feels better already! That's the first sound she's been able to make since she was taken."

The village was warmed with the consciousness of its generosity; nearly everyone had contributed to the fund. Even those who had known Aurelia least thought she ought to have a good funeral, and now felt an intimate kindliness toward her. When Mrs. Black reported that she had found her looking better, with another pillow under her head, they said, "Poor thing! It's a load off her mind!"

When, a few days after that, she really spoke, the news went abroad. When at last she was sitting up, people told one another, "Well, it just shows what relief from worry will do."

The doctor heard that diagnosis; he rubbed his chin and went to see Aurelia. She was sitting in the rocking-chair in the kitchen, her hands in her lap; there was a faint color in her cheeks. He watched her a moment, then chuckled. "Well, you had a good rest, Aurelia," said he.

"Not so good, with them bothering me so."

"They came near getting you buried, didn't they?" he asked, his shoulders shaking.

"H'm! That's all I been all my life—buried. I got about enough of it."

His face became grave. "I don't know that I blame you. I'm going to tell them you've got to have a long convalescence. You take your time about it, Aurelia."

"That's just what I'm going to do," she said firmly. "That's what I want—some time of my own, for once in my life."

It was easy enough to say that to the doctor; it had to be expressed differently to other people. They were very kind—solicitous, even.

"Well, now, it surely is good to see you getting around again," said Mrs. Ware, coming in on her one day. Aurelia had seen her turn the corner and was seated in the rocking-chair when she opened the door. "You feeling a good deal better, ain't you?"

"Some," Aurelia admitted.

"Well, now, that's just fine, fine! I brought you some squash pie. Where'll I set it? You want to build up your strength now. That's what I said to Mis' Whittles. She said, 'I wonder when Reelia'll be up to doing a little sewing again?' And I said, 'Well, she's got to build up her strength first.'"

A while later Mrs. Black asked her, "You been out yet, Reelia? Don't you

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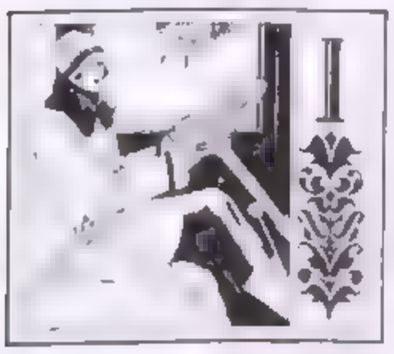

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(Continued from Page 80)

think you ought to get a little fresh air, so's you can get back on your feet again?"

"I'm afraid to attempt too much."

"That's so. But you mustn't be afraid of anything any more, Reelia. I know how you must of worried, laying there and thinking about what might happen; but you got your funeral money now. And there'll be plenty of work ready and waiting for you soon as you're able to do it."

"There always has been," said Aurelia; and Mrs. Black wondered a little at the reply, and told Mrs. Harmon she thought Aurelia's sickness had not altogether worn off.

The minister called too. He had not known Aurelia very well; he had not passed a dozen sentences with her before her illness.

But he, too, now shared the prevalent feeling toward her, that feeling oddly mixed of compunction, and the mellow warmth of well-doing toward the unfortunate, and the consciousness that the sooner she could be up and doing the better it would be for the community.

"She needs rousing," Mrs. Black told him.

He was not unaccustomed to visiting the sick. Perhaps he had expected to find her pale and wan; perhaps he had expected to find her in the mood when a prayer would be welcome. It was quite unprecedented to find a person who had been so strangely ill that the whole village had been concerned about her, sitting in a rocking-chair by a sunny window, straight and stiff, with red spots on her cheeks that increased as the moments of his visit lengthened; a person who answered him with bends of the head or, at most, monosyllables. He recognized that it was not the moment to suggest offering a prayer; as soon as he felt that his visit had reached the nearest limit of propriety, he arose.

"Now, my dear Miss Twiss, you must get well just as soon as you can," he warned her benignly. "Remember that you are needed. There can be no greater blessing than to be needed. We could not get on without you."

Aurelia stared straight before her; he was almost at the door before she spoke. "Are they getting up another church supper then?" she snapped out. "Can't they get anybody else to wash the dishes?"

Mr. Tolley turned. His mouth opened and shut, opened again. "Why—why, my dear Miss Twiss! Why—why ——"

Aurelia's hands were on the arms of her chair; she was leaning toward him, her cheeks more flushed than ever. "Oh, yes, why, why, why!" she mocked. "I should think a man would have something better to do than come in here talking to me same as if he was a woman! You're a man, even if you are a minister!"

For a moment he returned her look; then he laid his hat on a chair and came back into the room and sat down again. "That's quite true," he said. "I am a man, even if I am a minister." Still they stared at each other; their look held until at last he said in a tone he had not used before, a tone from which the professional suavity had vanished, "Well?"

Suddenly Aurelia put her hands over her face and began to cry. When the crying had got a little past the pocket-handkerchief stage, she said, "I suppose I oughtn't to have said that to a minister. But I just couldn't stand hearing any more talk like that. Nor any more of that tone of voice, like as if I was the cat—come-kitty-kitty-kitty tone of voice."

Mr. Tolley said nothing. Aurelia mopped her eyes.

"If you'd had to lie there and hear them talking about you, and then when they thought you heard, changing to that kitty-kitty-kitty! And then on top o' that try to rush you into your grave!"

"Oh, I don't think you ought to say that, Miss Twiss!"

"I'll say what I've a mind to, for once!" She was sitting back, her crumpled handkerchief held tight in her hand; suddenly she leaned forward. "Yes, I will! Listen! I'm going to tell you something, if I never say another word! I wasn't sick. I wasn't in any—any coma. I was just as well as anybody, every minute. Better than most of 'em, because I had come to my senses. I'd made up my mind to stop pretending any more."

Not even Mr. Tolley's expression of alarm and amazement stopped her torrent of words.

"Ever since I can remember, I had to work. 'You aren't going to grow up lazy and shiftless, like your pa—not if I can help it,' my mother dinged into me. I never was let to play like other children. 'Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do.' She made me write that out one hundred times, once. And I wasn't doing anything wrong—only just sitting on the doorstep watching the clouds. Nobody ever worked fast enough for ma. 'Time and tide wait for no man'—that's what she used to keep harking, and I never cared what the tide did, nor men either. I don't care now and I didn't care then, but I had to act as if I did.

"There never was a time when I didn't have to sew. 'A stitch in time saves nine'—and I'd rather take nine when I had to than one when I didn't; but I always had to take the one, just the same, like it or not. As soon as I was big enough, I had to go out to work, Saturdays and after school, helping folks. Ma paid off the mortgage with what I earned. And after she died I just kept right on. First one person wanted me to help 'em out, and then another. Never was any let-up to it. Why, I've made pants for every little boy in this town, I guess, and I've made nightshirts for half the men. I've sewed for other people's babies and I've cooked for other people's parties and I've helped other people get married—and buried too.

"I've worked and worked and worked—for other folks' children in other folks' houses. Well—enough is enough, as my mother used to say. All of a sudden when I was sewing on Freddie Whittles' pants and got to thinking how there were two Whittles boys younger than Freddie that I'd have to make pants for, and then when they grew up and had more boys —— And I got to thinking how I'd have to go on and help Mrs. Harmon beat her same old carpets and Mrs. Ware wash her same old paint.

"Well, I just made up my mind I wasn't going to do it! I wasn't going to help any of 'em any more! I wasn't going to pretend I wanted to work, and I wasn't going to pretend I was grateful for the things they give me—things they couldn't make use of themselves! No, what I wanted was a rest, a real good rest, and I come straight home to get it! And then—then they wouldn't let me be. They even tried to bury me!"

Mr. Tolley was staring at her, his mouth open a little, an unusual expression on his face.

"Well, there! I've told it! Now you can go and tell everybody you've a mind to!" Aurelia sat back in her chair; Mr. Tolley's lips opened, closed, opened again. "Why don't you say something?" she snapped. "Haven't you ever felt that way yourself?"

"Yes," Mr. Tolley said thoughtfully. "Yes, I have—just that way."

A few weeks later Mrs. Black said to her, "Reelia, I think it's high time you shook yourself up a little. I spoke to the doctor about it, and he said it wouldn't do any good to hurry you. Mr. Tolley says he's been to see you several times, but you don't seem any brisker than you did the first time he came. But men don't know about things the way women do. What you need is to get around again and do a little work. There's nothing like work to get a body on their feet."

"Who wants me now?" Aurelia asked.

"Why, everybody wants you, I guess. But I think you ought to come to me first. Land, my sewing's that piled up!" Mrs. Black exclaimed.

"Well, don't count on me yet a while," said Aurelia, placidly rocking. "I'm real sorry about your sewing."

Other women came too. "There's something queer about Aurelia," Mrs. Ware told Mrs. Harmon. "Her sickness seems to have affected her some way."

Spring passed, and early summer. Sometimes people saw Aurelia at work in her garden; Mr. Tolley had brought her some flower seeds.

"I need to be out in the air," she said to those who inquired. "I haven't had any time to putter around outdoors since I don't know when."

"There's nothing to do but let her alone," said Mrs. Whittles. "I declare, I don't know what to make of Aurelia."

So they let her alone; and on a bright morning toward the end of June she looked out from behind her front curtains. She had taken her place there early, to be sure of not missing anything. It was the day of the annual Sunday-school picnic.

"No, not one of 'em's asked me," she said to Mr. Tolley the afternoon before. "But I wouldn't go anyway. I never was asked on one since I left the Sunday school, and that was as soon as I was big enough to go out and help folks get their Sunday dinners. No, I wouldn't go anyway."

Mr. Tolley had gently sighed. "It will be cooler at home," said he.

But never before had Aurelia so much as seen the Sunday school gathered for its picnic; so now she waited behind the curtains. The trolley passed her end of the street. It did not run through the village, and people who wanted to board it had to walk to her corner. Today the children who were going without the elders of their families were the first to gather. The boys had boxes under their arms; the older girls had baskets. Finally the teachers came along, and those adult members of the flock who could take time to go on the picnic.

"There's Mis' Higgins in a new dress," Aurelia said to herself. "Looks like she borrowed Mis' Whittles' pattern. My land, if Mis' Ware hasn't made over her brown again! Well, I got out of that! That Hale girl's got on another new silk. I wonder when Mis' Black got that hat. It's real pretty. She had one year before last too. Sam Harmon, he's going with the Hale girl. Her beau. Don't seem like any time since I was making his blouses. . . . That's Mr. Tolley's eldest, holding the little boy by the hand. He's just about Freddie Whittles' size. . . . A hole in her stocking above the heel. . . ."

The cars came, two of them—fine open cars. Mr. Tolley herded his flock into the long seats. Some of the boys wanted to ride on the step. They minded Mr. Tolley though. Some of the children were standing up, waving and calling; the cars started, the children sat down abruptly. Aurelia sat down too.

The Hale girl and her beau. . . . She could remember helping Mrs. Hale get married, and now there would be another wedding. Mrs. Ware's brown, and Mrs. Higgins' new dress. She had thought last year that Mrs. Ware was getting about ready to give her that brown dress, and she just hated brown. Mrs. Black's new hat. . . . She had had a new flower once. A new flower, a rose—pink. She had pinned it on the hat Mrs. Harmon had given her; then she had taken it off again and put it away in her bureau; folks might think it was too gay. Most things had seemed too gay for her. . . .

Suddenly she stood up. She felt just the way she had when she folded Freddie Whittles' pants and come home; just the way she had when she had burst forth to Mr. Tolley; just the way she felt when they brought her that funeral money. . . . Her lips were pressed together; the little red spots appeared on her cheeks. . . .

She looked at the clock. The next trolley to town would be along in twenty-six minutes. She put out the cat, shook down the stove and left a lid open a crack. She dressed herself hastily in her best, found

(Continued on Page 87)

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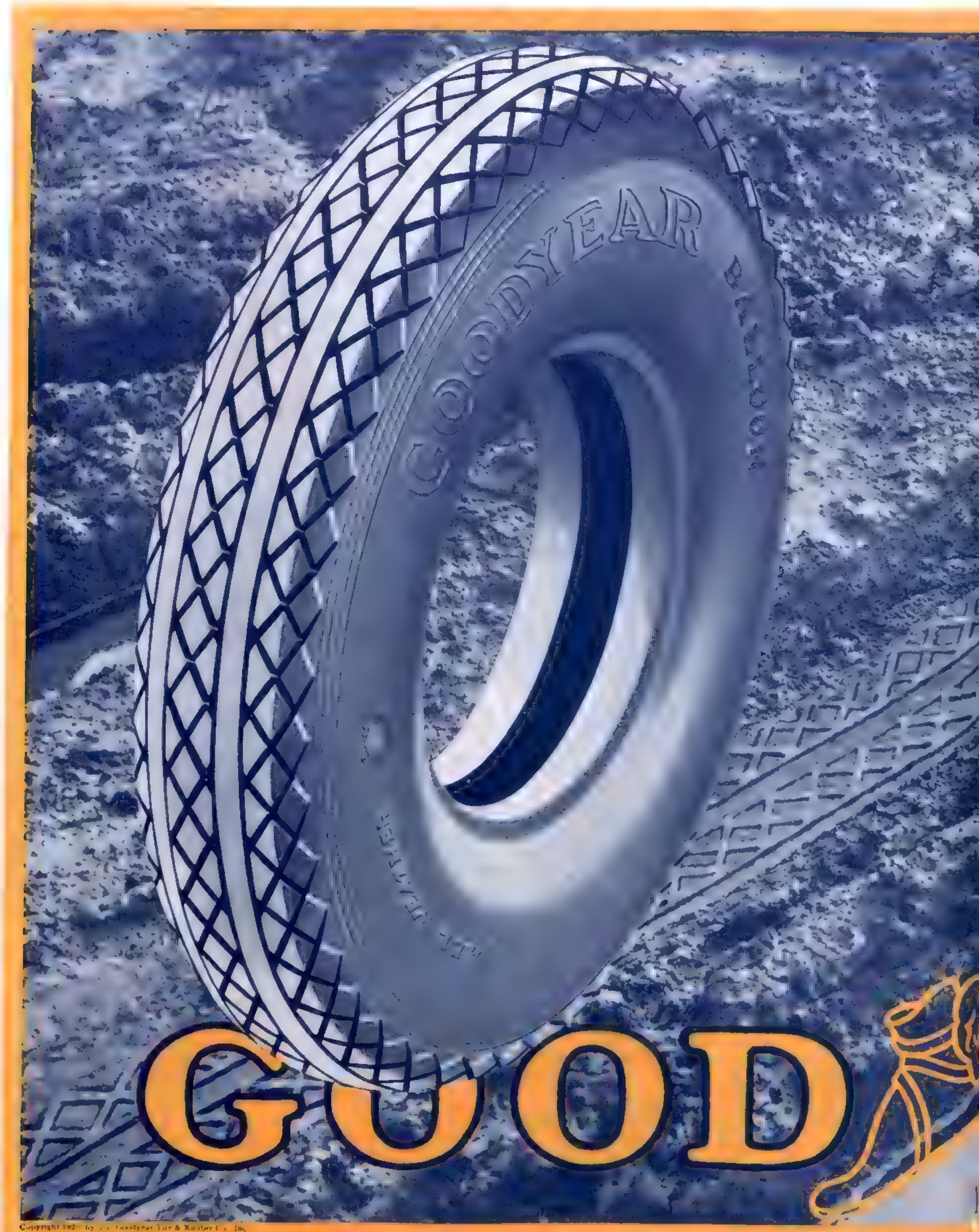

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(Continued from Page 82)

the bank book that Mrs. Black had put under her pillow on that well-remembered day. She locked the door and hung the key on its nail; she was in plenty of time for the trolley.

"Why, Reelia!" Mrs. Black exclaimed a fortnight later. "Why, Reelia Twiss! Where on earth have you been to? The whole town's upset!"

"I felt I needed a change," Aurelia said calmly. "Won't you sit down, Mis' Black?"

The lady was a little breathless. "Of course I'll sit down. I come just as quick as I could, when I heard you were back. Mr. Black heard it at the store this morning. Somebody said they saw a light here last night."

"Why, yes," Aurelia said, "I most always do have a light—at night."

Mrs. Black stared. "Well, I declare! Aurelia, you don't seem like yourself. What on earth made you go off without letting anybody know? Where you been, anyway?"

"Oh, I always wanted to travel," Aurelia said vaguely; and that was as much information as Mrs. Black got. She left, feeling offended.

Said Mrs. Whittles, a day or two later, "Now, Reelia, folks in this town have been mighty good friends to you. I just want to say you aren't acting right."

"I don't know's I've done anything to be ashamed of."

"Now don't put your back up at me, Aurelia! I've come here friendly. Folks are talking."

"They always have," said Aurelia—"all except me. All I've ever done was to work."

"That's just it! Now you seem to have quit work, and half the women in town waiting for you and all. What do you expect to live on? Come now, Aurelia! You're not sick any more. Be sensible!"

"I am sensible!"

Mrs. Whittles took off her glasses, leaned a little toward Aurelia. "Land sakes!" she exclaimed. "What you done to your hair?"

"I curl it now," said Aurelia.

"Curl your hair! And Mis' Ware said you had on a new dress the day she was here. All figured with roses, it was. She saw you have it on with her own eyes."

"Well, I was wearing it. Wouldn't have taken much eyesight to see it."

Mrs. Whittles sat back and folded her hands over the little hill that was her lap. "There's something mighty queer about this," said she.

She would have said more, but the minister came in just then, and it seemed as well to leave him to deal with Aurelia. But other women came; still others met Aurelia on the street. Rumors passed, rumors flew.

"She's got a blue silk with white dots on it," Mrs. Black said.

"And silk stockings," supplied Mrs. Ware. "She's shortened her dresses to show 'em."

But the climax came at the meeting of the Ladies' Missionary Society; the minister was not present, so people could speak their minds.

"I never knew she had any friends outside of Wenfield," someone said. "I don't see how she could have gone visiting."

"She couldn't have done anything else," said another; and still another submitted: "Maybe she's been away sewing, or something. Maybe she answered an advertisement."

That seemed reasonable, but it furnished matter for thought. They were silent a moment; then Mrs. Black had to pass around the garments she had cut out.

It was ten minutes later before Mrs. Harmon said, "That hat she had on was brand-new."

The Hale girl giggled. "After I heard from Mrs. Whittles that she had taken to fixing her hair a new way, I went and called on her and asked her to show me how she did it. She said"—she looked around the room to get the full effect of her words—"she said if I'd go to a first-class hairdresser same as she did, he'd be able to help me decide on the style that suited me better than she could."

"Style of hairdressing! My land!" exclaimed Mrs. Ware, who had worn hers the same way ever since she put it up.

"He! Did you say 'he,' Nettie Hale?"

The Hale girl nodded. "I asked her that too. She said all the best hairdressers were he's. She's had her hands manicured too. Her nails were all shiny, and they had some pinky stuff on them."

The sewing was over for that afternoon; the ladies could scarcely touch the refreshments.

"We've got to get to the bottom of this," Mrs. Black said. "As president of the missionary society, I can't let a thing like this go on. Where has she been? And—I'm not accusing anybody of anything—but where did Aurelia get the money to go away with, let alone going to a man hairdresser and having her finger nails fixed, and all those new clothes?"

There was silence, a strangely charged silence; then Mrs. Ware cried, "My land! You don't suppose—the funeral money! Not after we all —— My land!"

"We've got to find out," said Mrs. Harmon; and said Mrs. Black, "As president of this society I'll appoint a committee to go and see Aurelia."

They found Aurelia arrayed in another dress which they all instantly recognized as new; her hair was becomingly curled, her cheeks had a soft pinkness that was not habitual, and as they entered she laid aside a book which Mrs. Whittles afterward declared was poetry.

Aurelia laughed a little when she saw them at the door.

"Why, come in, come right in, do!" she cried. "I declare, you ladies look as if you were coming to a funeral!"

The members of the committee seated themselves and looked expectantly from one to another. They had not agreed on a spokesman; finally Mrs. Black said: "Aurelia, there isn't a lady in the missionary society but what has kindly feelings toward you. You've worked for each and every one of us, and we all thought we knew you real well. But there's things been going on ——"

She paused; it was Mrs. Whittles who took up the speech: "It's been reported to the society, Reelia, that you—well, that you been to a man hairdresser, and had your nails fixed up, and got a lot o' new dresses and all."

"Why, anybody could see that if they looked," said Aurelia, apparently surprised at them. "All but the man hairdresser. I wouldn't expect you to see him. He wanted to bob it, but I told him I'd keep what's my own."

They stared at her. When Mrs. Harmon spoke her solemnity would have befitted a judge. "Aurelia Twiss, it's not for me to say what I think of such goings on. I hope I keep such words from my lips. But there's one thing we've come to ask you, and we've got a right to know. Did you spend your funeral money for these—well, for what you been doing?"

Aurelia smiled at them brightly. "Why, yes, of course I did! It was mighty kind of you to give it to me—to ease my mind."

"We gave it to you for your funeral ——"

"To make my mind easy, you said. Yes. And as I didn't seem to need a funeral—and it wouldn't have made my mind easy to have one—why ——"

"Au-relia!" gasped Mrs. Whittles. "It didn't—why, it certainly couldn't make anybody's mind easy to go to a man hairdresser and shine up her ——"

"—— and have some new clothes, for once," Aurelia supplied. "Yes, it did. My mind never felt so easy in my life as since I went to Boston and spent that two hundred dollars. All the time I was there I kept wishing you ladies could be along with me. It would do you all good, it certainly would, if you ——"

They arose and departed.

"She's crazy," said Mrs. Whittles. "Poor Aurelia is crazy. I never knew there was any insanity in the family either."

"One of us ought to tell the doctor," said Mrs. Black. "I will, if you all agree."

They agreed. But when the doctor heard what Mrs. Black had to say, he threw back his head and roared.

"It don't seem a laughing matter to me," Mrs. Black stiffly reproved him. "I tell you she's lost her senses. Something will have to be done about it. First thing you know, she'll be dangerous."

"Why, she's no more crazy than you are or than I am!"

"Well, I'm not, anyway!" declared Mrs. Black.

"I suppose we've got to take the doctor's word for it," said Mrs. Whittles when the committee met again. "It was the kindest thing he could say. If she isn't ——"

"If she isn't," Mrs. Harmon took up with, "then she just went and took the money we collected for her funeral and spent it on—on ——"

"—— men hairdressers and finger nails. Men hairdressers are French, too, and everybody knows ——"

They looked at each other. "I was speaking to Deacon Finch about it," said Mrs. Black. "I felt I ought to. Of course I didn't tell him—well, everything. But he says if a body spends money that was given to 'em for one thing on something else, it's like breaking a trust."

"Seems as if she ought to be read out of the church," said Mrs. Ware. Her voice sounded hollow. "Behaving like that, at her age, and all."

They looked from one to another; no one had been read out of the church since Mr. Elias Smedly had defaulted with the funds of the school board, and he had never returned to bear the brunt of his disgrace.

"I move that the same committee of the Ladies' Missionary Society calls on the Reverend Mr. Tolley and tells him so," said Mrs. Whittles, and Mrs. Black rapped on the table and put the question to vote.

As it happened, the minister was out of town; he had put in a substitute for Sunday. But the feelings of the community were not cooled by the delay. The committee met at Mrs. Black's house on Thursday of the week following and marched in a body to the parsonage. In the interval no one had seen Aurelia; no one wanted to; but it was Aurelia herself who opened the door of the parsonage as the first foot trod the piazza. Her cheeks were pink and her hair was curled; she had on another new dress, a blue dress—a pale-blue dress, with its skirt well above her ankles. On one of her hands there was spread a child's long stocking; her other held a darning needle and thimble.

"Well, now this is real nice of you," she exclaimed. "I just sort of thought you ladies would be coming today. Come in—come right in."

In moments of panic any crowd will follow a leader. They went into Mr. Tolley's parlor and found themselves seated, gazing sheep-like at Aurelia, while she chatted amiably on. Not, as Mrs. Ware said afterward, that anybody would have known it was Aurelia—Aurelia Twiss that never used to say a word.

"You'll excuse me if I go right on mending my little girl's stocking," they heard her saying. "I'll be done in a minute. You wouldn't believe how children go through things, with nobody to look after them. I'll have my hands full. Not that I mind—not at all. But I won't let things get this way again. 'A stitch in time,' my poor mother used to say. Things will be different in this family now. When Mr. Tolley and I were on our bridal trip last week, I said to him ——"

"On your bridal trip!" Mrs. Black exploded. "Aurelia Twiss! On your ——"

Aurelia rolled up the stocking, neatly turning the toe. "Why, yes. We were married the very afternoon you ladies paid me that nice little visit. And that reminds me!" She went to the mantelpiece, took an envelope from under a vase. "It was

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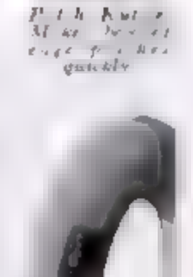
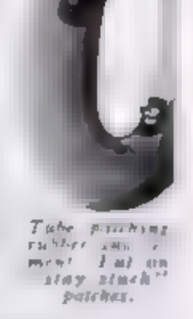
For repairing punctured inner tubes this kit includes a generous strip of self-vulcanizing rubber patch, a tube of the famous "7711" Rubber Cement, a buffer and finally the new DUTCH BRAND Patch Kutter the knife that makes feather-edge patches. Nothing tricky nor cumbersome about this Kutter handles as easy as a pencil.

The "2-in-1" Tire Repair Kit is the most complete kit of its kind on the market and it can be purchased in the No. 10 size for 50c and in the No. 20 size for 75c. Progressive motor accessory dealers everywhere carry the "2-in-1" Repair Kit as well as other DUTCH BRAND Motor Aids which keep down the upkeep.

Fills cuts in tires—permanently



Patch Kutter Makes feather-edge patches quickly



Tube patches rubber smooth and flat on "stay stuck" patches.

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"Two punctures and a blowout in less than a thousand miles, and all on that left front, too! Funny that one tire seems to get all the trouble."

"No, because your other three tires are Kelly-Springfields."

mighty kind of of the parish to contribute to a fund for my funeral that time. Of course I didn't need it. I had plenty saved up, even if I did only get twenty-five cents an hour. But having the nice little extra in the savings bank made me see my way clear to going to Boston and all. I always had wanted to travel. So here—if Mrs. Black will be kind enough to take charge of it. No telling what member of the parish may need it some day."

Mrs. Black took the envelope; the ladies, somewhat uncertainly, rose.

"I don't know as I ought to tell you before he does," said Aurelia coyly, ' but I guess what a wife does is the same as if the husband does it. Mr. Tolley's accepted a call to Warick. He'll hand in his resignation next ——"

But the ladies were already out on the porch. Mrs. Whittles was the last to pass through the door; she paused to look at Aurelia, who nodded and smiled.

"I do hope you'll get on with Freddie's sewing and all," Mrs. Tolley said brightly. "And I wish you'd lend me that pants pattern you got him last spring. I need it right now. Queer how things do fall out, isn't it? My poor mother used to say, 'Dream of a funeral ——'"

THE VARNEYS GO BACK

(Continued from Page 9)

at the enthusiasm it aroused in Magnus Varney, and to hear the sinner himself promising all the powers of his personal wrath to help purge their vineyard in the Lord.

And still Lavinia headed for the barn by the Four Throws and the scandal grew. Dove-in-Wychwood knew Lavinia too well to have any doubts about her. She would not pass her other snug night camps unless the wicked old man on her back forced her. The flesh, they saw, had conquered Magnus in his old age. The girl at the Four Throws was the lodestone that drew him. Only Honeycrock, the stable hand, had moments of doubt. He wondered whether the remains of corn feed he found under the barn had anything to do with Lavinia's whim. But Honeycrock said nothing. Wasn't his place to interfere. Not even after Magnus Varney's sin was made light did he speak. It was, indeed, too late then.

The discovery came the day the foxhounds met at the Four Throws. . . . It has been said that the beer seller was a fox for cunning.

All the local notabilities were there that chill dawn, even the parson, on a cob better groomed than his pulpit. The sleepy, sour-faced beer seller served them with mulled ale, snarling at the slowness of his wife in handing it through the door and railing against his daughter for lying a-bed when she should be serving the quality. At last, as the woman dropped a tray of liquor in the dust, he exploded.

"Fetch her from her bed," he roared. "Take a stick to her."

The grinning hunt sat waiting for the thwack of the stick. They laughed as they heard a scream, and then did not laugh. It wasn't the girl yelling, it was the hag, and she was crying, "William! William! Come you!"

They heard the girl shrilling hysterically, and then a male bellow. They did not have to ask whose it was, nor have to wait long for proof. Through the door burst Magnus Varney, his crop ready for play. And he roared at the top of his voice, "Who played this wanton's trick! Who put me ——"

He stopped, glared round, recognizing who was there and what it meant.

Magnus Varney only just awakened from the solid slumber of the drunk, his wits, perhaps, too fuddled to grasp that it must have taken more than the wit of Lavinia to deposit him so neatly in such a sleeping place on such a morning, was yet Magnus Varney. As the parson spurred forward, righteous horror on his face, the lava of denunciation pouring from his lips, the old squire stood grim and foursquare within the ring of horsemen thinking it out. His mind was as Pentecostal as ever. He saw little save that strong drink had undone him. So be it. His code told him what to do. His voice rasped across the parson's anathema.

"Bring the wench," he rapped.

All waited gaping while the girl came, pallid, draggled, weeping. But to all there, to Magnus seeing her for the first time, the fire of her hard, dark looks was unmistakable. Perhaps it enheartened the old man. He swung on the parson.

"Marry us," he snapped.

The parson gasped. Such a marriage seemed worse than sin to him.

Cogwell came forward, crying, "Have a sense, Magnus. Thou'rt squire. You cannot wed yon little traipsing baggage."

"You speak of the mistress of Varneys Worthy, Cogwell," snarled Magnus. To the parson: "Marry us."

"Now?" gasped the parson.

"Now," said Magnus Varney. "No unrighteousness shall flourish in Dove-in-Wychwood."

So Magnus Varney and the beer seller's daughter were married. There was but one hitch. It came when the name of the bride was needed and Magnus did not know it. The beer seller supplied it promptly—too promptly. For a man crushed by shame, his recovery had been rapid. No doubt Magnus Varney noted this. The man was deported to Botany Bay three months later and Magnus Varney was not unconnected with the removal.

All Dove-in-Wychwood stood back and waited for the tragedy that was bound to result from such a mismating. All were disappointed. The marriage was entirely happy. The wife who entered Varneys Worthy in rags quickly became its queen—a cruel and extravagant queen. Old Magnus was at once the slave of her youth, her violent dark beauty and even her wildness. Her slightest will became his law, even her crudity seemed a novelty and charm. Through her he became lax in church going and put gayety before the austerities of his creed, it is true, but through her he gave up his drinking and took more pride in his position also.

It served her vanity, of course. It made her mistress of a livelier house, it took her away to London and Bath, to routs and gaming houses, it brought her the wardrobe of a duchess and jewels beyond compare, but he had his pleasure in it too. He was as doting as only old husbands can be. What if the creature was hard and coarse and remained the contempt of every person of breeding she met; she had youth, she had beauty, she had fire—she was warmth in his old age.

She led him by the nose; he was a willing servant to her scheming, and she schemed to get Varneys Worthy. She saw that in but a few years she would be a widow and at the mercy of Cyrus Varney, who hated her, and it was not in her to endure the thought of that abasement, so she made war between Magnus Varney and his children. The house was bitter with quarrels through her, for she had a gutter capacity in meanness and venom. And all these quarrels led to one end. When she was brought to bed of a male child her end had been attained.

She had broken the one bond that tied Cyrus Varney to Varneys Worthy. Not even in his worst rage would Magnus send Cyrus packing—a Varney must reign at Varneys Worthy—and now she provided a Varney to reign. The end soon came. Cyrus' gypsy tricks to supply himself, through sheep sales, with that pocket money his father withheld gave her her weapon. She exposed the son, and there was the quarrel of all quarrels. Magnus

(Continued on Page 90)

The Farmer Is Getting More And Spending More

A chart in the May Federal Reserve Bulletin shows that agricultural and industrial commodities are in almost exact price balance today.

The farm market is on the up-grade. A tremendous volume of business is now being done nationally by those manufacturers who are aggressively reaching out for farm trade—and there is even more in sight.

His Increasing Income

Wheat Higher — Cash wheat has had a rise of 19 cents a bushel on the Chicago market in eight weeks' time.

July wheat—the first of this year's crop to reach the market from the Southwest—shows an increase of 21 cents a bushel in eight weeks.

Northwest's wheat—known as September options—shows a gain of 20 cents in the last eight weeks.

Corn Higher — Cash corn has been beyond the hoped for dollar a bushel. It shows the amazing increase of 26 cents in eight weeks.

September corn is 20 cents a bushel above the 1926 level—an increase in value of over 25%.

Oats Higher — Cash oats and rye, and all future options, have advanced nearly 25% in value over 1926 prices.

Cotton Higher — Cash cotton, middling upland, is 17 cents, a gain of 6 cents from last fall's low price.

Other Products — Dairy and poultry products are selling at high prices. Livestock prices generally are at profitable levels. Fruit prices are advancing.

His Increasing Purchases

Tools — Agricultural implement sales this year are the biggest on record.

Tractors — Tractor manufacturers are swamped with orders, so great is the demand.

Radio — Radio sets have increased from 553,000 in 1925 to 1,252,000 this spring.

Store Sales — In a recent Country Gentleman survey in 79 communities in 17 of the most important agricultural states 68% of nearly 1500 retail merchants reported 1927 sales better than, or as good as, 1926. 25% said their sales to farm families were better than city trade.

79% said that 1927 would be better than 1926.

In those sections where 1927 spring sales were smaller, many dealers felt that heavy rains and poor roads were to blame and that the loss would be more than made up later in the year.

The farm industry is not ephemeral. It employs almost one-third of our population. It deals in vast sums of money. It represents a sound and stable market very much worth cultivating *every* year.

The Country Gentleman, with a growing circulation that has already passed 1,490,000, reaches farm families that are keenly interested in quality products —have money to spend—and are spending it now.

The Country Gentleman

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

All market quotations as of June 10, 1927.

They Live in the Country, but they Shop in Town

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The thrill most anyone in your family will get by using Kester, is only exceeded by the satisfaction of having put back into service, useful articles, at a trivial cost.

Buy it from your hardware dealer, general store, auto supply shop or druggist—and surprise yourself by actually soldering!

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Kester Radio Solder (rosin core) approved by Radio Engineers, packed same as Kester Metal Mender. Also 1-5-10 and 20 pound spools for larger users.

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Name

Address

City

Dealer

(Continued from Page 88)

Varney made a new will and Cyrus Varney was thrown out of Varneys Worthy. And Mary went with him. Mary flaming up fiercely at this crime, found that the beer seller's daughter had planned against her too. The story of the love-making by the Hammer pond was told to Magnus, with all the ugly implications the kennel mind of the new wife could put into it, and that was the end of Varneys Worthy for Mary Varney. Magnus, who had not even condoned lightness in himself, turned the girl out-of-doors.

At a single gesture Varneys Worthy passed completely into the hands of the intruder and Cyrus was disinherited.

"Aye, I'm robbed," said Cyrus hardly to his father. "We're driven from this dishonored house. But mark this, old man: We'll come back. I or mine will one day return in power to this house that you and this woman of Babylon will destroy. Remember it! Varneys will return to look their scorn on what a Varney in his sin brings to ruin. Time will revenge us!"

Thereupon he and Mary left their home.

The Cove-Varneys came to Dove-in-Wychwood in the summer of 1926.

It was Lydia Cove-Varney's idea. It was to be the grand and final gesture of her social supremacy. After that pilgrimage of triumph, she would reign unassailably in the social heaven of Pescoda. She took Amy Joicey along so that no detail of glory should go missing for want of adequate publicity.

All winter, after she had decided on this crowning stroke, she was saying, with her faint, distant aloofness:

"Oh, no, we're not doing Europe." Her fine shoulders shrugged into social Abaddon those trippers who did Europe. "We are running over to England to visit the old family seat of Lee's people. A little pilgrimage to our beginnings. So good for the children to get a right sense of their heritage."

Magnus, the elder of the children, usually said, "Hell," here and invited Miriam, the younger child, to Charleston in the hall. Miriam didn't as a rule. She had the aristocracy complex in a severe form.

Here, too, Amy Joicey generally said, "A real, marvelous place—from the photographs. Why! Haven't you ever seen the photos of Varneys Worthy?"

The visitor saw them then. An album faintly heraldic was produced. It contained about a dozen thick black cards each holding a print; no more than that, yet many doubts about the Cove-Varney lineage vanished before those prints. They gave so authentic a sense of pedigree that one could not doubt. The photos were a great triumph. They had come by way of Country Life, where two of them had figured as accessories after the fact in an article on Some Stately British Ruins. Lydia had scarcely believed them true when she saw them, but she had promptly got in touch with the English photographer responsible for them and had commissioned as large a set as possible. These details Lydia considered beneath the dignity of public mention, so that a visitor was left with the impression that they had come straight along from some. Queen Anne cameraman.

Confronted by the masses of crumbled stone and fragments of mullioned windows, the visitor would mutter, "Ruins!" There was, indeed, little else to mutter.

"Why, yes," Lydia would answer in distinguished surprise, "the family has been dispersed. So naturally ——"

Lydia's tone said a volume. It said: "How else explain the phenomenon of Cove-Varneys in Pescoda, Illinois, or even in the worthy if unexalted continent of America if their true home hadn't decayed?"

It was no good for the visitor to try to resist Lydia's overpowering *noblesse* by remembering that prewar era when plain Lee C. Varney, living downtown to be as near as possible to his one-horse factory, occupied his distinguished mind solely with Varney's paillasses. Nor could any memory of unexalted Lydia Chewth, heiress, it is true, to a considerable income from brass fittings, dim the might of Lydia now that she was all Cove-Varney.

Some visitors did not say "Ruins." They said: "Jacobean, eh?"

Lydia came back almost automatically: "Well, no—Cromwellian. We were republicans even in our English days."

Lydia loved that opening. It gave her, as Magnus said, her chance to say her little piece.

"The founder of the Varneys was one of Cromwell's captains," she would say in her distinguished, more than English voice. "Of course, he must have been of good family, but it was through the Protector he gained his fortune and built that big mansion. It's in the South of England, you know—near a village called Dove-in-Wychwood. Yes, aren't those Old World names charming?"

Lydia's knowledge was sketchy, but her display of it was excellent. She had just the right vagueness, the dignified indifference that makes the jumping of blank spots seem like tact. She knew little enough. Lee had had an amazingly antique aunt who had bored his youth dumb with family gossip, and under pressure he had recalled a lot. She had also found a few facts in books. What there was of it was authentic enough, it was less like a family tree than a salad of jumbled details. It was a tribute to Lydia's ability that she could make so much out of it.

"We ended under a cloud of scandal, I fear," she would say, with a sad, understanding smile. "You know these old families. The *roués* of the old days. Rather an unpleasant misalliance broke us up. We never talk about it."

What Lydia meant was that she hadn't the means to talk about it. She had got that fact from a book that had been irritatingly unspecific in important details.

"The last Magnus married beneath him, flung away his fortune on this woman," she said. "And the heirs had to go out into the world and seek fortune anew. That is how we ended."

Her manner said: "That is how we ended in the old order, but only that the new should spring, phœnixlike and more glorious, from the ruins. Well, you yourself see what we are."

There was no doubt that the Cove-Varneys were distinguished and that Lydia was a born leader of society. War and paillasses had given them a fortune; they owned quite the finest house in the Mapledale residential sector of Pescoda. They were a first family, undoubtedly; and Pescoda acknowledged it. Their solid worth was something. Their three centuries of undoubted and uncontaminated blue blood were irresistible. Pescoda might rebel faintly against too much grand manner, the deposed might sneer, but on the whole, Lydia and the family tree had them awed.

To be asked to the Cove-Varneys', to be taken up by the Cove-Varneys was to find rank among the angels. The Cove-Varneys meant something. They stood for tradition and unblemished breeding. They had, as Amy Joicey said, "Hall-mark." Even the Cove and the hyphen exalted them, made them, if possible, superior to their exalted forbears. The Cove was the fruit of the scandal, the aunt had said; it had been adopted to distinguish the true Varneys from the derogatory sort.

Lydia's decision to visit the home of the old Varneys was, then, her final and most splendid gesture of triumph. She knew the fact must dazzle Pescoda. It would also make her rule absolute. Not now would Cove-Varneys speak vaguely about their English estates; they could describe them as facts. For years they could talk in a first-hand manner and show photographs of Pescoda Varneys standing amid the ruins of Varneys Worthy. Pescoda would see them with those lovely, historic ruins in their hands, so to speak. And then, too, they ought to be able to pick up charming local gossip about their family. That would be impressive—especially with Amy Joicey to retail it as only Amy could. Yes, it was wise to take Amy along. Every great mind needs a Boswell, and Amy was all that and more.

Lee Cove-Varney proved a trifle too American for the land of his ancestry. He plotted out the journey to Dove-in-Wychwood on the map, whereas the English always find out the real way to get there. The English method is by far the better for such places as Dove-in-Wychwood. It happens to be in the middle of one of those blank pockets that appear so unexpectedly in such a small tight place as England. When one gets into it one knows why the railways leave it severely alone, and why no great road strikes through it to the sea.

It is made up of steep downs and steeper valleys. A sea wind tears across it so that its land is sour and it carries little growth but yellow gorse, heather and bracken. Its roads are rain-water channels in winter and no system of metaling has ever made them better than vile. Not that any system has ever been seriously tried. It is an empty and un-get-at-able land, unattractive even to golfers and other modern hermits.

The map did not tell Lee Cove-Varney any of these things. He looked, saw that though Stripe was the chief town, Dadswell railway station was nearer by seven miles. They went to Dadswell. Those who knew would have gone to Stripe. Stripe had motor cars—that is, cars not unaccustomed to the primeval surface and Andean grades that made the road to Dove-in-Wychwood—or rather, Dovyiithood. That was another struggle the Cove-Varneys had to face, the correct incorrect pronunciation of the name of their ancestral village.

Dadswell had motor cars, too, but they were built, it seemed, for merely human trafficking. They realized the reluctance of the chauffeur to dare the wilds of the gorse-land hills as they heaved and bucketed up those hills. There were grades that brought the aroma of brake linings to the air, there were jolts that made Magnus say, "Gosh, there goes a spring!"

It was a beautiful ride, if corrugated. They groaned up the steeps onto crests that seemed to flatten them against the sky. They saw titanic upheavings of smooth green and dun hills aflame with the butter-yellow fire of gorse against a heaven of blue-and-white enamel. An enormous wind from the sea swept over these crests, pressing upon them. Lydia gasped that it was all glorious. Amy said it made her teeth ache.

Amy was getting like that. Amy was showing signs of peevishness. Why, Lydia could not understand, because the certainty had come to her that Amy, however skilled in gush, was a fool! But that was why Amy grew peeved. She had never realized she was a fool before the incidentals of foreign travel and Lydia had insisted on it, and she didn't like being a fool. Cleopatra killed messengers that brought her bad news; Amy grew near to killing Lydia for the same reason. Hence all was not well between Amy and the Cove-Varneys, and this journey into no man's land made it less and less well. Amy really did have a toothache. She had an appetite too. Dadswell had not possessed an inn.

Dove-in-Wychwood shared that peculiar charm. It was as pretty a hamlet as a man could visit in a year of Sundays, but lack of inn was marked. There was one, their embittered chauffeur found out after waking the dead, a mile and a half along the road. He said it with an air of peculiar hopelessness, and they understood why when he pulled up at the Four Throws.

(Continued on Page 93)

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See the column on the opposite page for details about this $30,000 contest

(Continued from Page 90)

The Four Throws had changed but little—nothing changes in that part of England, apart from the natural process of decay. It was still a mean little beer house, its stones more crumbling, its sprawl of outbuildings in more final stages of degeneration. The Cove-Varneys loathed it; they couldn't believe that their chauffeur thought they could get down and eat there. The chauffeur, already looking anxiously at a forward spring, shrugged and told them that back in Dove-in-Wychwood this had been given as the only likely place in ten miles.

It was unfortunate that Amy couldn't eat eggs, for the Sunday cook of ham had been exhausted and there was nothing else. A dumpy woman, who seemed lost without her husband, away at that hour, served them, and she was a bad cook, even of eggs. But then everything about the Four Throws was bad. There was a lowering atmosphere of dirt, squalor and decay over the place, and the inmates too. There was a sullen boy who filled them with gloom; he was so like Magnus run to seed.

Lydia said, "It's tragic. One sees what happens when a great family goes down. Everything goes to seed."

Amy said, "It is a dirty thumb mark on this bread. No, I can't eat any more . . . Really, I think this talk of ancestry is overdone."

The sullen woman told them just where the ruins of Varneys Worthy were, after a time. It was difficult to make these wretched people grasp a simple question. They gaped and seemed to get more sullen as Lydia patiently explained what they wanted and how they were Varneys come back to look at their old home.

"Low types," Lydia said when she had got what they wanted. "Disobliging. They might have acted as guides at least. That skulking boy ——"

"I was thinking how like Magnus he was," said Amy, who was feeling starved and viperish.

They had to walk to the ruins. The chauffeur was tinkering the car in a grave way, and rather than risk delay in returning, they went the two miles on foot. During that walk Lydia was able to pay back the remark about the boy, by explaining to Amy just how stupid she'd been to wear light sandals. That didn't make Amy's feet or temper easier.

The ruins were marvelous, all that Lydia had dreamed of. So delightful, dignified and auspicious. Their cameras clicked industriously for an hour, recording Varneys in return-of-the-native attitudes. It was all so pleasurable—except for Amy—that they forgot that their chauffeur had been so serious over the car. But there was no forgetting that when they returned. He had given up tinkering in despair. It was no good. A Dadswell car had not been fit for the gorse-land hills; Magnus had been right—a spring had gone.

The chauffeur took it quite calmly, even when he said impossibly, "You'll have to stay here the night." Lee and Lydia and Magnus were telling him how absurd that was, when he interrupted, "There's the feller that owns the pub. He'll tell you."

A man had lounged to the door of the Four Throws—a dark, raking man with unexpectedly good features and a disconcertingly sardonic eye. He had come, it seemed, to look them over. He said nothing, just allowed his slow, mocking glance to pass from one Cove-Varney to another. When Lee spoke to him he just said, "He's right."

"There must be some way to get back," said Lee.

"Don't know of none," the man said dispassionately.

"Surely there's another car in the village," said Lydia.

"Surelye," said the man. "The parson's. He took it to Stripe. He'll be gone two-three days."

"A conveyance ——" gasped Lee, beginning to be fearful.

"Know o' none," said the man.

"But the telephone," said Lydia faintly.

"Ain't none in Dovyiithood," said the man.

"Dammee," said Magnus to Miriam. "The hog seems to be enjoying it." There was, in fact, a glint in the innkeeper's eyes.

"Yokel humor is always low," said Miriam in her best Varney manner.

"Good Lord, man," snapped Lee, "what do we do then? There isn't a hotel."

Suddenly the man laughed outright, a dry, sardonic, soundless laugh. They stared at him. They thought him mad. The impish something in his eyes seemed to gleam afresh.

"Aye, you'll have to stay here. That's it," he said, and he chuckled. "We don't go to beds as a rule. But to you. Must give you a shakedown." He came into the road and looked up at one of the windows. "Ladies'll have that room. Yes, that's the room the ladies must have."

He looked at Lydia and Miriam as he said that—especially at Miriam—and laughed again. A hateful person; rather frightening too.

Whatever Lydia thought, Amy never had a doubt that what followed was the most unspeakable experience of her life. They had eggs again for dinner—eggs and cheese and tea. Amy had got to the stage when she would have ignored a footprint on the bread; she ate with her eyes shut, hating it, hating everything. Hating Lydia for all of it.

They had their meal in the little parlor. It was stuffy and ugly. They couldn't open the window, and there was a must of ages in the room. They were more than a crowd for it anyhow. But they endured even that, because they had already seen their bedrooms. Two frightful rooms—Amy's words—low-pitched, ovenlike, with terrible beds and peeling wall paper and an awful sense of creeping grime.

It was an awful evening, and all the time their frayed nerves were further exasperated by the manner of the landlord. His strange, sardonic humor seemed to flare up afresh every time he saw them, and he saw them as much as opportunity allowed. He seemed to take a peculiar glee in looking on them in their misery. And when he was absent they could hear his voice in the bar, and suspect mockery in it. That bar was only separated from them by an ill-hung door, which allowed the fumes of beer and tobacco and the raucous voices of rustics to add to the charms of their parlor.

There was really something saturnine about the lean, dark innkeeper, something of an ugly intention in his manner too. They felt they were a private joke of his in some way. In fact when they heard him chuckle to his customers, "They be Varneys come back to look on Varney," they knew there was something definite at the root of his mood.

They were right. When he had seen the last stumbling yokel out, he came to them without a by your leave and stood gleaming at them from the door.

"Varneys, hey?" he said with his dry chuckle. "Come to look on the ruins o' Varney. Just about as that old Cyrus said."

They were outraged at the fellow, Lydia wasn't even interested, and said coldly, "We don't understand you. We know nothing of this Cyrus you speak of."

That seemed to startle the man. He stared at them, then his silent laughter wrung him again.

"Well, I'm gormed!" he burst out. "Well, I do be darned! It's truth! You don't know!"

"We certainly do not," said Lee curtly.

"Not about that baggage? Her who married that old Magnus and made all the trouble?"

Lydia was alert now: "You are referring to our family, I see. No, we know little—beyond the fact that Magnus Varney married—er—out of his station."

"It's downright comic!" cried the man. "Wouldn't have believed it could be. You coming here an' not knowing. An' that girl from this very house too."

"Who? Magnus Varney's wife?" cried Lydia. "Did she belong to this—this inn?"

"That's it—from here. From the Four Throws. It all happened in the room upstairs." He looked at Lydia and then at Miriam, with his twisted smile. "In the room you're going to sleep in. The very room." Abruptly he leaned forward and, with a sudden dark fire in his lank face, cried, "Well, I'll tell you ——"

"H'm!" warned Lee. "There are young people here!"

Magnus made a small disgusted noise. Lydia, now intrigued, murmured, "But it's historical, Lee." The man attended to neither, went on at a rush.

"Yes, it was the chap that owned this very pub that worked this trick on that old Magnus. He watched the old boy's mare—Lavinia they called her—and how she used to drop him o' nights ——"

The story spouted from him in a steady, urgent stream. There was a passion in him that made him tell it well, and he had a raffish manner that carried it. He was a coarse fellow, but as he warmed, an unexpected air of gentility seemed to come to him, a sense of a grand manner pressing up through the husks of generations of vulgarity.

And his story was enthralling. He described the plotting of the beer seller, with a sardonic gusto, and the harshness of old Magnus, with frank brutality. He thrilled them. Only as he told, a little too crudely and coarsely, how Magnus had been trapped into marriage, how he had been carried unconscious and drunk into the girl's bedroom, did the Cove-Varney decorum wince. The man seemed to insist so much on its all happening in the very room in which the ladies were to sleep. He seemed to find a wealth of secret humor in that.

But even Lydia, that throne of the proprieties, did not mind overmuch. The story was amazing. What a romance! How Pescoda would thrill over it. She could

Continued on Page 96

In the Black Hills of South Dakota

$30,000 in Cash Prizes

Find Six Keys to the popularity of Coca-Cola

Through a national survey the public has given us six outstanding reasons why everybody likes Coca-Cola. They are being illustrated and presented in Coca-Cola advertising between the first week in May and the middle of August—in many newspapers and in each of the following weeklies: One "key" to each advertisement. The Saturday Evening Post, Literary Digest, Liberty, Collier's Weekly, and Life—on posters and outdoor signs throughout the country—and in the show window displays and the soda fountain and refreshment stand decorations of the many thousands of places that serve Coca-Cola.

You'll find one of the "keys" in the advertisement on the opposite page. Four have already appeared. Check back and find them if you missed them. All will be easy to find—if you keep your eyes open to Coca-Cola advertising.

Just three things to do:

1. *Find and write down the "six keys" and tell where you found each one.**
2. *Pick out the one key that appeals to you most and tell in one paragraph why it is a good reason for the popularity of Coca-Cola.*
3. *Then write an answer (in one paragraph) to this question:*

Other than magazine and newspaper advertisements, what Coca-Cola advertisement (a wall, poster, red sign or any one of the various pieces used to decorate show windows, soda fountains and refreshment stands) best illustrates or presents to you one or more of the "six keys"? Tell why—and also where you saw the advertisement.

For the correct naming of the "six keys" and the best answers to the two questions, the following cash prizes will be awarded:

1st prize	$10,000
2nd prize	5,000
3rd prize	2,500
4th prize	1,000
5th prize	500
10 sixth prizes (each)	100
20 seventh prizes (each)	50
200 eighth prizes (each)	25
400 ninth prizes (each)	10
A total of 635 prizes	$30,000

RULES

* Do not mail any entry before the first week in August. You must see all six keys before you can write correct answers, and the final "key" will not appear until then. Contest closes August 25, 1928. All entries must be mailed by midnight, August 25, 1928. The contest is open to everybody except those connected with The Coca-Cola Company, a Coca-Cola bottling company, or their families. Write on only one side of paper. Use typewriter, pen or pencil, but please write plainly. Write your name, occupation and address plainly at the top of the first page of your entry. Prizes will be awarded strictly on merit including the correctness, neatness and clearness of your answers.

All answers become the property of The Coca-Cola Company and may be used in advertising or otherwise. None will be returned.

Address all answers to

CONTEST JUDGES
The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

Announcement of the winners and awarding of the prizes will be made as soon after the close of the contest as the judges can complete their work.

The judges will be three former Presidents of the International Advertising Association, Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, and the President of the Coca-Cola Bottlers Association, and their awards shall be final.

GENERAL

The car in the kitchen
AMONG the developments that have contributed most to the comfort of family life is the electric refrigerator.
GENERAL MOTORS early recognized that the market for electric refrigerators was as great as that for automobiles. In the same great Research Laboratories which have helped perfect its cars, Frigidaire was perfected. The same economical manufacturing processes which have helped make car-ownership almost universal were applied to the production of Frigidaire.
HENCE Frigidaire has become the largest selling electric refrigerator. And just as there is a General Motors car for every purse and purpose, so there is a suitable Frigidaire model for every family. It may be purchased, if you prefer, on the low-cost GMAC Plan.
"A car for every purse and purpose"
CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • OAKLAND
BUICK • LaSALLE • CADILLAC
GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS • YELLOW CABS & COACHES
FRIGIDAIRE—The Electric Refrigerator
VICTOR C ANDERSON

MOTORS

Employ a Good Painter . . . . Good Painters use EAGLE

A pure lead paint that *anchors deeply* in the surface

One reason why pure lead paint wears so well and so long, without cracking or peeling, is that it anchors deeply in the pores of the surface. It holds tenaciously—a tough elastic paint film that wears like the pure lead* from which it is made.

Unless pure lead paint is used as the foundation coat, you can never be sure that some day you won't have to burn down to the surface and start all over again.

From the first coat to the last—inside and out—on all kinds of surfaces—Eagle Pure White Lead offers greatest protection with enduring beauty, at an economical cost. Ask your painter.

The Eagle-Picher Lead Company,
134 *North La Salle Street, Chicago.*

EAGLE *Pure* WHITE LEAD
OLD DUTCH PROCESS

*Eleven Plants—
Branches in all principal cities*

*One of many lead products made by Eagle-Picher—including Red Lead and Sublimed Blue Lead for protecting metal surfaces, dry pigments for paint manufacturers, Eagle Bearing metals and solders, roof flanges, etc.

Save the surface and you save all."
—*Paint & Varnish*

(Continued from Page 93)

see that Amy was drinking in every word. It was like—like some chapter out of the Rakes of the Regency—the drama of a great family ruined for love.

There was no doubt about the ruin. The narrator went sweeping on, giving them picture after picture of the doom of the Varneys—the extravagance of the beer seller's daughter, the quarrels, the draining of the estate, the great break that had seen Cyrus and his sister flung out of their ancestral home.

Lydia, thrilled before, thrilled anew at that. Here was where they came in, here was the first thread leading to America and Pescoda. She must remember every word now—"So Cyrus, robbed of his inheritance, crossed the seas," was that the most effective way to put it?

But really it grew more dramatic, more immense. The man was telling of Cyrus' parting with his father—how he had faced Magnus, the words he had used: "We'll come back. I or mine will one day return in power." That was magnificent! There was the American pioneer in the making. Pescoda would respond to the kick in that. "Remember it! Varneys will return to look their scorn on what a Varney in his sin brings to ruin. Time will revenge us."

How amazing! Lydia sat up, exalted. She was almost awed. She was actually, it seemed, a figure in an Apocalyptic prophecy. She was a leading actor in a tremendous drama of destiny. Pescoda would stagger!

"Varneys will return!" Well, here they were just as Cyrus had prophesied. "In power!" It was eerie. Truth in every word—weren't they worth their million: weren't they the first family in Pescoda? Hadn't they risen? Lydia was almost suffocated with triumphant wonder. Everything had come so true. "Varneys will look their scorn on what a Varney has brought to ruin." And they had spent that very afternoon among those ruins!

"Time will revenge us!" She almost swooned at the glory of fulfilling those words in her person—and, of course, Lee's, Magnus' and Miriam's.

She looked at Amy—Amy was almost mesmerized. She forgot how trying Amy had been; she recalled Amy's gift in gush. She was glad of Amy. Amy would carry this wonderful, wonderful story back to Pescoda, to all America. Yes, it was too big even for Pescoda. She could see great headlines: PIONEER AMERICANS FULFILL ENGLISH PROPHECY!

The innkeeper was standing over them now, talking no more; just grinning, showing broken teeth in a badger sort of leer. Lee Cove-Varney said uneasily, "That's certainly a remarkable story. . . . Say, you seem to be pretty pat in your details ——"

The man stared at him, drew himself up. "My name," he said thickly, "is Varney. Didn't you guess that?"

They all gasped. They saw at once that it was true. He was so like Lee, better featured in some ways, but blurred and woefully degenerated. And that sullen boy who had hung about the place, so dreadfully like Magnus——

Lydia shuddered. Yet the drama did not escape her. The event was bigger than ever. Cyrus' prophecy had been terribly fulfilled. Time had revenged him in a tremendous way. While he went overseas and built up that new, powerful line of Varneys, the children of the—the bondwoman had remained at home, sinking, sinking; paying for the sin of their parents in moral decline.

Tremendous! It was like some gesture of godlike justice—the disowned returning rich and proud to face the usurpers in the dregs of shame.

Lee, a little pinched about the nose, was staring at the man.

"Varney, eh?" he said nervously. "Is that so? Same name as ours——"

"Be damned not!" shouted the man furiously. "You're Cove-Varney. I'm just Varney!" He glared round at them, his mouth broke into its secret smile again. "Ain't you got it yet?" he cried. "Her name was Cove!"

"Her! The—the ——" Lydia almost screamed.

"Miriam Cove," plain Varney mocked. He looked at Miriam. "The father—the beer seller who owned this place—his name was Cove. Comic, isn't it, you coming back to the family pub, sleeping in the same room? Darn comic!"

They were aghast, dumb before him.

"It's a reg'lar scream, ain't it?" the man went on. "Cyrus got a horse-coping job with the Gyppos, but he couldn't keep away from the old place. He came back here, an' in time got this house. Comic, that was too. The old man was dead then, and the woman and her brat had cleared out with all the spondulics left. Went to America, of course." He chuckled again. "Her brat's name was Magnus——"

He looked at Magnus Cove-Varney, and Magnus swore softly.

"An' now you're back here," his mocking voice went on. "Darn funny, isn't it? Like that old Cyrus' words about Varneys coming back come true. Only it isn't. You're the wrong lot!"

They choked—the wrong lot!

"'Time will revenge us,'" quoted the man. "Comic, isn't it?"

Lydia started and shuddered. She looked at Amy. She saw a faint, sly, satisfied smile twisting Amy's lips. Comic? She wasn't, after all, so certain that it was going to be comic.

Prosecuting Attorney: "Think, Man, Think!"
Witness: "I C-Can't; I'm a Tabloid Editor"

THE RULING PASSION

(Continued from Page 17)

town where they kept enough cash to make it worth his while to turn criminal. It was a prosperous institution, and the big new aeroplane works in the village across the river made use of it. Dash knew that it was the practice of the aeroplane works to pay off its employes on the first of every month; also it was common knowledge that a cash bonus was to be handed out on the first of August. So Dash figured that on that day the First National Bank would have in its safe a very juicy sum in cash—at least three hundred thousand dollars, and probably more.

Worth taking a risk for, Dash decided, although he did not intend to take any real risk.

"It was in June that he made up his mind to turn criminal. He let his writing slide and devoted his time to making preparations. First he studied the situation from every angle. Then he stewed over plans. The fact that he was going to become a criminal didn't bother him so much any more. At first it had. He was a minister's son, and contrary to popular belief, he had turned out pretty well so far. He'd always run straight. Yes, his conscience had annoyed him at first; then he had succeeded in pushing moral codes and scruples into a closet in his mind, and locking the door. He argued with himself that nowadays the only real sin is getting caught and that was a sin he did not intend to commit. I suppose most men who break the law argue that way."

"They do," agreed the bald-headed man. "I had a case once ——"

"Save it," said the gray-haired man. "Let's finish the Dash case first."

"By the last week in July," pursued the sandy-haired man, "Dash was all set. He had a plan—the fruit of much heavy thought—and he could find no loophole in it. He was glad to notice that as August first drew near his appetite was good, he slept well and his nerves were firm. His conscience was well squelched too. He beat it into a state of atrophy with the argument: A few minutes of easy work and I'll be rich.

"Luck smiled on Dash. That year August first fell on Monday. You'll see in a minute why Dash figured that this was a fortunate break for him. On the Saturday evening before the Monday, Dash sat in the living room of his bungalow, reviewing for the last time the plan he had so carefully evolved. It seemed perfect. Here is what he was going to do ——"

The three other men hunched forward, listening.

"Dash knew," said the sandy-haired man, "that that morning an armored car from one of the big Pittsburgh banks had left the money at the First National, and that the money had been locked up in the old safe. He touched his vest pocket and felt a reassuring jingle. In that pocket were four keys. One was to the side door of the bank, one was to the strong room where the safe was, and the two others would open the safe.

"How did he get them? It had been rather easy. Some weeks before, he had dropped into the bank on the pretext that he wanted to consult the president about an investment. He had noticed casually and, of course, without comment—that when the president opened the strong-room door and the safe he used keys from a bunch which hung at one end of the thick mid-Victorian chain which adorned the president's vest.

"Shortly after this Dash invited the regular crowd to a poker party at his bungalow. He deliberately chose a hot summer night. Then, as an added artistic touch, he started a roaring fire in his fireplace. This he put out before his guests arrived. Of course the bungalow was hot as an inferno, so the card players, for comfort, stripped down to shirts or undershirts. Acting the part of a solicitous host, Dash hung their coats and vests in the hall. During the evening he slipped away from the game, ostensibly to get a drink but really to take impressions of the banker's keys in wax he had ready for that purpose

"Dash did not have the duplicate keys made by a locksmith. He was too canny to leave any traces like that. He made the duplicate keys himself. Writers of mystery stories usually have a mathematical and mechanical bent, and Dash was no exception. He was handy with tools, and had a little workshop in his woodshed where he tinkered around, working on a device for closing windows automatically on cold mornings. It was a fairly simple matter for him to make duplicate keys. Incidentally, to show how careful he was, he made a special trip to buy the tools and materials, getting them at different stores in Baltimore and Wilmington. He knew those keys would work too. How did he know? Well, gentlemen, he tried them out. He was so determined to guard against error that he staged a dress rehearsal of his crime.

"Yes, that's just what he did. At one o'clock in the morning—Sunday morning, a week before—Dash stole through the side streets of the sleeping town and into the little alley beside the First National Bank, which had a side door giving on that alley. He had concealed his identity by means of a disguise contrived after some experiment. It was nothing elaborate—a new dark suit, a dark cap pulled down over eyes shaded by tinted glasses, a conspicuous grease-paint scar on his cheek, a mustache. A friend passing him as he hurried along the street would not have recognized him. Of course, he wore rubber-soled shoes, three sizes too large for him, so that if he left any footprints they could not be traced to him; and rubber gloves.

"Two minutes after one he entered the alley by the back way. He knew that at one o'clock precisely old Angus would punch the time clock in the First National, go out the front door, lock it behind him and stump down Main Street to the First Trust building. When Dash heard the tap-tap-tap of the watchman's wooden leg dying away he slipped up to the side door of the First National and opened it with one of his keys. He knew that he had plenty of time, so he did not hurry. Angus would not return for half an hour anyway. Dash opened the strong-room door, noting with satisfaction that his homemade key worked perfectly. So did the two keys to the safe. He swung open the massive door and played a thin beam of light from a small dark lantern on the contents of the safe. There was money there—a lot of money—but Dash did not take a dollar of it. He was playing for higher stakes. Satisfied that his keys and nerves were in good working order, he locked the safe and stole out the side door, and made his wary way back to his bungalow. It had been a laughable cinch."

The sandy-haired man paused to refill his pipe.

"Well, here it was Saturday evening—a week later—the night of nights for Dash. All he had to do now was wait till one o'clock, steal down to the bank, open the doors and safe with his keys, fill a canvas bag with good sound green and yellow backs and return home a wealthy man."

"He was a fool," put in the bald-headed man. "In a little town like that everybody would come under suspicion."

"Not Dash," said the sandy-haired man. "I haven't told you yet the smartest part of his plan. He intended to have a sound alibi if he ever needed it. Remember this: He would take the money at a few minutes after one Sunday morning. The bank, of course, would be closed all day Sunday. In the ordinary course of events, the money would not be missed till the safe was opened at nine o'clock Monday morning.

(Continued on Page 100)

DETROIT'S
Newest Hotel

Where Luxury is Homelike

Rooms are Larger—Food is Better, and Rates of Outstanding Advantage

As the nucleus of a great new business center arising in Detroit, the new Detroit-Leland was designed and built to the comfort, convenience and utility of the "new-day business man and traveller".

The home-like atmosphere which is characteristic of the Detroit-Leland, is carried out not only in the far larger rooms it provides, but in the beautiful and livable furnishings and fittings, and the delightful decorations, which are individual and not repeated in any two rooms on the same floor.

A feature that must appeal to sales travellers is the large sample rooms—all outside so that goods may be shown under natural light—some with two and others with three large windows, in-a-door beds and large bath and shower.

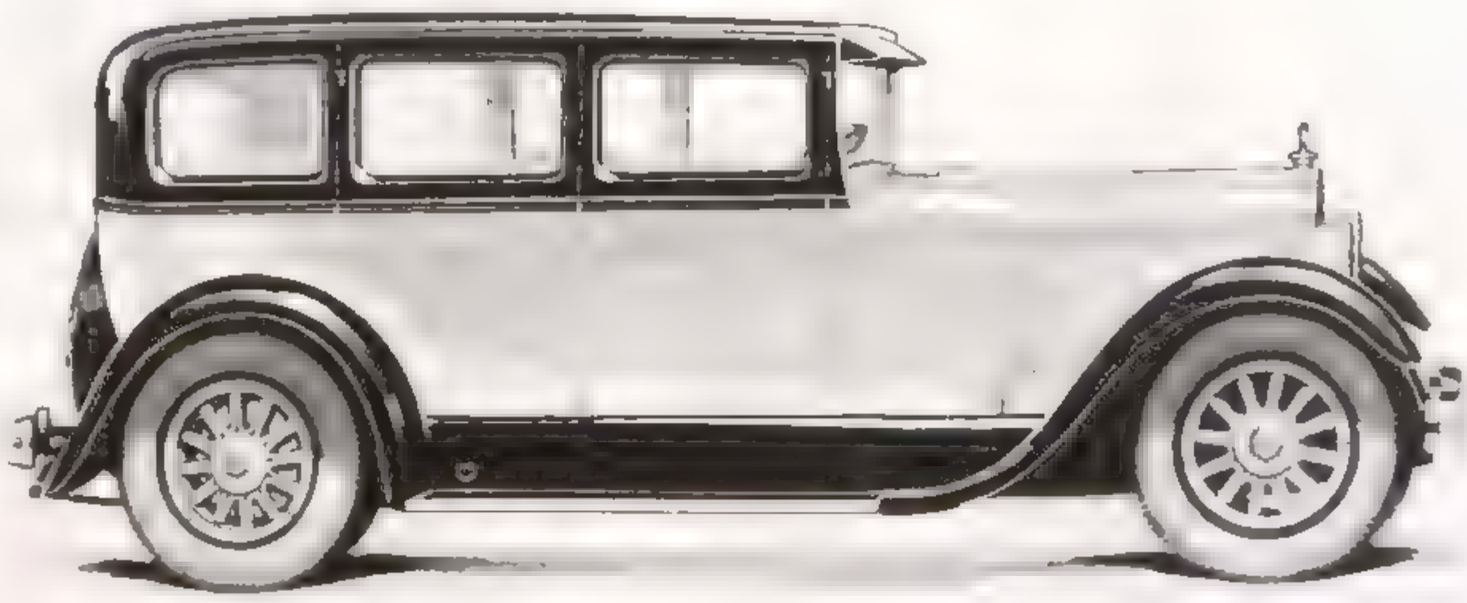
With all these advantages the Detroit-Leland prices for rooms and food are so moderate that good judgment must approve.

700 Large Rooms with Bath
85% are priced from $3.00 to $5.00

DETROIT-LELAND HOTEL
Bagley at Cass (a few steps from the Michigan Theater)
Detroit, Michigan

Wm. J. Chittenden, Jr., *Manager*
Direction Continental-Leland Corporation

Another Page Turns in Dodge Brothers History



ANNOUNCING

A Completely new line of Low Priced Motor Cars by Dodge Brothers

For the second time within six weeks an important page turns—a vital new chapter opens—in the history of Dodge Brothers.

Following their recent announcement of a brilliant new line of Sixes, Dodge Brothers today carry their programme a broad step farther by presenting to the world a completely new line of low priced Fours.

These new Fours are the biggest small cars ever built. The fleetest, smartest and by all odds the sturdiest.

Powered by Dodge Brothers remarkable new motor, they perform with genuine distinction and with a marked reduction in the consumption of fuel.

Hot-spot manifold—standard gear transmission—five-bearing crankshaft—silent-action clutch—balloon-geared steering—new type cylinder head—new oiling and cooling systems and many other vital refinements make this the greatest four-cylinder power-unit ever created.

The new bodies are distinctively American, beautifully finished in pastel lacquers and designed by one of the country's foremost creators of custom coach work.

The power, speed, pick-up and get-away of these new Fours will astonish you.

And the prices will astonish you still more.

Gets the Targets and the Game

GOOD patterns at the traps mean good patterns on the birds. The gun that gets the clays gets the live ones, too. Tomlin's perfect 200 x 200 in the 1926 Grand American Professional event was made with a Winchester Model 12. Trap winners and game enthusiasts everywhere are scoring high with the Model 12, named by sportsmen who know—the "Perfect Repeater."

Model 12

6 shot Hammerless Repeating Shotgun. 12, 16 and 20 gauge. Nickel Steel Construction for lightness, ease of handling, added strength.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO. New Haven, Conn., U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 97

Now Dash planned to befog and bamboozle the detectives. In his workshop he made a time bomb, operated by a clock. He had been a submarine lieutenant in the war and knew quite a bit about depth bombs and high explosives. He knew his bomb would work. He'd made extensive tests. It was set to explode exactly twenty-four hours after its mechanism was started. Dash was going to take the money out of the safe and leave in its place his bomb. The bomb would not explode until 1:15 Monday morning. Get the idea?"

"Sort of," said the gray-haired man.

"It was a wily dodge," the sandy-haired man said. "Remember, nobody knew the safe had been robbed Sunday morning. So when the bomb went off Monday morning, wrecking the safe, old Angus would not get there for six or seven minutes, anyhow; and by that time the safe would be empty and the logical conclusion would be that it had been blown open by a gang of burglars Monday morning who had gained entrance to the bank with skeleton keys, blown open the safe, cleaned it out and made their get-away."

"But what about the burglar alarm?" asked the gray-haired man.

"Dash had made a study of burglar alarms in connection with one of his stories," the sandy-haired man answered. "The one at the First National was a simple, out-of-date contraption which was operated electrically by current supplied by an outside wire. In exactly seven seconds Dash could shin up the pole in the alley, throw off a switch, shut off the current and put the alarm out of business. He knew he could, because he'd done just that at the dress rehearsal. Oh, you can be sure he'd made an intensive study of every inch of the bank building and its equipment. He had no intention of being nabbed as a clumsy yegg."

"Even so," argued the bald-headed man, "he was taking a terrible risk. How could he be sure that somebody might not get a hunch that he'd blown the safe?"

"Because," returned the sandy-haired man, "at the instant the safe was blown open Dash would be in Pittsburgh, some two hundred miles away. He had arranged to motor down there Sunday morning, leaving at nine, and he was taking with him no less a person than the district attorney. They'd spend the day in Pittsburgh, visiting friends in the afternoon and going to a smoker at a club there at night. They'd stay at a hotel and would not return to the town until noon Monday. Dash, who had an artist's instinct for perfection, had planned that at 1:15 Monday morning—the second when the robbery supposedly took place—he would be sitting in a club in Pittsburgh chatting with the district attorney and drinking a toast to his success as a Nemesis of malefactors. The district attorney and a score of club members could swear that Dash was sitting there, in all innocence, at the moment the bomb went off. Neat, wasn't it?"

"Slick," said the gray-haired man.

"Mighty smooth," said the bald-headed man.

"Dash sat there in his bungalow Saturday evening," continued the sandy-haired man. "He went over his plan. It was complete. He would take the money in his traveling bag to Pittsburgh, under the very nose of the district attorney. He would check it in the parcel room at the railroad station, and pretend he'd lost the check so he'd have to come back for it later.

"Dash, of course, had bought a special bag with a false bottom and a difficult lock. At his convenience he would stop off at Pittsburgh on one of his trips to New York to see editors and publishers and pick up his bag. Then he'd park the bag in a safety-deposit vault in New York. He wouldn't begin to spend the money right away. He'd wait several months, till the robbery was ancient history. He wasn't going to turn foolish once the job was done. About December he'd take out just enough money to buy a second-class passage to England. No high living and de-luxe accommodations for him—at first.

"Once in England he'd convert the money—a thousand at a time, in various parts of the country—into pounds or travelers' checks, meantime living simply and making no splurge. Then he'd go on to Paris and follow the same course. Since, to Europeans, Americans are all millionaires, actually or in embryo, they'd see nothing suspicious in his actions. Why shouldn't a man buy a couple of thousand dollars' worth of bonds now and then?

"Presently—no hurry—the cash would all be turned into excellent securities and Dash would begin to enjoy a very pleasant income. He pictured a modest villa outside Cannes, near a golf course, and himself basking under his own orange trees. No more bouts with his typewriter. No more racking his brains for mystery stories. Oh, he might do one once in a great while if he felt just like it."

"Suppose some old friend ran across him and got inquisitive about his prosperity?" asked the bald-headed man.

"Dash had looked that far ahead," said the sandy-haired man. "He had a story ready. It began with an unexpected legacy from an aunt in New Zealand—not a big one, but just enough to give him a start. He actually had such an aunt, and she had died, but the only legacy he had had was a steel engraving of Wellington harbor. He'd say he had a lucky flyer in oil in Wall Street, a run of luck at Monte Carlo and he'd bet on the right horse in the Grand Prix. How easy it would be to make money on the stock market and at the race track—if you didn't have to make up your mind what to do until after the stock had gone up or the horse had won! Yes, Dash had overlooked nothing.

"Well, he was ready. He sat there, an honest man, and in a few hours he'd definitely be a thief. He was as cool as ice water. He looked at the clock. Nearly ten. Time to begin to act. He locked his doors and pulled down all the shades. He took a bath, put on the dark suit he'd bought for the occasion in Scranton—which he would destroy in his furnace as soon as he got home from the bank—and slipped a pistol with a silencer on it into his pocket. He hoped he would not have to use it, but he was prepared to do so if he got into a tight place. He reasoned that if you turn criminal you might as well turn all the way. He knew that a good many men were in prison because they had had a moment of weakness or squeamishness while committing a burglary.

"Dash was in his bathroom putting on the grease-paint scar when the telephone rang. He noticed that the sound did not make him start; he was pleased at his self-control.

"It was a long-distance call from New York—from an editor for whom Dash did most of his work. 'Where's that story?' asked the editor.

"'What story?' said Dash.

"'The one you promised me,' the editor said. 'It was due a week ago.'

"'I'm sorry,' answered Dash, 'but I forgot all about it.' This was true.

"'But look here,' said the editor, 'I was counting on it. You said I could. If I could get the manuscript by midnight Monday, I'd just have time to get it in the magazine. How about it?'

"'No chance,' said Dash. 'I haven't a story. I haven't even an idea.'"

"'Nonsense,' said the editor. 'You sit right down and knock one out. You can finish it by Monday morning. You've done it before.'

"'But,' Dash protested, 'I tell you I haven't even the smallest germ of an idea.'

"'You can get one,' the editor said. 'You've never failed. You've been a professional doing work for me for ten years, and you've never let me down yet. Your readers are counting on you, and so am I. Well?'

"'Oh, I'll do what I can,' said Dash. He said it automatically.

"'O. K.,' said the editor, and rang off.

"Dash turned away from the phone and stood staring at his typewriter. He'd gone through this same scene many times before. He had promised a story, but his mind had been too full of crime to think of stories. Then, without knowing exactly how or why it happened, he found himself sitting at his machine, frowning at the familiar keys—qwertyuiop½—asdfghjkl;¢—zxcvbnm ——

"Well, he thought to himself, he might as well keep busy until it came time for him to leave for the bank. Sitting round waiting, with nothing to do, might make his nerves jumpy, whereas beating out a tune on the old typewriter would have a steadying effect on him. He might possibly be able to knock out some sort of story between then and Monday. His eyes brightened. Why, if he did do a story it would be just one more little added bit of proof that he had not departed from his normal mode of life. Yes, decidedly he must not drop his work too suddenly.

"But he had no idea. He began, actuated by habit, to turn his brain cells inside out on a chance that he could drag out some plot that might be lurking there. He pressed his hands to his temples as if he hoped to be able to squeeze out an idea. Then suddenly his fingers began to tap the keys, slowly at first, then with increasing momentum. When Dash worked, he worked with a concentrated energy, and soon his typewriter was banging away like a machine gun. His eyes were glistening. That was a sure sign he was excited by his story, and that meant, by his own standards, anyway, that it was going to be a good one.

"Dash became more and more absorbed as he finished page after page. Incidents, situations, words milled round in his mind, then straightened out and marched down the pages in an orderly parade. Then, abruptly, Dash came to. It was like coming out of a coma. The first rays of the morning sun were coming in. The clock over the fireplace registered three minutes to five.

"Dash got up, stretched himself, blinked and shook his head rapidly, the way a man does when he wants to clear his head. He stared at the sheets which littered the floor beside his desk. He picked up the first one, read it, and then burst into a wild, hysterical sort of laugh. He collected the sheets and read them with wide eyes. The story was a good one—and it was his own story! He had used, as a plot, the story of a writer of detective fiction who plans to burglarize a bank. He had used all the details of his plan, the time bomb, the duplicate keys—everything. He had changed names and places slightly—that's all. He told how this man had failed to turn criminal because at the last moment he had used his plan as the basis for a story.

"Dash was still laughing as he put the manuscript in an envelope, addressed it to the editor, walked down Main Street in the morning sun, nodded to old Angus on guard at the bank, and put the manuscript on the early morning mail train."

"So he never cracked the safe?" asked the gray-haired man.

"How could he—then?"

The porter's melancholy bawl sounded in the corridor.

"Next stop Poughkeepsie! Po-o-o-o-k-e-e-e-psie!"

"My station," said the sandy-haired man. "Good night, gentlemen."

The train ground down to a stop. Then it started on its way again.

"Say," exclaimed the bald-headed man, "if that don't beat the devil!"

"What does?" asked the black-haired man.

"That story he told," said the bald-headed man. "Say, do you know that was the plot of a story in the book I read last night? And the fellow who wrote that book was Gilbert Braxton."

"I read somewhere," said the gray-haired man, "that Braxton has a summer place near Poughkeepsie."

"Lord," said the bald-headed man, "this is a slow train! Will we never get to Peekskill?"

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LINOLEUM
FLOORTEX (FELT BASE)
OIL CLOTH
GYPSUM PLASTERS
BUILDING BLOCKS

MY DEAR

(Continued from Page 35)

"My sweet," said Le Maur idly, "why on earth you want to hang in that most depressing of all exhibitions, I cannot think."

"Because I have never had my portrait in the Royal Academy, and we all like to do it once."

"There's a long life before you."

"No. There's not a long life before any woman. Not life that counts."

"Who knows how beautiful you may not be as a grandmother?"

"Won't you finish me?"

"I may finish you yet," said Le Maur, but he knew otherwise. He thought: "Jenny! Jenny! Jenny!"

She looked about her. "Where am I?"

"In that corner, resting. A rest will be good for you before the real hard work of the season."

She looked at him to see how real his mocking might be. One didn't argue with him, of course. But —— Then she saw the sketch on the easel, and walking over, she gazed at it:

"Who is this?"

"That is my girl of the earth, for whom I've done everything, save fast and pray, for months."

For a long while Lady Rosamund stood and looked at the drawing of Jenny Croft, clutching about her that poor coat. Le Maur, leaning from the divan, watching her face with amusement, saw in it understanding and faint jealousy.

She shrugged, masking her face. "Ah, well ——"

"What do you think of her?"

"I can't say."

"Wait till I paint her as she is; then you'll say, and so will everyone else."

"Probably."

She walked over to the corner where her own portrait leaned against the wall, and turned it round. "You haven't touched me since I was here last." She spoke regretfully.

"Not a stroke," Le Maur agreed.

"Are you going to show me your new miracle?"

"In the flesh?" he hesitated. "Yes. If you don't tell anyone who matters about her. Not Dauphin, or Orchard; not my enemies and rivals. I'll give a little party for her and you next week. Here. Bring all your young men."

"Shan't."

"You're a wise woman."

That was why Jack Riverside did not accompany Lady Rosamund to the party that Le Maur gave for Jenny; though by that time he was seen at her side almost everywhere else.

XII

JENNY reckoned her money. In a week she could earn from Le Maur, at most, six guineas; when he sent her away for good at midday she halved her fee. But then, there was so much more time for Dealy's work. She spent it stitching madly. She mapped out her life, not sparing herself.

Now that she had two rooms to keep, for she would not, after all, give up that second room where the dear curtains of her own sewing hung and where most of the sparse furniture had been made out of sugar crates by Jack—she had double rent to pay. But she reckoned on saving five guineas a week at least out of the six. Five guineas a week. Twenty weeks to accumulate a hundred guineas. Still, a hundred guineas! Undreamed-of sum. She thought of it with wonder and incredulity, even though she knew that she was surely going to achieve it. And when she had it, then more, and more ——

She meant to read more, too, from those books on the two sets of shelves that Matthew Hamilton called his library. She meant to groom herself with unceasing care, in the way that financially more fortunate women were cared for. The girl in gold tissue stayed in her mind; that girl who would always be wearing silk next her skin, every fiber of which would be exquisite. Jenny had all a woman's well-founded belief in clothes. Silk, lace, fur—what lovely knowledge, freedom, power they must bring!

She was a splendid model; her muscles so strong; her spirit so eager; her determination so unshakable. Le Maur tried to shake it that first week. He tried her out, from his scintillating curiosity and rapacity for sensation. And then, playing mercilessly on that so ludicrous modesty, ludicrous virtue, those naïve prejudices and simplicities that delighted him, he confirmed his impression that actually he would profit more by her reluctances and by her uncompromising ideas of feminine self-defense than he would have out of any acquiescence to his repeated demands.

He would show jaded people the real, real thing. He had the mind and intuitions of a satyr, and he watched her for every play of emotion, rousing her deliberately to anger, contempt, despair, fear or scorn before he satisfied himself as far as he, the insatiable, could be satisfied. Her poses failed always if artificial, deliberate, or merely ordered. He had to rouse the fighter and dreamer in her, and then shout: "Hold that pose!" His idea was a series of pictures of her. When they were shown Dauphin would want her, and Orchard. He knew them!

He told her about the party.

"A week today, my child, I am giving a little affair to show you to the lady whose portrait so intrigues you. And to some others. At nine o'clock."

She said, like any other woman, "I have nothing to wear."

He smiled. "You have had six guineas. Be clever with it!"

"I'm saving that."

"What for? Didn't you tell me, for education, for translation into another sphere? And what better education for you, girl, than your first silk lingerie, and one of those little funny frocks a girl can pick up for cost price in Shaftesbury Avenue, if she just mentions that she sits to me? I have only to give you a card and—there's a little saleswoman calling herself Divinité there, who will see you through."

"Is there? Would you?"

"I shall."

Then he turned from the big canvas to the sheet of unused drawing paper pinned to a board on another easel.

"I'm going to make a different sketch of you. I want more than one sketch to show them next week."

He persuaded and bullied her till she went to the dressing room, emerging bare-legged and footed as he ordered, with a stream of gauze clutched about her. He went straight up to her, on a pretext of arranging the already eloquent folds of the thin stuff, and got his effect. A mere touch of the hand, with the calculated amount of amorous brutality, and she was away from him to the other side of the studio. No doubt, in those dire places whence she came, she was used to fighting the male brute tooth and claw. He shouted:

"Hold that pose!"

He made the sketch, in ten minutes, of the picture which he afterward called Modesty.

"Go back and put on a purple cloak you'll find up there, but leave your feet bare."

He sketched her with the purple cloak held about her up to her chin and down to her ankles. Her bare feet emerged from the hem and that gorgeous face, with still its faintly greenish pallor of overwork and underfeeding, from the top.

"Hypocrisy."

"I'm not a hypocrite, whatever else I am."

"Ah, you don't know yourself. We're all hypocrites."

You couldn't always keep money just as you planned. A person known to have money was always a target. That first week, when people knew she was sitting to an artist: "My," Linda would relate to Greengrove Alley gossips, "the times a girl can have! You can often get a lunch or a dinner out of him, and there's always a whisky and soda going, and it's a soft life, and a girl's a fool not to make the most of it while it lasts."

"Jenny Croft's not that sort."

"She will be if advice from me can do it. She shall have my experience to light her way." That first week the Leave baby died and Mrs. Leave fretted so terribly for flowers at the funeral. "Seven Sisters roses, Jenny; them baby white roses," she sobbed. And then it happened also that Linda couldn't raise her rent that Saturday.

"If you was wise," Linda threw out bitterly, "you'd clear out where we couldn't find you and come cadgin'."

"It'd cost something to move."

"Well, you've got something, or could have," softly, looking sideways at Jenny.

"Besides ——" said Jenny.

They couldn't understand, of course, that she could not bring herself to leave those dear rooms just now. The time would come, doubtless. But meanwhile she could be content there, gathering her resources and waiting for that time.

When she had gone to Divinité, and been fitted out wonderfully—wonderfully!—at the magic name of Victor le Maur, lo, there was nothing left. There was not a penny. There was just the pay from Dealy's, and that, perforce, less than usual.

But still, she had begun the new life; she had a set of silk things to wear under a silk frock; she was assimilating the wisdom of a different world from a celebrated artist, and a party was being given for her at nine o'clock tomorrow. And the little lilac trees still flowered freshly in their pots though the sheaves of roses were blown and dead.

Heiner had made them an excuse to try to come upstairs. "Show me your pretty flowers, Jenny."

"Keep out."

When all the work was done—later at night than she had before cared to work—she sat at the open window high above the alley; she put out her light and sat under the stars, looking over the stretching seas of housetops and spires, wondering which way to look. She wished Matthew Hamilton wouldn't look at her these days with such sad apprehension; wished he wouldn't so fear that she had gone the way of most flesh in Greengrove Alley. She hated hurting him.

"A girl can have a soft life if she likes," Linda would keep saying; "a girl like you. Light your way by my experiences, dearie. I've suffered. I can put you wise."

XIII

LADY ROSAMUND came into the studio accompanied by two or three very young men. She wore the most sophisticated white frock in London, and her pearls. Her frock, when she walked, showed her knees, and they were beautiful. She had just left Jack Riverside, having dined at the Beverley Place house with him and old Lucas, and she was to rejoin him at the Embassy Club later.

She felt quiet, settled, from that talk over the dinner table tonight—just the three of them. She felt that Jack turned to her, that he could love her, that in him were the makings of the big fine man her restless, ambitious heart desired, and that here, linked with him, lay the solution of all hungers and dissatisfactions, boredoms and frets. It might have been Philip, but now he had given place, so quietly and inevitably, to Jack.

"You look very vital, Rosamund," said Le Maur when she came in. "No longer so *désenchantée*, my sweet."

"Where is your treasure?"

"She's not here yet. I told her, being the showman that I am, to make an entry."

Rosamund walked forward and sat upon the divan, where she had so often sat while Le Maur painted her. Her young men gathered about her. Dauphin and Selincour—for Le Maur hadn't been able to resist inviting them—were discussing avidly the sketches of Jenny upon two easels.

Rosamund indicated them. "You told me especially not to bring anything that wasn't harmless. And now, there they are."

"Don't be vexed at my inconsistencies, my sweet. I'm very frail."

The French manservant brought her a vast selection of cigarettes upon a tray. Le Maur was in smooth humor, and he looked magnificent. There were some lovely women in the studio when Rosamund arrived, as well as two or three that were jeweled and fat. These were women who could afford to pay any prices. Le Maur murmured of them to Rosamund, seeing her fine plucked eyebrows rise. And then one of her women friends sat down beside her, with much simulated joy at the encounter, the young men scattering to make room for her. They talked together without interest of the first court of the season, and of one or two surprising presentations to be made thereat.

But all the time Rosamund's thoughts were warmly, restfully, on Jack Riverside and an after-all inevitable settling down—for which, she told herself with a faint sigh, "I'm ready"—or they circled, a little hostilely in anticipation, about the entry of Jenny Croft. She hated the strange and easy way in which girls like that got hold of men. There always seemed to be something that men were looking for, outside their own class.

Then Jenny came in. So that was the girl for whom Le Maur had put aside the portrait of an acknowledged beauty, which should certainly have been finished by now, and which should, in May, have hung upon the august walls of the Royal Academy, to everyone's admiration. Talk ceased in the room instantly, because Jenny's advent had been expected for more than half an hour now and all appetites were whetted.

"So that," said the young woman who sat beside Rosamund on the divan, "is the new model I've heard something about. Haven't you?"

"I have."

"She's —— Heavens, look at Dauphin and Selincour!"

They saw the thin girl in a reddish-amber frock, with little satin sandals—also achieved by Divinité—laced on her thin feet. And while they were murmuring to each other, "I don't know what there is so marvelous ——" and "Does Victor really think ——" and "Can you see exactly what ——" each knew very sharply that the other saw all the strength, all the beauty and—yes, all the danger there was in such a girl. The danger—for weren't men always looking outside their own class for a vague wild something that was more imagination, surely, than anything else?

"She's spectacular." Thus, Rosamund, judicially.

"I shall talk to her presently if I get a chance. Though I suppose we may as well leave it to the men. They're very adequate at occasions of this kind."

"Too adequate," said Rosamund, signaling to Michel with the tray of cigarettes that he was taking to newcomers.

"You smoke too much, don't you, darling?"

"No, darling."

"By Jove, isn't that a wonderful girl!" said one of Rosamund's very young men.

She turned: "Go and talk to her. Don't stay glued to me. And bring her to see us if she can get away."

It seemed a long time before the very young man even wished to obey this latter command. A long time, during which the other woman left to go home and Rosamund sat on the divan, smoking cigarette

(Continued on Page 107)

A better one now for a QUARTER

The NEW *National* MAZDA LAMP

In 1909 came a new kind of lamp—the wonder of the lighting world— $1.10 the MAZDA Lamp! In the 60-watt size the price was $1.10.

Now a vastly better MAZDA Lamp, the climax of twenty years of improvements—and of 25¢ successive price reductions—is sold in your own neighborhood for 23 cents in the two most used sizes, 25 cents in the 50 and 60-watt. . . . So for little more than the price of one of the first MAZDA Lamps you can now have a whole carton (the Blue Convenience Carton, six lamps) of the NEW and better MAZDA Lamps. . . . The New Lamps are better than *any* MAZDA Lamps that have preceded them; they give more light, with less glare; they're rugged, easy to clean, better in every way.

A GE PRODUCT
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MAZDA is not the name of a thing but the mark of a service rendered by the Research Laboratories of General Electric Company.

MOTOR car dealers lining up with Gabriel by the hundred means two things:—

First, that in the New Gabriel these men—who know shock absorbers from A to Z—have found the shock absorber they can recommend to their car buyers and owners.

Second, that they have felt the pressure of the eager public demand for the New Gabriels.

So today, to Gabriel's own organization of more than 3200 servicing distributors, has been added an army of motor car dealers, and the New Gabriel Snubbers are easy to get for any car, anywhere.

Preloading Prevented

Any Gabriel Snubber can be quickly changed to the latest anti-preloading type by any Gabriel service station, at moderate cost.

Hundreds of motor car dealers are giving the New Gabriels their whole-hearted recommendation because these new Snubbers possess a combined action heretofore unknown among shock absorbers.

The New Gabriels impose no tension to preload the springs of a car and cramp their natural resiliency on seemingly smooth pavements; they have the powerful extra friction of multiple coils to snub the vicious pitch that throws you off the seat on rough roads.

The public, finding in the New Gabriels a finer kind of

by the New Gabriels

riding, by its own eagerness swept Gabriel still farther into the lead among shock absorbers.

Motor car dealers were no less quick to see how tremendously Gabriel had advanced in riding comfort, and began to flock to Gabriel everywhere.

Preloading—the cause of jiggle and jounce on smooth pavements—is conquered; at the same time the pitch and throw on the rough roads are instantly snubbed down.

Gabriel's anti-preloading brake—the only one in the world—permits the car springs and tires to take up the jiggle.

Gabriel's multiple coils—also exclusive—snub a spring rebound from a heavy bump before it really gets started.

Forty car manufacturers see the value of these advancements and equip their cars with the New Gabriels; and cars not factory equipped have their frames drilled for Gabriels.

Your own motor car dealer will recommend Gabriels if you ask him; and every motorist, whatever his car may be, can have Gabriels quickly and easily applied.

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SNUBBERS

Three Mothers unite *to banish* the Gray Specter of Infection

from costly experience they warn other mothers of the danger of neglecting minor cuts and bruises

"My baby daughter was romping in the park, skipping over the gravel paths in childish glee. In her excitement she tripped and fell, sustaining a bad bruise.

"In my desire to quickly stop the child's crying I merely dipped my handkerchief in the lake, cleansed the open wound and bound it with another handkerchief.

"All seemed to go well for a few days and the incident was practically forgotten . . . But suddenly, one day, the wound became inflamed and extremely painful.

"I took the child at once to a doctor, who said that infection had set in as a result of my neglect to give proper first aid to the tiny bruise at the time of the accident.

"He then proceeded to check the infection which was rapidly surging through the little body. But it was a delicate and difficult ordeal. For days and nights that seemed like a million years we did not know whether our precious baby was to lose her limb or not . . . and only the skill of great specialists saved us all from such a tragedy.

"Will I ever forget the pathetic suffering my little baby went through? . . . It was in these anxious hours which I spent watching and waiting while my baby's life hung in the balance that I firmly resolved to be just as careful with the tiniest scratch as I would be with the most dangerous-looking wound."

MRS. JOHN MILLER,
3036½ Girard St., Los Angeles, California

"My little daughter fell while skating and bruised her knee. She bound the knee with a 'clean' handkerchief, and continued skating.

"Upon her return home, an hour later, the bandage had adhered to the skin so the wound was left to heal.

"Two days later, however, the hot, swollen knee, the surface healed, needed but a glance from the doctor to decide that infection had set in. Was ever a mother more sadly awakened?

"There followed seven weeks of pain, worry, sleepless nights and restless days . . . lost school and damaged health. Thanks to the doctor's skill my little girl recovered . . . Since then you may be sure that in our family even the smallest scratch is given prompt and proper first aid."

MRS. ROY F. PRATT,
La Mesa, California

"One day my little son fell and bruised his finger. But I paid no special attention to it . . . until shortly afterward, when a number of angry looking sores appeared on the hand and the child complained of severe joint pains.

"I rushed to a doctor who said that neglect to apply first aid to the tiny bruise had caused the bone of the finger to become infected.

"It took three months of careful treatment before the injured part healed. But even then unsightly scars remained and the finger is now slightly misshapen."

MRS. FRANCES SMITH,
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4 Simple things to do for cuts or bruises

—Available at all drug stores

1. Sterilize the wound with a Bauer & Black Iodine Swab or a Bauer & Black Merurochrome Swab . . 2. When antiseptic is dry, cover with Bauer & Black Sterile Gauze . . 3. Bind with Bauer & Black Sterile Gauze Bandage . . . . 4. Fasten with Bauer & Black Adhesive Plaster.

BAUER & BLACK

CHICAGO · NEW YORK · TORONTO

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(Continued from Page 102)

after cigarette, thinking languorously, securely, of Jack. It was a divine night, so warm for the end of April—as warm as June. If only she hadn't wanted to put on this new and glorious little white frock—so obviously *grande toilette* as far as such a description could describe clothes nowadays—just to thrill Jack, and to make a sensation here; if only she'd thought of putting on her little black lace, with her black velvet cloak—very quiet—they could, instead of supping at the Embassy Club later on, have ordered her chauffeur to rush away with them, out of London, down to the river maybe, and have danced a dance or two at the world-famous hostelry at Maidenhead, and sat out on the lawn by the still river, for an hour or so before midnight; and then there would have been the long dark drive home in this sweet-smelling night. Wise in the memory of many such ardent excursions, Rosamund sat envisaging it. Another time; another time! After all there was the whole hot summer before them. Only today was always so much lovelier than the vague tomorrow. Who knew what might happen tomorrow?

The Frenchman, so suave and dark and sleek and knowledgeable, was taking round filled goblets of champagne, with caviar sandwiches, pâté sandwiches, *petits fours* and salted almonds. A blur of people shifted to and fro, talking, eating, drinking. Then the very young man—but they had all deserted on various pretexts by now—came back, bringing Jenny.

"Miss Croft, Lady Rosamund Lacey."

Lady Rosamund looked up under her fine plucked eyebrows. She smiled. Rosamund had a singularly sweet smile. It broke up the hardness of her disenchanted face. And she put out a hand very graciously to the model. She thought: "I must study this girl." Laying one hand on the divan, caressing its brocade, she signaled Jenny to sit beside her.

Jenny knew her instantly—the beauty of the part-finished portrait now so ignominiously laid aside; the rich young aristocrat on whom she would wish to pattern herself. And color came to her pallor, and her mouth was suddenly a richer red, while into her eyes recognition flashed.

"You know me, I see," smiled Rosamund. "You've seen my portrait. What do you think of it?" And her sweet smile translated: "And I wonder what you think of me?"

Jenny answered the question of the smile, knowing the portrait to be beyond her powers of criticism. Artists used such phrases. She could hear Selincour and Le Maur even now saying things that were so much Greek to her.

"You're absolutely beautiful."

Rosamund, too, flushed to her own surprise, warmed; and yet she thought cynically, "Well, the creature means to worm her way among us, I suppose. She's not just a stupid contraption of flesh and bones like most of them."

She saw Jenny looking at her swiftly, earnestly, all over. "You're rather nice yourself," she said in a voice as sweet as her smile. "We're all most thrilled about you. Tomorrow you'll be gossiped over in every studio in London, and, of course, all the big men will want to paint you."

Natural shrewdness came to Jenny's aid and told her that this was not quite true yet; not by quite a long time in weeks and months; but natural shrewdness—born at snapping at opportunities from the disadvantage point of Greengrove Alley—told her also that it might easily become true; that she could make it true. Looking at Rosamund's face, she found there some hidden relationship to what surged in her own heart. It was not the type of lady face that visited poor people and did good deeds among them at Christmas. It was a vivid face, alive under its mask of delicate cosmetic; and in the eyes hunger raised its head and lay down again obedient to the arrogance within.

A girl three or four years older, perhaps, than Jenny herself, but a girl still. By some inspiration of mere instinct Jenny found in Rosamund the youth the loss of which many society dowagers deplored. They looked quietly and long at one another

"You would know," said Jenny. "Do you think I will succeed?"

"Succeed?"

"In this—this work."

And yet it was so funny to call it work—this posing, idling, in a warm and lovely studio—so funny to one who, by work, meant scrubbing, cooking, stitching for Dealy's, fighting for life—that she could smile.

"What are you smiling at?"

She did not explain to Rosamund, but reiterated emphatically, "Will I succeed? You'd know. Tell me."

Her earnestness and evident need stirred Rosamund faintly to some real interest. "You will—if you care to."

"I must!"

"So? Like that? Well, you can succeed then. Is it so urgent?"

"I want money."

"Ah," laughed Rosamund vaguely, "that's quite a common complaint."

"How do you know? You've never wanted it."

"Accidentally, no. But so many of my friends do; some of them are shockingly poor."

"There are rich poor and poor poor."

"I understand."

She looked down at the girl's hands—a closer scrutiny than she had yet given them, if unobtrusive. Ah, she was one of the poor poor.

And yet: "You have such a charming voice," she said irrelevantly, but her tone explained the irrelevance, adding, "You're educated?"

Jenny felt staring eyes on the back of her head; she turned it and saw two of this Lady Rosamund's very young men. Rosamund turned too.

"Get us some champagne. Send Michel. I'll have to go soon."

Jenny Croft drank her first champagne seated beside Lady Rosamund. And she ate, and disliked, caviar. The champagne fired her a little, so that her brain felt newly poised and resensitized to every impression. She looked about her and saw the bright fascinating kaleidoscope of people moving here and there, talking and smiling; she caught, above the incense that sent up its little faint spirals of smoke eternally, the rare perfume with which some woman had perfumed herself. She thought flyingly how beautiful, how entrancing was the whole picture of the great studio.

"Wonder what Miss Croft thinks of us all?" said one of the very young men invitingly.

As if she could have said! She could only hope and dream.

"It's not fair to ask her yet," said Lady Rosamund.

Rosamund said then, gently, "I love your frock."

"I got it at a place called Divinité." And suddenly she was glad that she had heard Victor le Maur pronounce the name—very carefully; for her benefit perhaps?—so that she did not stumble over it at all. "But——" And she looked at Lady Rosamund's white outline, knowing the real perfection when she saw it.

Rosamund said encouragingly, "You'll soon be able to have lots of attractive things, if you haven't got them now. And I am sure you have."

"I haven't."

"Well, you soon will, if you're clever."

Who else had told her that? Linda, Le Maur; the hunchbacked cutter at Dealy's thought that if a pretty girl was clever the earth was hers, or, at least, the town.

The same very young man said quietly, suggestingly, "Miss Croft reminds one a bit of Paulina, the new dancer in Cochrane's last revue. It's the figure mostly."

Rosamund's cynical smile just appearing at the corner of her curling lips! Rosamund helping him: "Have you seen the revue, Miss Croft?"

Of course, she hadn't.

Rosamund's cynical smile appearing fully and delightedly; Rosamund again furthering the very young man's purpose: "You ought to take Miss Croft to see that."

"If she'll come! Will you honor me, Miss Croft? What place do you like best to dine at?"

She looked up to meet the look in his sophisticated young eyes. Dine? With another man, when all her heart, her throbbing pulses, all her brain and soul and body longed only for her truant lover!

"You'll like it," said Rosamund, getting up. "And now I must go. Leaving you here, dears," she said to her cavaliers; "yes, leaving you here. I don't want you. I'm late as it is. I promised to meet someone at the Embassy at 10:30."

She took Jenny's hand. "Come to see me," she said, "at Harcourt Square, Mayfair. Tomorrow for lunch. At one o'clock, or 1:30. Fly round between sittings if Victor keeps you all day. Yes? Come!" And she pressed the hand. "Apropos of nothing at all, take all you can get in this life, always."

That she said *sotto voce*, jestingly. Only, she was not jesting. Then she went away, drawing up around her a voluminous silver cloak which had lain in a tossed heap on the divan. She was not jesting. Jenny knew it.

"Take all you can get in this life." Philosophy of woman? Who else had said that? Who else thought it? Everyone—all those bedraggled women in the alley. You could shut your eyes and just hear them voicing that all-embracing code. The slum women and this fine-etched lady—all the same.

She sat looking after the slim back as Rosamund passed with a swift languorous motion, peculiarly her own, through the now thronged studio.

She watched her haphazard gestures of good-by here and there; faint arrogant gestures, as if this Lady Rosamund cared for nobody; gestures that ceased as soon as they were made.

Rosamund powdered her face swiftly at a mirror in the anteroom and went out, the watchful Michel following to attend her to the street door. Her own car, with her own chauffeur, waited outside. She lay back in it, warmed now by the expectation of what was before her; only no one would have guessed it. Michel had spread the soft light fur lap robe over her slender knees, bidden her his discreet and menial "*Bon soir*," and she was being carried fast up Sloane Street. She thought no more of the haunting girl she had left behind. What did it matter where she went or what man got hold of her? Or what Victor did about the portrait—though it would have been really quite nice had it been hung this season—this season when so much else might happen too.

Tonight she and Jack would not dance a great deal. They would have that corner table, away almost beneath the orchestra, and talk. Talk of Jack's future, Jack's life, Jack's ambitions, and the imminent plans for his election campaign. No Scotland for her or for Jack in August; but what did shooting parties matter? What did even the sacred grouse matter? What did anything matter but his success in his first big venturing? What did anything matter, in the end, so much as place and power?

There was love.

Well, she could love him. She knew how! But she had had so many passions that now she could look with her disenchanted eyes and select the things that would really last longest, give the greatest, most splendid ultimate rewards.

"Power, place, and passion," she mused to herself, placing the three in their order. The prizes of life for the rulers of life. If you couldn't rule, why live?

Then she was in Bond Street, her chauffeur twisting the car incomparably among the other cars maneuvering for a place at the famous portal. He was a good chauffeur; she couldn't bear fools, bunglers or people who waited patiently for their turn. Slaves! (Continued on Page 109)

Keep 'em cool . . . this way

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Every home decorator understands the importance of beautiful floor fabrics. In public buildings, too—hotels, theatres, fine stores—particular care is taken in the selection of floor coverings. Everywhere, the harmonious magic of fine carpets creates an air of beauty, luxury, and comfort.

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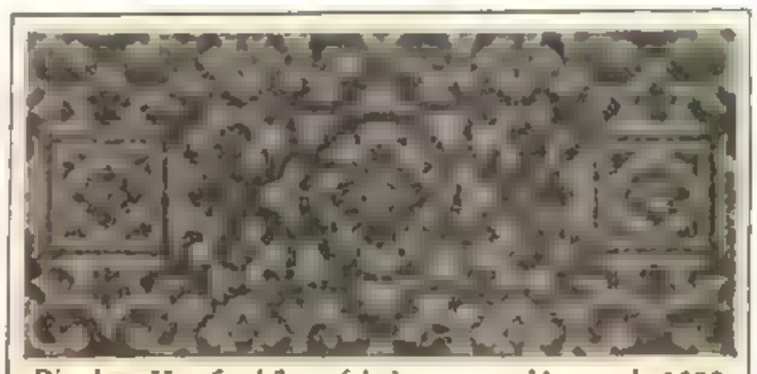
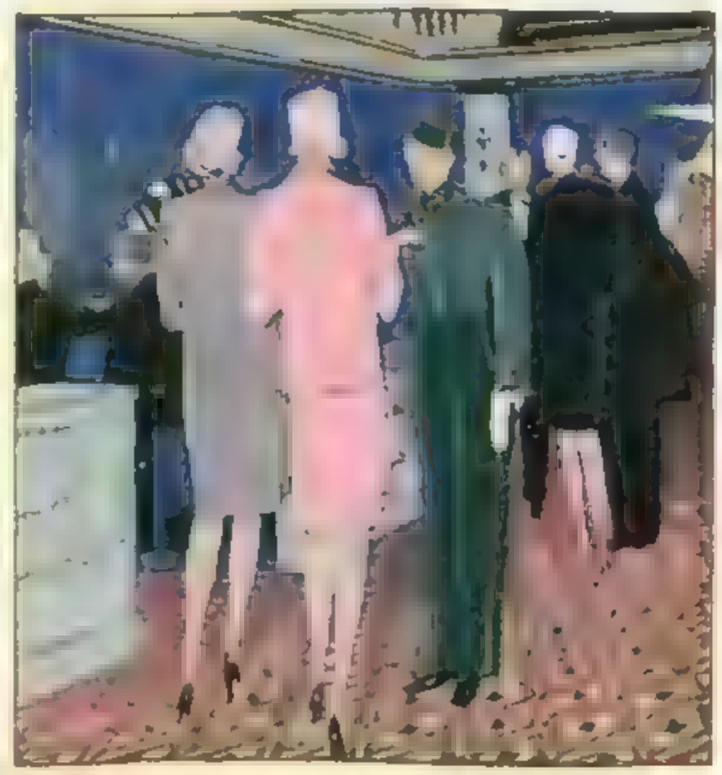
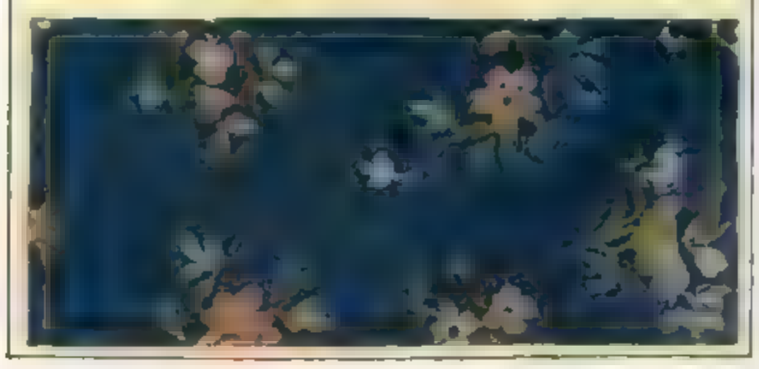


Bigelow-Hartford floor fabrics are used in nearly 1500 of America's leading hotels. Their worth is proved in years of longer wear and lasting beauty. Restful under foot, pleasing to the eye, Bigelow-Hartford rugs and carpets help make a home for the guest. This pattern is Bigelow Lancaster Wilton.

Beautiful carpets add to the charm and dignity of the showrooms of fine stores. Here again Bigelow-Hartford fabrics are most often used, especially in stores which sell many kinds of rugs and carpets for home use. They have learned from experience that Bigelow-Hartford carpets are unsurpassed for beauty and wear. The pattern illustrated is Bigelow Merrimac Wilton.



Many palatial new theatres are furnished with Bigelow-Hartford carpets. Here one finds striking and colorful patterns keyed to the magnificence of the interiors, the deep-piled fabrics adding comfort and luxury. A typical pattern is shown in "Hartford-Saxony"—a fabric famous for its rich beauty and great wearing quality.



Bigelow-Hartford

RUGS & CARPETS

WEAVERS SINCE 1825

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(Continued from Page 107)

She saw, just within, Jack Riverside waiting for her.

She saw he was not happy. There was a restlessness in him, a want. But he looked splendid; he had a little bit of his dead cousin Philip's air, she thought -the air of one of the princes of the earth. Indeed, that was practically what any Riverside might be if he would. They greeted each other already intimately.

"You're late," he said, and she noted with satisfaction his unconscious tone of expectation, of possession.

Going down the narrow stairs to the dressing rooms under his escort, she answered, "I've been to Victor le Maur's studio. Such a lot of people there! He gave a party to show off his new model."

"Oh. A girl, I suppose?"

"Certainly."

"I suppose she's very intriguing and all that?"—casually.

"Very. I shall take her up a little if I have time. I think Victor would like me to. It would do her a bit of good, of course. All these girls must create a vogue for themselves if they're to prosper. Only I shan't do it yet. He's guarding her like a tiger; doesn't want her spoiled—which means tempted away from him. Aren't men selfish?"

"Show her to me."

Rosamund nodded carelessly: "Why, yes." But she thought: "No!"

She went into the perfect little dressing room and noted her face in the glass. It was time—time, as all the dowagers said more frankly each season—that she settled down.

She retained the glory of her silver cloak—the cloak that made such a lovely entry into club or restaurant. She went up the narrow stair again, and with dazzling effect entered the modestly sized room that was the world-famous club. The world-famous *maître du restaurant*, Luigi, followed them to their table and stood talking with them for a few moments.

The little thrill in the air as she sat down made it seem as if everyone in the place was saying, "There's Lady Rosamund Lacey." "There's Rosamund! Looking divine!"

The orchestra began to play, and while people around them rose to dance they remained there in an isolation. This most remote-seeming corner of the club made them feel, just as she had anticipated, quiet and alone.

But all the same she could not forget the sweet night outside, and she regretted the crowd, the chatter and the music; wishing again for the lawn of that certain hostelry at Maidenhead—the dim lawn, chairs close to the darkness of the trees, with the river whispering by.

"What would you like, Rosamund?"

She was already just Rosamund to him. He ordered supper, with a hock cup.

She told him of her faint regrets. "I almost wished, when I saw how warm the night was, that we'd driven out of town. There would have been an hour or so somewhere, and I could have got away from Victor's affair earlier."

"I wish we had."

"Well," she murmured, "this isn't the only evening."

"I hope not. I'd like to have whole days and days and days with you, Rosamund."

"I wonder."

"And you?"

"Oh, I? One wants anything, everything. I don't know. I'm sick, really, of idling about, doing nothing worth while. I can hardly bear the idea of another season, just the same as all the others that have gone before."

"I'm not tired yet."

"You haven't had enough."

Then she was, possibly, a little sorry that she had said that. It reminded him, perhaps, of the three years, or four years or more—why count so accurately?—between their ages. And very young men were sometimes foolish on this point. So she went on at once:

"In some ways a girl lives earlier, quicker, than a man. That's to say—well, at eighteen a girl is a debutante; she's out. At eighteen a boy hasn't left school. She's years ahead of him by the time he starts, and so, years tireder."

"I hadn't thought of it. I suppose it's so."

"And so girls are ready for serious life long before most men are."

"I'm ready for serious life now."

"I wonder."

"I want to put everything behind me—do you know the feeling? Say, the past is past. But I don't feel as if I'll ever find any work to keep me down."

"'Down?'"

"I mean, hold me down; keep me from thinking too much."

"Wait till you start your electioneering program in earnest."

"Will that do it?"

"I believe we're all happier in harness and going hard, Jack. I do."

"That's what I tell myself."

"What is it, Jack?" she said in her low husky voice. "Can I help?"

"You do help."

"Let me help more."

He said, staring into his goblet of the cloudy hock cup, "My uncle's awfully fond of you, Rosamund. So was Philip, and so am I."

"Oh, it's too soon altogether for you to know that."

"You know that first night that we met—when you came in after dinner for half an hour and played to us?"

"Yes."

"You looked divine. I thought you divine. Such a rescue after. . . . I suppose you know I'd gone pretty low."

"Oh, my dear boy!"

Her gesture exclaimed: "What of it? How natural! I understand." Her eyes cried soft things, too, dwelling on him.

She said emphatically, "It should never have happened. Never. They shouldn't have let it happen."

"'They?'"

"Darling Lucas and your silly mother. You were only a boy."

"I'm glad you say 'were.' I'm a boy no longer."

"You needed someone to talk plain patent facts to you."

"Would you have done it?"

"Ah, if only I'd been there! If I'd known you then!"

He dropped his hand down below the table to the cushioned corner seat, and found hers dropped there, too—a hand of ineffable delicacy and delightfulness. He pressed it violently. He liked her comfort, her exquisiteness near him. He wished hard to believe her. "They" shouldn't have let him do all he had done. It was really older people's fault.

A dim question fumbled in him as to when people were old, older. Some people were quite old enough to shoulder the liability of themselves remarkably early in life, weren't they? People in Summer Street, for example? All the little girls growing up there and going fearlessly to and fro from work, and only themselves to blame for a downfall, said everybody pitilessly. Shouldn't be a fool, said everybody. And though he held Rosamund's hand in his, all delicacy and delight, it seemed for a moment to harden to the lover hand of Jenny. The dim question propounded: Eton and Oxford and the finest people, presumably, in the land about you; money in your pocket and much variety of soft living, and do you quite know even yet when a boy should become a man? He left the question unanswered.

Rosamund was saying, "Let's dance."

She knew that when this throbbing unsatisfied young male had her in his arms and moved with her upon the dancing floor, he would have done with introspection for the moment anyway.

"There's one thing," he said, disregarding: "All I've seen and learned will surely be of tremendous help to me politically, won't it?"

"Oh, no! Oh, no! Why? We know enough without delving in mud."

"We know enough!" Her creed. He almost exclaimed aloud. The creed of all her caste and his. "We know enough. We are still on top of the world. We don't know or want to know what boils underneath. We know enough."

"I mean ——"

"Let's dance."

So he led her, his fingers again proprietorial on her silky arm, upon the floor. They danced.

"The first time I've danced with you, Rosamund."

"Aren't you glad you came back to life?"

"I can't tell you how glad."

Only, the dim questioner propounded, what is life?

"I'm going to fight your election with you, you know."

"Will I win?"

"Yes. Poor Philip had the seat half won already." Dead men's shoes placed respectfully for him.

"Rosamund, how easy it all is for us."

"Us?"

"Us."

She replied, "Jack, can you Charleston? There's room now for the flat-foot Charleston. Watch that couple a moment. Now, get the rhythm; now put all your weight on the left foot ——"

When they sat down again, having broken their effect of seclusion, several people came up to their table for greetings. One or two Jack knew. Here was a man who'd been in his college—and knew a sight too much about him, of course. Here was actually that very pretty naughty girl who'd come with her married sister for Eights week, and who was now a bride herself. He had punted her upon the river. And a Tory peer, Lord Cheltenham, a die-hard of the die-hards, to whom Rosamund introduced him, shook his hand warmly; had heard he was standing for Parliamentary election in poor Philip's stead; was a lifelong friend of Lucas.

The old peer, red and sporting, debonair in the best-cut white waistcoat in the room, said, "My boy, come and lunch with me at my club—Union Club—day after tomorrow."

Lord Cheltenham went back to his supper with a celebrated young actress and her friends.

Rosamund watched Jack. "You had never begun life, Jack. At Oxford a few boozy parties in your rooms and girls on the river, and boat-race nights trying to paint red old London redder, and in the vacations winter sports somewhere, or a bit of hunting, I suppose. But now, life itself!"

"You are a very wonderful teacher, Rosamund. Very, very wonderful."

He leaned toward her. Their shoulders touched. And his mind leaned upon her. Let her lead. She knew how!

"A brandy and soda, double brandy," he ordered. "Will you, too, Rosamund?"

"Only drink 'em in the country, when I'm healthy."

"Let's dance again."

A waltz. She danced everything well. At last she felt his restlessness abating. She had soothed him. She had tempted him and reassured him. At last his heart was light and his thoughts were all for her. Now she kept him dancing, detained people at their table talking. Brilliant and charming people came and went about them. She felt the need of keeping him acutely conscious of the pleasures and privileges of this life among his own kind, because she divined, also, that there had been something burning much too hotly in his mind; some odd shame perhaps, or some difficult quixoticism such as might perplex and hamper a wealthy and fortunate young man who had become embroiled with slums and their inhabitants. She saw him answer to treatment, saw him recover from this little bout of heart sickness.

"It's been a perfect evening, Jack," she murmured in the car.

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He paused. His eyes sought her face. He slipped an arm about her and held her tightly. She was all yielding. And when they ran, soon, into the comparative darkness of Harcourt Square he kissed her.

He kissed her again and again, finding her quiver to instant response. "Oh, Rosamund!" he breathed.

She knew she had been right; this boy was lost, unsure; would be all the better to find himself settled, stabilized; all the better for being what the French call, so aptly, *rangé*. Just as she herself would be all the better, though not for the same reasons.

She murmured, "Ring me up quite early in the morning, Jack."

"Luncheon?"

She remembered keenly through the haze of the passion that she really felt for him: No, not luncheon. That girl was coming—too attractive by far to show just now to an inflammable young man with a heart that seemed hot with the grievance of the lower orders.

"Ring me quite early, and I'll spare you some time, whatever my engagements are. Thank heaven, things haven't really begun yet. One's not very, very busy yet."

"Why do you thank heaven?"

"Because I can see you oftener and longer than otherwise I might do at short notice, fool." She uttered "fool" like a caress.

"You adorable!"

And yet what was it that he couldn't find on her mouth, in her hands, gently, feverishly tender? There was something there—ashes—so that the flame of ecstasy would not burn hot and clear.

"Good night."

"Good night."

When he had seen her within her door her car took him home. And ascending the stairs in the Beverley Place house, he came upon an open door, and standing just within it, a woman in a dressing gown. His silly mother. She ran at him with little cries of easy joy—easy as her little cries of anger and distress had been. She embraced him and drew him within.

"Darling, darling boy, I'm too happy! To think it's all over, and I'm to have the season. That horrible Cannes at this time of year ——"

"Does uncle know you've come?"

"I arrived just before he went to bed. Now we're together again! My dearest boy!"

His mother was a tall, slim, feckless, playful woman. She seemed to him utterly absurd, if quite nice, as always.

"I'm glad you're glad, mother."

"You look so much older and wiser, Jackie."

"I am."

"Oh, Jackie. Tell me, darling."

"No, never!"

"Well, tell me where you've been this evening. I know whom you were with."

"We've been dancing at the Embassy."

"Jolly! Jackie, I do admire Rosamund so."

He thought of the curiously ashy yet passionate kisses in the car. She had been lovely. Well, let her lead! She knew how.

"You mean you want a daughter-in-law, mother?"

"Well, darling, wouldn't it be wonderful? A wife is such an asset, too, in an election campaign," she said roguishly.

"Is Uncle Lucas glad to see you back?"

"He didn't seem overwhelmed with joy," she giggled. "But it will all come right, darling, if only you—it all depends on you. Don't let us down."

Impatience, like a physical irritation, ran all over him. "Oh, all right, mother."

"After all, I'm Lucas' only sister. And now that this dreadful cloud has been lifted from me—not knowing where you were; hearing such awful rumors; everybody knowing my only son had disgraced himself—now that it's all so happy again, I'm going to make him let me entertain a little. Quietly and not very often, of course, because of poor Phil. I've been nearly dead in those horrid *pensions* at Cannes."

"Good night, poor old lady."

Of what use to stand talking; listening to her futilities? "I've been nearly dead ——" Well, of course, she didn't know those other places where people might so well and profitably die, and yet where people struggled to live.

"Good night, dearest."

He could see, within the open door, her opened trunks, half unpacked already. She had her old room and was happy again. She had come and planted herself again on Lucas in the obstinate manner of the weak whose spreading tentacles clung like the wiry tendrils of vines. She had again—because of his return—the run of the comfortable house, her self-appointed position as unacknowledged mistress of it; and her eyes—just as pleasure loving at fifty as they had been at twenty—roved ahead among the delights of the London season. She was in the middle of things again, when she had so feared to be submerged.

He went on into his own room, where Lucas' valet had laid out his things for the night.

He stayed some time at the open window, to which came up, subdued, the murmurous night voice of London. A little perfume went with him; not the perfume that clung about his mother, but Rosamund's. Her head had lain for a minute on his shoulder, against his neck, as they sat together in the limousine.

He was, after all, glad that there must be a reckoning for those wild kisses. Or must there? She had seemed to take them unsurprised. Then he found himself looking forward to going to her, placing himself and his life in her so wise hands. It would mean good-by to doubts and shame and regret; a closing of a door on a room which need never again be opened.

He supposed that tomorrow might well see him engaged to be married to Rosamund. Well, she was entrancing. She had all the wisdom, the sense of leadership that he could not, as yet, find in himself.

His head finally upon the pillow, a night breeze reaching him through the opened windows, he thought lazily:

"Women are more than a match for us."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

A SAGA OF THE SWORD

(Continued from Page 19)

Those around him concurred vehemently. What indeed would become of chivalry, if the steel-incased knight—he was now beginning to arm his horse also, protecting it from the arrows which for several generations had enforced dismounted action on the battlefield—were to be vulnerable to that baseborn rabble he had hitherto slaughtered without compunction and almost without risk? Few were the knights actually killed in battle; it was ever the object of the opposing chevaliers to capture one another alive for ransom. They could implicitly trust the knightly word of their captives to remit those often very great sums from the homes whither they were freely permitted to return. Others at the table skeptically minimized the value of these newfangled devilish engines; for themselves, for battering down walls, they much preferred the well-tried trebuchet and springal of their fathers, and for the open field even if, as men said, they were now making hand weapons to vomit that hellish fire and noise, what avail were they against the deadly arbalestiers or against such archers as the English long-bow men? Besides, how often did those hooped tubes burst, horribly mangling those that served them, sending to the devil, their master, the souls of the smoke-blackened baseborn wretches who had lent themselves to his devices.

It was, as it was long to be, the perennial topic in every gathering of nobly born warriors, zealous to maintain the traditions of ancient chivalry, glorying in that personal hand-to-hand prowess of knights meeting each other in a shock of galloping chargers, which was the only conceivable criterion of the valor to which they were pledged. Unanimous at that table was the opinion that the cowardly villains who served those engines should be hanged out of hand wherever caught. Many voiced the opinion of their host that seigneurs or even monarchs who employed them were by that act dishonored and should be erased from the roll of chivalry. All agreed that Holy Church should prohibit the making of those iron tubes and of that infernal black powder which plainly had the properties of hell itself—even as, long ago and quite ineffectively, their knightly ancestors had prevailed on Rome to prohibit the then novel and murderous arbalest. In enthusiastic agreement, Alain listened to that talk of his seniors, although, as a new and untried knight should do, he sat modestly silent. Secretly he pledged himself never to show mercy to those base rascals who employed arms so destructive of all true chivalry.

The long-continued feast was ending. Down in the hall the tables were being cleared, the musicians were gathering together. The seigneur of Castel-Liesse and his lady rose from the wine-spilled board at which they had sat and, followed by their guests, went down the steps from the dais. With drum and tabor and viol and flute, the minstrels commenced a joyous tune. The dancing was to begin.

With the Lady Alys who had armed him did Alain, in full armor, as custom commanded the new-made knight, tread that first dignified measure. In the gayly attired throng of lords and dames that to the rhythm of the music turned, took hands and bowed and turned again in partnership, he saw Bertrand, handsome in his armor, dancing—as was his corresponding privilege—with the fair Blancheflor, saw him speak and smile, saw her smile and blush and smile again. He enforced himself, over his own involuntary pang, to be glad that his heart's friend had the most beauteous and the most virtuous of all damsels for almost avowed sweet lover.

His own turn came to dance with her, slim, fragile as a flower, with modestly lashed blue eyes in a young face of shyly candid innocence that made him think of the saints in the Lady Alys' illuminated Book of Hours. He danced apprehensively, fearing lest he should crush her dainty feet with the steel *sollerets* he wore, fearing lest he should hurt her with some clumsy contact of the unyielding plate armor on his body, and a strange tremor, almost a giddiness, came over him at the touch of their bare hands. She smiled at him so kindly a smile that he was emboldened to utter the words he for many days had been secretly framing in his mind—the words that sometimes he had thought he would never dare to pronounce, so great was the trembling that seized him when he approached her.

"Douce damsel," he said as they came close together in the dance, "tomorrow with Bertrand, my blood brother who is more to me than myself, I ride forth to seek honor and adventure where God may send them. Wilt thou of thy fair gentleness grant me a piece of thy scarf for a device to wear upon my armor, that I may be known to all men as thy servant, ready with my blood to defend the renown of thy beauty against all comers?"

She changed color in a maiden confusion, stammered an inaudible word—and Alain knew that already she had promised that scarf to Bertrand, as, indeed, he had anticipated.

He smiled at her reassuringly.

"Mistake me not, sweet damsel," he said. "Not for myself do I ask to wear that favor. Well I know that thou hast the love of the best and bravest knight that ever bestrode destrier or shook lance, and that thy heart bids thee smile on him who is my friend. I would wear thy device only that I may share that with him as all other things we share, that I may not be held outside thy love and his but, ever remembering it, may dedicate my life to bring him, in much fair-won honor, safe back to thee."

She looked at him with grateful eyes, divining perhaps the love of which he made sacrifice. Her smile was a reward and a pain to him.

"A noble and a good knight wilt thou prove, Sir Alain," she answered gravely. The dance ended. They went back together toward the dais. "The scarf will I divide into two—one moiety for Bertrand, that he may remember me whatever adventures shall befall him in his errantry, or strange damsels tempt him from the love he swears to me—the other for thee"—she renewed her smile for him—"until another lady shall give thee of her love another and worthier favor to wear."

"Not until Bertrand and thou are wedded in joy and honor will I wear the favor of other dame or damoiselle, however fair she be," he said, in a sincerity that made his voice tremble. "By Our Lady who watches over true lovers do I swear it!"

She looked at him again—how lovely were those blue eyes of staunch faith!—in the instant that they separated, that he yielded her to Bertrand, tall and masculinely handsome as he smiled to receive her.

"I would that I had a sister, Sir Alain!" Her voice trembled a little also.

That phrase was a reiterated music in his ears, mingling with the other music, as for hours thereafter he danced with other and vainly coquettish ladies, danced in the endless round dances where they sang in chorus to the tune set by the pipes and viols of the minstrels, danced those Provençal dances where they twirled embraced and which, somewhat modified, were centuries later to spread over Europe in the *valse* craze of Napoleonic times.

A week had elapsed. Happily Bertrand and Alain rode side by side on the great armored destriers, ancestors of the modern Shire horse, the seigneur of Castel-Liesse had nobly given them, as it beseemed a lord to do when he initiated his esquires into knighthood. They wore the full armor, which—save in time of war noticeably unusual on those that traveled—indicated to all versed in the science of chivalry that they were knights-errant, journeying in quest of honor and *bel* adventure. The shields they carried, being whitened over to conceal the heraldic blazon, were a further token that as yet they had performed no exploits worthy of note. They carried their own ponderous lances also, their lean purses permitting them no esquires to carry shields and lances for them.

Bound around the right arm of each was the prized moiety of the blue scarf which the fair Blancheflor de Castel-Liesse had cut in twain for them—her little white hands trembling as she tied the silk upon the new bright steel of the *brassières*, and her blue eyes moist as she smiled at them, wishing them knightly fortune and the protection of the Mother of God. Would that handsomely bold-visaged lad return with honor and much wealth won in ransom and knightly service, as he had passionately sworn to do, to wed her and that rich fief which would depend from her? Her father had smiled sympathetically when she had begged him not to espouse her to that neighboring lord who had already made overtures. The fascinatingly audacious

(Continued on Page 115)

In the molded forms and graceful lines of this *authentic* woodwork there is

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This Curtis stair in the living room of Les Silhouettes, a tea house near Villanova, Pa., shows that genuine beauty in a stairway lies more in a slender newel post and balusters than in heavier forms.

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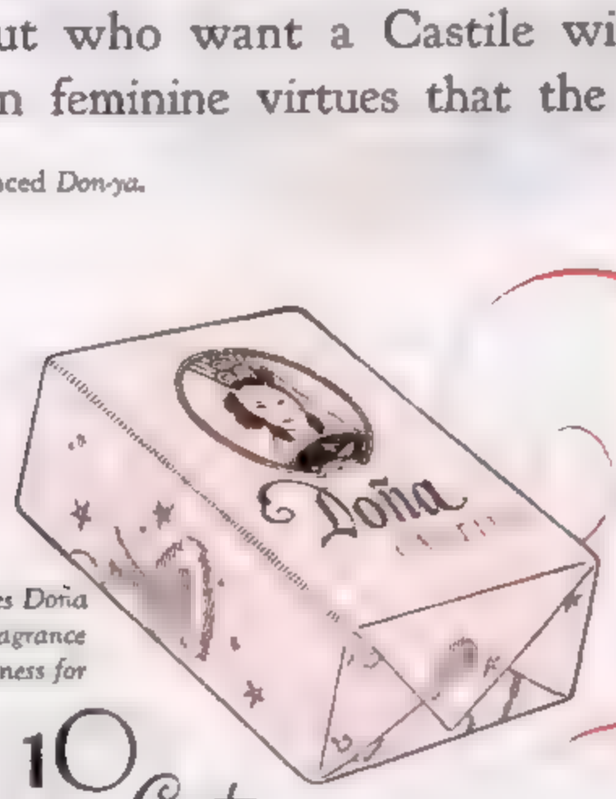

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CASTILE

FOR ALL THE FAMILY

Why Venus and I Parted

I am a man who loved—and lost $75.

Venus appealed to two of my weaknesses. I love beauty, and I love to express my individuality.

How lovely she was! Her lines were luscious; she was grace personified; she shone like a silver goddess in the summer sunshine. But (I learned later) she was as dumb as she was beautiful.

I thought Venus on my radiator would express my individuality. (I'm that way. I have my initials embroidered on my shirts.) I wanted my motor car to be different—to show personality. I thought that when people saw a car with Venus on the radiator they would say: "There goes Don Herold. He has that car with Venus on the radiator."

Fine! But no sooner had I taken Venus as my one and only than I began to see her on other cars—hundreds—thousands—all of whose owners were expressing their individuality with this same Venus. Venus was a girl with a lot of loves!

Then one day, 92 miles from Nowhere, my car went dead. The garage man who towed me in found the connecting rod bearings fried to a crisp. "Didn't you know you were out of oil and water?" he asked.

"No, how could I?" I said.

He looked at Venus and replied: "It's that dame on the radiator. You birds with them pretty paper-weights on the fronts of your cars always have this kind of trouble. The place for them ornamental statues is home on the mantelpiece. What you need there is a Boyce Moto Meter." The repair bill was $75.

Then Venus and I parted—and we parted bad friends. I gave her to Aunt Ella to use for a door-stop—or throw at the cat.

From now on, I keep a Boyce Moto Meter on my radiator—and no ornamental buzzards, teddy bears, chorus girls, angels, or other animals from the menagerie. Before I'd do without a Moto Meter I'd let somebody talk me into taking the motor out and filling the space with a geranium bed. Beauty is all right in its place — but beauty is as beauty does — and Venus *didn't*.

I have a weakness for knickknacks, but I would just as soon try to raise goldfish inside my radiator as to keep a gewgaw on top of it. No more dumb doodads for me. I parboiled my pistons once—that's enough.

Hereafter, I carry my useless ornaments in the tonneau! Venus was a nice girl—but she wouldn't tell temperature.

Don Herold

(Continued from Page 110)

Bertrand had ever been a favorite with him also, but landless younger sons might not claim rich heiresses without they brought much gold and more renown in lieu of acres.

The sun was already some way below its meridian as they followed the rough track, rutted and dusty between fields of young corn and groves of fantastically twisted silver-gray olive trees. Surely they should be now approaching the castle of which had spoken the warden of the piously endowed hermitage where last night they had eaten and slept. Good cheer was there made for worthy knights, he had said, and nobly the castellan and his dame maintained the practices of ancient chivalry. Though perhaps, he had added, poor honor could they do now to passing guests, for certain carriers with a train of pack mules had told him that there were troubles in that fief, not only the serfs and villeins but the burgesses of the town subject to them having risen in revolt against their lawful lords.

It was this latter piece of intelligence which had decided them to direct their way thither. What better use could they make of their virgin knightly arms than to come to the assistance of noble folk menaced by a baseborn rabble faithless to its allegiance? Still vividly remembered in every castle were the indescribable atrocities wreaked upon those of gentle blood in the Jacquerie of the previous generation. Plainly they should now be near. For more than an hour they had seen no one in the fields, the serfs—so a dusty-sandaled itinerant preaching friar had told them—having left their labor to gather in a host with the rebellious burgesses, defying the laws of God and man.

They overtopped a rise in that undulating country, and as they did so Alain discerned a castle on a far distant outcrop of rock, its round battlemented towers lofty above a stream, with some way farther on a close cluster of houses that was evidently the revolting town.

"Behold, brother!" he cried, pointing across the intervening woods and corn fields. "Castel-Rochaigu!"

Bertrand lifted his hand horizontally above his aquiline nose—sunburned now was the handsome face framed in the open-visored helmet—shading his eyes from the glare.

"Sight hast thou like a hawk, *frère* Alain!" he laughed. "Heaven forfend that I should ever have aught to conceal from thee! Castel-Rochaigu of a sooth it is. Let us prick toward it. Haply those within have need of us. Yonder surely is honor for our spurs and swords. These seven days have I craved to cry the name of our lady in the fight!"

"I also," said Alain, "though I wear her favor only that we may be alike in all things, brother, save only in the great love she justly has of thee."

They pressed the long-projecting rowels into the flanks of their armor-burdened horses, touched the powerful animals into a trot. Eagerly, as they rode in a clanking and jangling of steel, they talked of the opportunities of knightly prowess certainly ahead of them.

Yet an hour of journey had they before that castle was close and high in front of them. Fortunately they had approached it from its own side of the river, for the bridge across the stream was broken down and blackened with fire. The few miserable hovels close under the walls were deserted, nor was anyone visible on the battlements, though a horn sounded as they drew near to the raised drawbridge over the outer moat. A warder showed himself cautiously in an embrasure, cried down to them to declare their quality and purpose.

It was Bertrand who answered, in a shout that echoed from the massive walls:

"Two new-made knights are we, brothers in arms, riding with whitened shields to seek honorable adventure and to maintain against all comers the renown of our lady. Till we have proved our knighthood by some worthy deed, not fitting is it that we should reveal our names and quality!"

There was a wait of some minutes while evidently the warder went to seek instructions. Then again the voice came from the battlements:

"Hospitality and good cheer gladly gives the lord of Rochaigu to all true knights, if so be that each first rides a joust with one of his champions in the courtyard and bears himself honorably therein. Such from old time, in peace or war, is the custom of the castle of Rochaigu. Do ye nameless knights submit loyally to that custom?"

They cried up to the embrasure, "Bid thy lord that loyally and joyously we accept his custom. The bravest of his knights do we challenge in championship of the beauty and virtue of the noble lady whose favor we wear!"

Creaking and groaning as the immense chains came link by link through their grooves, the ponderous drawbridge was lowered to them.

Obedient to the chivalrous custom still frequent over the land, they had ridden that joust in the great courtyard of the castle against the strange knights who came hurtling toward them with lance similarly couched to the left across the horse's neck, had kept their saddles in the mutual shock of lance on shield, while Bertrand's adversary had been precipitated from his charger and Alain's antagonist, with splintered shield, had been flung back on the crupper. The herald of the seigneur had sounded his trumpet, had stopped the combat, proclaiming that they had passed the test, and adding the felicitations and the welcome of his lord.

Then they had been conducted to an upper chamber in the castle where wooden tubs of steaming water awaited them, and fair young damsels—as the custom was—had stripped and bathed them, had massaged them as they lay afterward upon a couch. Thereafter, accompanied by pages bearing rich habiliments, the seneschal had come to them, had with elaborate compliment presented these gifts from his lord to these gallant and worthy *chevaliers-sans-nom*, had prayed them, when they should be attired, to descend to the hall of honor where the company of the castle awaited them.

Now, dressed in these new clothes, with long pointed shoes, tight-fitting hose and doublets of richly hued velvet, they went down the narrow winding stair interior within the colossal wall, were led by the seneschal to a large apartment hung with tapestries representing scenes of love, war and the chase. A beautiful lady sat in a throne at the farther end, above a numerous society of fashionably garbed men and women who turned to look in curiosity at these newcomers. A tall handsome man of middle age, a gold collar hanging over his crimson pourpoint, his hose green on the one leg and purple on the other, his shoes exaggerated in their length, detached himself from that throng, announced himself as the seigneur of Rochaigu, gave them each the kiss of welcome. Then he conducted them to a golden-haired, brilliantly rouged and heavily jeweled lady seated in laughing talk with a young man who had a lute between his knees.

"Sweet wife," said the seigneur of Rochaigu courteously, "forgive that a husband intrudes. These two young knights, having nobly fulfilled our custom, crave thy hospitality. They hold themselves nameless and their shields blank until they shall have won honor in deeds of chivalry."

The golden-haired lady turned bright sophisticated eyes upon them.

"I give ye welcome, fair sirs," she said in a pleasant voice, those quick eyes appraising them alternately, "and much I hope that soon your names may be illustriously cried by the heralds. But, alas, small chance is there here of knightly deeds! Our dogs of serfs and burgesses—they shall hang for it in rows!—have risen against us and hold us besieged. The tournament proclaimed for the octave of Pentecost, to our great shame, is perforce abandoned. Only may we promise ye much occasion to try the temper of your swords and the sharpness of your lances on the carcasses of this rabble." She smiled again. "Present them to our queen, husband."

The seigneur of Rochaigu led them to the beautiful white-skinned, dark-haired lady, magnificent in a silver-embroidered robe of royal blue, who sat on the throne at the end of the apartment. Her dark eyes were lustrously large and her curved mouth a temptation emphasized by its cunning touches of rouge.

"*Ma mie*," said the seigneur, with a subtle something of familiarity in his courtesy, "I present to thee two nameless but worthy knights who wear the favor of the same lady upon their armor and who, if their youth and *hardiesse* be warrant, are doubtless expert in matters pertaining to thy kingdom."

The lady's dark eyes rested on them, hesitated for a moment on the fair-skinned delicately cut features of the one, dwelt yet longer on the bold-visaged handsomeness of the other.

"Of that will we make trial," she replied, fascinating in her smile. "I give ye welcome, fair sirs. Inform them, sweet friend, of the court over which I reign, and demand of them whether they submit to our august but gentle laws."

The seigneur turned to them. "Young sirs," he said, "the gallant knights and fair ladies whom here ye see journeyed hither to be present at the tournament that should have commenced this day. Now, by reason of this uprising of my rascally serfs and burgesses, who have broken down the bridge and are turbulent over the countryside, may they not depart. Therefore, in courtesy and gallantry, that these ladies be not wearied while we are thus insolently besieged, have we constituted a court of love in due observance of the ancient customs of chivalry. And this lady, the Dame Éléonore de St. Aptel, have we chosen to be queen over us. Will ye, young sirs, bow in loyal knighthood to her decrees?"

Familiar to both young men were these *parlements d'amour*, which, though no longer so frequent nor socially so important as two hundred years previously they had been, were still common enough over the land of Languedoc. Proficiency in the *gai science* of allegedly Platonic gallantry was still an essential accomplishment, expected and rarely wanting, in every true knight. The two young men therefore bowed becomingly and said that gladly would they submit to the ordinances of so beauteous a queen, saving only that such trespassed not on the allegiance they owed the fair lady whose favor they both wore, being brothers in arms and pledged to her renown.

The Lady Éléonore smiled at them, and particularly at Bertrand, so dazzlingly indeed that the seigneur of Rochaigu frowned and turned away abruptly.

"Nay," she said. "Ye need not make that reservation. Even yesterday did we, in full court, debate: Whether a knight may at the same time lawfully love two ladies, or a lady lawfully love two knights. By every voice, and by our high judgment, was it decreed that such was indeed lawful and, moreover, praiseworthy, provided that the other knight or the other lady were absent. For otherwise might a knight or lady forget the fair speech and gentle usages of love, becoming no better than a boor."

Bertrand de Maillebois looked at her, his bold face handsome in an answering smile. "Hath constancy then no merit in thy court, O Queen?" he said, audaciously yet modestly, and Alain loved him for the words that were a tribute to the distant Blancheflor. "Though we be rustic, meseems it is the very inmost part of love, and my brother knight and I are pledged to it."

The Lady Éléonore flushed as with a momentary pique, and then recovered herself. The seigneur of Rochaigu might have frowned again had he noted the involuntary expression of the eyes that contemplated this extremely good-looking young man.

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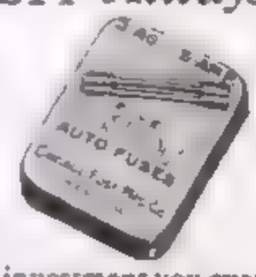

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"Though ye hold yourselves nameless," she said sweetly, "rustic assuredly is neither of ye, and beyond question constancy is a virtue. Yet, as our court in plenary session but late held after much *docte* argument, a constancy that perceives no beauty in other dames becomes a vice and is no honor to the lady to whom it is vowed. Rather doth it betoken that he who harshly carries constancy to such uncouth extreme hath but little faith in the beauty of his own dame and fears that the fairness of others may harm her by comparison. . . . Is it not so, my Yveline?" she added, turning affectionately to an almost equally beautiful dame seated on a low stool adjacent to her.

The Lady Yveline, whose oval red-lipped face and dark-lashed slanting eyes subtly hinted at an Eastern ancestry, for all the ashy blondness of her hair, had been inspecting Alain almost as interestedly as the Lady Éléonore had regarded Bertrand.

"Of a surety, sweet sister," she agreed smilingly. Very beautiful was she, thought Alain, and then remembered the gentle modest beauty of Blancheflor, and this beauty seemed as that of a soul-imperiling temptress compared with the sweet calm loveliness of a saint. The Lady Yveline was addressing him. "I dare wager that this young knight, who hath the air of one who can compose an *aubade* or a virelay to his dame"—Alain flushed involuntarily in the justice of that diagnosis—"holds no such gross opinions. Is it not so, Sir Nameless?" she smiled at him. "Thy constancy offends not thy knightly devoir to all dames, and welcomes the challenge of their beauty to her thou deemest fairest of all?"

Alain flushed again. "Sweet dame," he said, almost abruptly, "my constancy to the lady whose favor I wear is such that when I look at the loveliness of other dames I see not their beauty even though I would."

There was a little laugh, not unmixed with feminine malice, from the other ladies and knights gathered around. Somewhat too conscious of her triumphant fairness could the Lady Yveline be at times.

She bit her lip. "Verily, Sir Knight," she said, "methinks thou needest much instruction in the courtesies of chivalry."

The dazzling Lady Éléonore smiled, secretly happy perhaps that she who was at once her closest friend and closest rival had also been rebuffed by these distinctly handsome if interestingly unpolished young men.

"That shall they both receive, sweet sister," she said. "They shall sit here at our feet and learn from our wisdom and *expertise* as we shall judge the pleadings that come before us. Thus is it decreed, young sirs, and ye are pledged to abide our ordinance. Sit ye on the stools there between my sister Yveline and myself, and modestly be scholars in this school of the *docte* and *gai sciences*. The court is again open! Let the herald proclaim the next cause!"

A young man, whose costume was a fantastic exaggeration of the latest fashion, stepped forward, and in an affected voice read from the parchment in his hand:

Whether real love may exist between married persons. The Sieur Luc de Margousaine submitteth that such persons may love, despite their state, if by reason of a Crusade or other impediment they be long absent from one another. The Sieur Raymond de Belmanoir saith nay at all points, for that such love nevertheless partaketh of duty and true love dwelleth not with constraint. Gentles, oyez the Sieur Luc de Margousaine!

A troubadour knight, with a chaplet of flowers upon his long, carefully curled hair, stepped forward, lute in hand, and struck a preliminary chord before he commenced the pleading that would be interspersed with illustrative lays, either traditional or of his own composition.

From somewhere without the castle came a sudden howling as of multitudinous wild beasts. The knightly company ignored that clamor. Merely the rabble of serfs was it, come again vainly to attack the impregnable walls of the castle. They heard the shouts of arbalestiers on the battlements, the sharp commands of those who bade put great stones in the trebuchets, heard yells and shrieks as one of those powerful counterpoise weapons hurled its missile into the mob.

It was the fifth day of their stay in the besieged castle. Many times in those days, when the hordes of peasants and townsfolk screamed around the walls for "Justice and ancient custom," the great drawbridge had suddenly been let down, and Alain and Bertrand had charged out with the squadron of knights brandishing their swords and vociferating their battle cries. Facile had been the killing as, visors down, immune in their armor of proof, their horses barded with plates of steel, they had ridden into those half-naked wretches who jabbed at them with pikes and pitchforks or turned, screamingly, to flee.

But always were those swarming multitudes too great for such sallies to liberate the castle from its beleaguerment. Not only was every serf and burgess on the fief congregated in revolt, but every vagrant and ne'er-do-well for miles around had joined them, avid for the loot that would be theirs if only that castle could be stormed. More important, and the faces of the more experienced knights were now serious at the news, it was said that a couple of free companies—those ferociously pitiless and formidably disciplined bands of discharged soldiers that after every war marched hither and thither in ravage across the land—were hastening to add themselves to the rebels, were within an hour of them. Such companies, well armed and expert in every device of war, frequently carried siege weapons in their train, and only too often they adventurously attacked and burst an entrance into strong castles, massacring the defenders and establishing themselves therein to the terror of an entire countryside.

Alain, in his armor, stood upon the lofty battlements and gazed over the not unpicturesque landscape where bands of peasants trooped toward the castle with exultant yells, flourishing their pathetically ineffective weapons. For the moment it did not occur to him that those yells betokened the near arrival of the free companies. Other thoughts filled him—thoughts heavy and dolorous. He sighed as he contemplated the distant ridge and the rough track from it, along which he and Bertrand had ridden so happily and so eagerly, the favors of the fair Blancheflor bound to their arms. Still that fragment of scarf, weather-faded now, was tied around his own *brassière*, and never had he charged without the cry of "Blancheflor!" as he had smitten and hacked among those shrieking base-blooded rascals, for whom pity was inconceivable. He saw as in a vision that fair gentle damsel, her blue eyes liquid with scarcely repressed tears, binding with trembling hands those favors upon the armor of Bertrand and himself.

The thought of that passionately loved and admired friend, so audaciously valorous in the sallies from the castle, so popular with the brilliant company within, pierced him in an emotion nigh to tears. Sworn to lifelong brotherhood as they were, nothing—not even woman—might come between them; and, although he might in gentle amity remonstrate, he might not blame. He found himself wondering whether it might be that the doctrines so wittily and so elaborately put forth in those parliaments of love—every day were they held, amid mirth and minstrelsy between the fiercely murderous sorties—were indeed valid; whether in fact real love was not possible between married persons—whether a knight could in honor lawfully love two ladies at the same time?

Yesterday the Lady Éléonore had brought forward a theme from the ancient Laws of Love: "That a new love banishes an old love completely, and that a former lover should resign his lady, or a lady her lover, without repine or reproach, to the newly beloved, in as much as love is a suzerain passion and abideth no constraint." The seigneur of Rochaigu had alone protested in the otherwise unanimous assent to this proposition, and had so glowered upon Bertrand that almost it was an infringement of chivalrous hospitality. But Bertrand—and Alain thanked heaven for it, and the Holy Virgin, protectress of true love—still wore upon his arm the scarf of the Damoiselle Blancheflor, for all his plain infatuation with that dazzling Lady Éléonore, whom Alain would willingly have accused of sorcery and consigned to the stake.

Pondering these heavy thoughts with a heart that ached, Alain went down from the battlements where the arbalestiers stood on guard and, avoiding the main buildings of the castle, entered the pleasance garden within the walls. The Lady Yveline stood there with other fair ladies of the company, and threw crumbs of bread to the carp in the fish pond, in noble disdain of the fact that the paid men at arms and retainers in the castle were already on half rations. She turned and smiled at Alain with her long red mouth, her slanting eyes, as he approached, and he could not now draw back without manifest discourtesy. Something there was in the Lady Yveline that gave him an uncomfortable feeling, as of danger.

"Hola! Sir Champion of Constancy!" she called to him, with that little laugh he felt mocked him. "Thou mayst safely draw near, since thine eyes are blind to the beauty of these dames. Wilt thou not join us and rede us this riddle? How comes it that so cold a creature as the carp should be a symbol of love, as ancient scribes aver?"

He enforced his wit to reply. "Haply it is, fair lady, because like love it is difficult to capture, and caught is held of little account." He had not meant to allow that bitterness in his tone.

She glanced at him shrewdly with her slanting eyes. "Well answered, Sir Knight! Methinks thou hast more experience than thy innocent visage would betoken. Yet haply," her disturbing eyes rested full upon him, "thou mayst find those who

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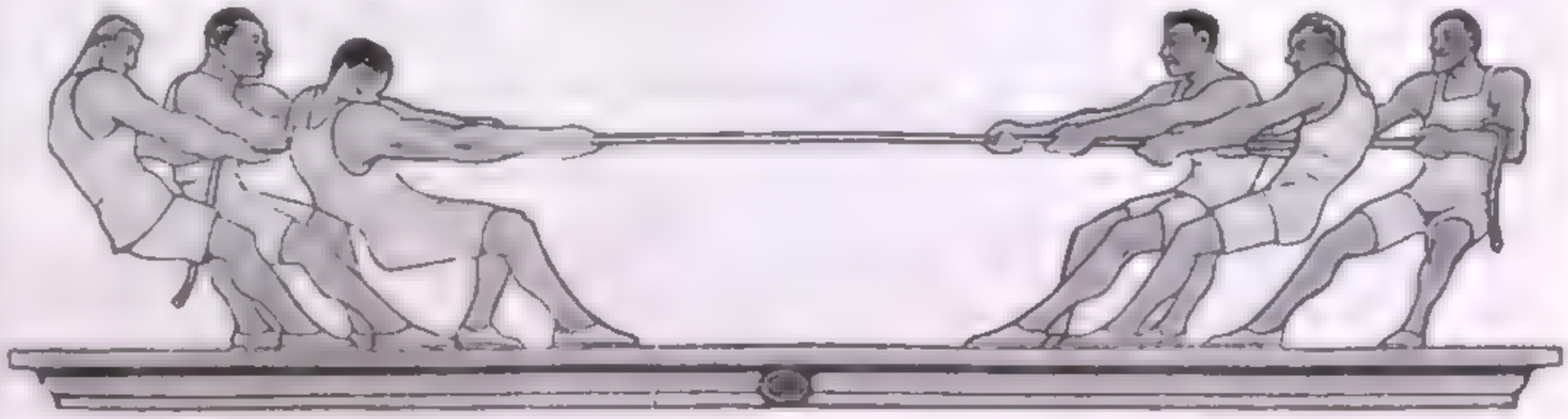

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(Continued from Page 116)

hold in much account the love they capture. Hast thou never met such, Sir Youthful Constancy?"

"Lady," he replied, his voice trembling—Why did she make him quiver in all his limbs? Obscurely uncomfortable was he in her presence—"I know naught of love."

She laughed merrily, rallying him on flagrant mendacity. "Sith thou speakest truth, Sir Knight, here surely are ladies who will teach thee!" she added, amidst the laughter and self-conscious glances of her rouged and whitened companions.

For yet a little while he endured her sallies, enforcing himself to jest in return, to appear at ease with these sophisticated ladies whose wanton eyes were ever in curiosity upon the scarf around his steel *brassière*. Then he demanded of them if they knew where he might find his friend.

The Lady Yveline pointed through the trim walks of this rose garden.

"In the orchard beyond the pleasance wilt thou find him, Sir Constancy." Her smile was peculiar as she spoke. "Perchance thou wilt learn somewhat of import from him."

Uneasy and puzzled at those words, he took his leave from those laughing ladies, went toward the cypress hedge that separated the garden from the orchard, passed through the clipped archway.

He stopped short, feeling as though a sword had transfixed him. There between the trunks of the fruit trees, underneath the leaf-misty boughs, he saw Bertrand, also in his full armor, holding the Lady Éléonore in a fond embrace. She turned her lovely face up to him and his lips came down to her red lips. They kissed. There was a sudden blaring of trumpets, a sudden tumult of voices, from the castle.

"Bertrand!" he cried. "Bertrand!" How glad he was of that summons to combat!

His friend left the lady standing, came running—somewhat stiffly, as a man runs in steel armor—toward him. Alain uttered no reproach as, at the urgently repeated summonses of the trumpets, they ran together through the rose garden. Presently would he, in all amity, remonstrate, remind him of the gentle Blancheflor praying to the saints and the Virgin to keep him safe. They ran toward the stables amid an increasing din. On the battlements the arbalestiers and men at arms were already in fierce conflict, were shouting to the men at the furnaces to hasten with the molten lead and boiling oil.

Suddenly, just as they reached the stalls, where the chargers were being feverishly saddled and equipped by cursing squires and impatient knights, there was an appalling detonation, at which the horses plunged in panic. It was followed by another, shaking the air with its concussion—by yet another. From the battlements came a confusion of angry shouts, mingling with demoniac yells, an awful heart-stopping clamor from outside. And then again came that terrible air-shaking detonation.

A squire rushed up to the door of the stables where Alain and Bertrand strove with their plunging destriers.

"The free companies!" he cried. "They fire cannon at the walls. My lord bids ye hasten!"

Again and again came that nerve-shattering violent thunder, while the knights yelled oaths at their recalcitrant mounts, struck in exasperation at squires desperately doing their best. Side by side Alain and Bertrand completed their preparations, leaped into the saddle, gripped the reins firmly, forced the frightened beasts out of the stable into the courtyard.

Already a number of the knights were there, arrived from the other stables, had drawn their swords as they formed themselves into a squadron. The seigneur of Rochaigu, mounted on a rearing destrier at their head, vociferated at them in the appalling din, explaining that they would turn and charge those cannoneers, once across the drawbridge.

"No quarter to those rascals!" he yelled. "Slay! Slay them all!" A throng of anxious ladies had congregated close under the walls, over which, through upward-curling yellowish-white smoke, arrows and arbalest bolts came in flights. They watched eagerly these preparations for the fight in which their lovers would engage, for which the last of them were now cantering out of the stables to take position in the ranks.

As Alain and Bertrand ranged themselves with the others one of those dames came running out, despite the arrows, toward them. It was the Lady Éléonore. In a moment she had reached Bertrand's stirrup, had snatched off the wimple from her headdress, was holding it up to him with a strange yearning smile. Through his visor slit Alain saw his friend unfasten the scarf upon his arm, throw it down to the ground, tie in its place the symbol of his new allegiance. Again it was as though a sword transfixed him.

But he had no leisure to meditate upon that falsity. The next instant the trumpets sounded again, and through the great gateway he saw daylight as the drawbridge was lowered. The seigneur of Rochaigu flourished his sword above the plumes of his helmet, shouted a command, cantered toward the egress. In sections of fours the knights cantered after him.

They passed through the great gateway, thundered upon the resonant planks of the drawbridge. Side by side with Bertrand, in the front rank, immediately behind the seigneur of Rochaigu, Alain saw the rabble beyond the moat scatter in screams at their approach. The leader of that charge disdained them, disdained the arbalestiers shooting bolts that vainly rang upon their armor. Reining back until all his knights had issued, he wheeled them to take in flank the cannoneers at the clumsy iron tubes, half seen upon their sledgelike mountings as the drifting white smoke thinned.

They charged in an overwhelming gallop of steel-armored horses bearing steel-armored men, waving their swords as they vociferated each his especial battle cry.

"Rochaigu! Rochaigu!" cried their leader, gasping open the reeling body of a peasant who had lingered too long. "Blancheflor! Blancheflor!" yelled Alain, with all his lungs, as if for his friend also. "Éléonore! Éléonore!" cried Bertrand at his side, in reckless defiance of old fidelity.

Through the smoke Alain perceived a bearded ugly-visaged man standing with a long pole horizontally under his left arm, and at the end of the pole a somewhat wide tube of iron, pointing toward them. In his right hand that man held a smoldering twist of tow.

He applied that spark-emitting twist to the tube, and instantly there was a flash and smoke, a violent report. Instantly, also, there was a wild cry from Bertrand.

Glancing round Alain saw his friend reel from his horse, fall headlong. With all his strength he reined back his own madly galloping destrier, let the charge hurtle past him, dismounted—an agony at his heart—ran to where he who was more than brother lay prostrate on his face.

He turned him over, saw a great hole in his armor through which the blood was pouring in floods, saw his eyes glaze, cease to recognize him.

"Blancheflor! Blancheflor!" came the gasping voice, as in a desperate remorse.

"Bertrand! Bertrand, my brother!" he cried to him, forcing a penetration to that death-clouded mind. "I will tell her! See!"—he had an inspiration, ripped off the scarf from his own arm, soaked in that lifeblood—"I will take it to her! I will tell her that thou diedst in honor with her name upon thy lips!" He was frantic in that grief. Bertrand was gone. For a moment Alain stared at him, saw poignantly as in a vision, even while he stared, the blue eyes of Blancheflor mutely reproaching him for returning with only one moiety of that scarf.

He improved upon it, took from the arm of his dead friend the wimple of the Lady Éléonore, tied it upon his own. Had Blancheflor not said, "—— until thou shalt wear the favor of another lady"? So would she think only of Bertrand, would sorrow for him as for an only love. It seemed that his heart would break, that there was nothing left in life.

He ran to catch his waiting charger, mounted, rode to participate savagely in that merciless massacre of the hapless cannoneers.

Far more than the unwieldy primitive cannon, only very gradually more efficient than the catapult and trebuchet in the demolition of castle walls, it was the hand gun which, commencing with the crudest of simplicity, demonstrated to a plate-armored chivalry that it was no longer invulnerable. Slowly improved throughout a couple of centuries, during those centuries chivalry withered and died. When at last the arquebus, still clumsy but sufficiently reliable, in the hands of paid companies of plebeian soldiery had become universal on the battlefield, that ancient order—with all its sublime if narrow idealism, with all its concomitant licentiousness, with all the brilliant medieval serf-scorning society of which it was the core—was extinct in everything but name.

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from the
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We shall endeavor to protect the merchandising organization now existing and progressively advance its interest, keeping in mind that the owner of Paige cars is best served through dealers who have the fundamental three C's—Character, Capability and Capital. By our business conduct we shall strive to make the Paige dealership a profitable enterprise for a substantial business man in every community.

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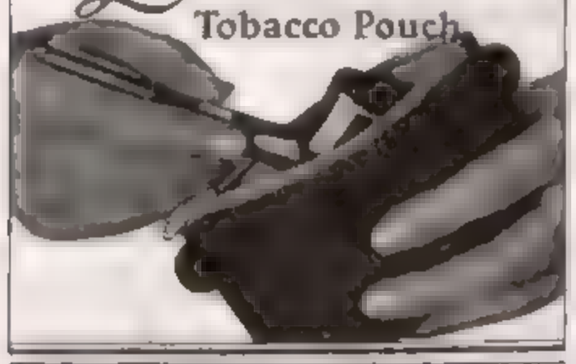

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THE REST OF THE BABBITTS

(Continued from Page 13)

nadir of the Victorian period, just as, following the Napoleonic Wars, the world was still in the nadir of the eighteenth century. The world did not become instantly modern with the French Revolution, and today the extremest modern is still under Victorian influences. His antics are not yet those of the real explorer, but are those of the captive struggling to be free.

This, then, is real revolution, this constant swing upward and downward, this constant movement, and the one thing the real revolutionist cannot do is to stop, is to become static. He never "runs things out." If he does, automatically he ceases any longer to be a revolutionist.

If you are a tiny particle on a rotating globe, you either go around with the motion of the globe or else you fly off into space, and the latter is what invariably happens to the pseudo-revolutionist the moment he meets with any sort of success, political, literary or social. He flies off into space, leaves reality and becomes a doctrinaire, repeating and mulling over what once might have been discoveries, but which have long since become the property of most of mankind.

You can tell the pseudo-revolutionist by this trait, just as you can tell the real revolutionist, or progressive, by the fact that he, to the contrary, is constantly in the stride of his times. I do not mean that if he happens to live in a nadir he leads that nadir in its peculiar vices; I do not mean that he is not vigorously aware of those vices; but I do mean to say that he attempts to understand the forces that produce those vices, as well as the forces that produce whatever virtues may be coexistent, and that he goes forward as wisely as he can with his generation. If the world is on a downward swing he attempts to use the motion to accelerate what he knows will be eventually an upward swing, and if the world is on an upward swing he attempts to accelerate the motion toward a zenith.

At all events, he is largely an empiricist in a universe where everything should be judged individually; he is never a final pessimist; he cannot be completely a destructionist, although in order to build, preliminary destruction is often necessary; he is never a professional reformer or doctrinaire, and never, under any circumstances, is he contemptuous of life or mankind.

Four Major Insanities

There are other traits that mark infallibly the pseudo-revolutionist, one of them being the fact that he thinks of himself as a revolutionist and is irritated with those who, because they have personalities of their own, or because of a wise uncertainty, or because they are preoccupied with other things, will not surrender themselves completely to his will. He has what is called the Messiah complex. You are either with him utterly or else you are against him. No halfway support will do. He is unable to make use of the subtle variations and the shades of character which distinguish mankind. The real idealist, the real progressive, the real revolutionist seldom calls himself by any of these names.

Four major insanities brand the pseudo-revolutionist, although there are numerous minor ones; two of these major insanities I have just mentioned: That the pseudo-revolutionist is a doctrinaire; that he thinks of himself as a revolutionist. Once he is in action the other two major insanities show themselves. His mind is utterly destructive, although he does not know it, so his most elaborate program is completed without any appreciation of history or human nature and is inevitably as falsely constructive as the man himself. Hampered and condemned by his nature, the pseudo-revolutionist is condemned by the mysterious agencies of evolution as well. Unlike the real revolutionist—the progressive—who, when he has overcome evil, usually has something of good to put in its place, the pseudo-revolutionist is forced into upholding a system as vicious and tyrannical as the one he helped, but at the last moment and selfishly, to upset.

There is no real revolution about dethroning a czar and then attempting to make czars of one particular class. The rule of a proletariat, so-called, would be as nonsensical as in the past have been the rules of aristocracies, so-called. And events in Russia have proved this to be so. If a farmer plows a field and then does not plant it with seeds suitable to that particular soil and climate, he is a poor farmer and a worse revolutionist. The gestures of thick-headed Toryism are no more absurd than are the gestures of pseudo-revolution; also, they are no more selfish.

The Revolutionists' Roll Call

But the pseudo-revolutionist cannot help being destructive, for, as has been pointed out again and again, he suffers from a sense of inferiority so fierce that he fears the world as it is and shudders at the thought of attempting to do anything with the materials at hand. A sense of inferiority is, of course, the basis of all fine work; it is certainly the basis of the progressive mind, since no mind can be progressive and be satisfied with either himself or the world as it is. But the real revolutionist knows something of human nature and he is not scornful of ordinary tools, and he checks his sense of inferiority long before it becomes the passionate madness of the pseudo-revolutionary or the persecution mania of the murderer. He is never a superior person, for his necessary sense of inferiority has never reached the point where it compensates by a disdain for others. Nor does success change him. He sublimates his success into further useful action, just as in the beginning he sublimated his sense of inferiority into useful action. Lack of appreciation does not embitter him; appreciation makes him, in a large way, even more humble.

Indeed, how can anyone knowing these things, and today every thinking man knows them, continue to use the vague and universal word "revolution" as it is used at present? How does anyone ever dare to use it as a reproach to others or a compliment to himself? Revolution has meant a thousand various attitudes; it has included practically all forward-thinking men. The man who builds a new canal is a revolutionist, the novelist who persuades a generation, the man who invents a new machine.

I do not imply that outside of their specialty these men, through laziness or ignorance, may not be extremely backward, but I do imply that if they are progressive along one line they are revolutionary-minded and could be made progressive along all lines if properly approached. Meanwhile they should not be called fools, cowards or numskulls. Here is a list at random—a brief and partial list—of real revolutionists:

Plato, Aristotle, Praxiteles, Galen, Buddha, Saint Paul, Erasmus, Chaucer, Rabelais, Marco Polo, Columbus, Christopher Marlowe, Shakspere, Sir Walter Raleigh, Albrecht Dürer, Holbein, Fra Angelico, Saint Francis, Domingo de Guzman, John Knox, Calvin, Ignatius de Loyola, Pizarro, Cromwell, John Bunyan, Cervantes, Copernicus, Voltaire, Frederick the Great, Newton, Washington, Burke, Lincoln, Romain Rolland, Edison, Masefield, Freud, Jung, Einstein. Passionate men, all of these, caught up, one way or another, rightly or wrongly, with a desire for an increase of knowledge, of beauty and of human dignity even when, to some of them, these seemed to lie in amalgamation with a stern god.

And how greatly each one of them would have disliked the word "revolutionist" as applied to himself. Washington disliked it; so did Cromwell. They saw themselves merely as the restorers of the rights of mankind.

There have been times—but not so often when you reflect upon them—when, in the history of the world, tyranny has been so intrenched that bloodshed alone spelled freedom; but invariably the men who first made the revolution were peaceable men who resisted bloodshed up to the last moment and were astonished and dismayed when they woke up to discover themselves pushed to the last extremity. Unfortunately in the majority of cases these same men have suffered later on for their moderation, just as they suffered for their moderation under the destroyed tyranny. They have had their heads cut off or they have been lined up against a wall and shot. The pseudo-revolutionists, being fools, outnumber the wise and in troublous times are likely to seize power. But not always. They failed in our American revolution, they failed in Cromwell's revolution, and they failed in the recent German revolution. The real revolutionists were in control and much time was saved and much nonsense avoided.

Wordsworth and Shelley and Keats and Byron were revolutionists who introduced the romantic freedom of the Victorian period from whose tyranny the youthful rebels of today are escaping. The men who imposed the feudal laws upon the chaos of early Europe were as much revolutionists as were the men who eventually broke feudalism down. The two men, Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells—like them or leave them, it's true—who have more than any others, save Einstein and Freud, in the past twenty years affected the thought of the English-speaking peoples and through them the thought of the world, have steadfastly refused, since their extreme youth, to call themselves revolutionists. They have been real revolutionists, changing constantly their points of view to meet new conditions. It was Shaw who first made valid the truth that the man who does not change his viewpoint from time to time is a fool. Before then, consistency at all costs was considered a jewel.

Checks and Balances

Indeed, so far as I can make out, the only race that has ever thoroughly understood as a whole the meaning of the word "revolution" has been the Irish, and with them it has been understood from the beginning. The most intuitive race there is, the Irish arrived at this knowledge, I dare say, more by the processes of intuition than by those of ratiocination, but that is unimportant, since the conclusion is correct. Revolution to the Irish means the outs against the ins, and although this can be carried to an extreme and is perhaps more useful in other fields of life than the political one, it is based on the well-founded instinctive belief of the ordinary man that those in authority need watching. They do, and Lincoln said the same thing when he announced that he was doubtful if any man was quite good enough to have much power over his fellow human beings. And that brings me to what I have been wanting to say all along, for if the Irish philosophy of revolution, boiled down to its sane fundamentals, is not the democratic theory of checks and balances, of the rights of the minority, of a government sensitive to public opinion, I do not know what is.

In other words, in the present state of affairs, considering the present sum of human knowledge, the real revolutionist is the real democrat. Beyond that he cannot go; he has not yet sufficient experience or intuition. If he goes beyond that point he ceases to be a real revolutionist and becomes

(Continued on Page 125)

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MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS *DURO GLOSS TOP MATERIAL*

(Continued from Page 122)

a pseudo one. Within the democratic system lies all the opportunity for change or intelligent revolution man will need for many centuries to come.

The perfect revolutionist is the man—and there were any number of them—who, in the time of the French Revolution, let us say, assisted in the necessary upsetting of the old régime, but just as stubbornly opposed himself to the monstrous tryanny of Robespierre. In short, such a man as Lafayette was to begin with, and when you have described Lafayette as he was to begin with you have come pretty near to describing a democrat. Insolent authority, whether it be the authority of a dictator, of a political clique, of a millionaire, of a beggar, of a trade union, of a combination in restraint of trade, of an upper class or a lower class, of a church or an atheist, stirs instantly the resentment of the real democrat, and in a democratic country he has the weapons to cure such insolence.

What more can be asked of revolution I do not know, and certain it is that at present there is no other plan of revolution that will or can give more.

Ancient Fears Conquered

But there is a vast difference between being theoretically or fundamentally a democrat, as most Americans are, even if they do not exactly know what the term implies, and being practically a democrat, as so many Americans have ceased to be. And in the difference lies, as I have said, a growing danger not only to this country but to the theory of revolution upon which it was founded. Outside of America, democracy today is on trial. It becomes, therefore, increasingly the duty of America, still believing in democracy, to demonstrate that within the democratic system lies so much of revolution that any other form is eternally unnecessary—a hope that may be beyond the bounds of probability, but is certainly not beyond those of possibility.

In his last book, The World of William Clissold, H. G. Wells says, "I shall look to America rather than Moscow for the first installments of the real revolution." And by this he means more or less the sort of revolution I have been talking about: The revolution that can take place within the democratic system. An orderly and peaceful revolution leading toward a general intelligence, a higher form of living, a completer mastery of life. And Wells' revolutionists are the revolutionists I have had in mind—the big-minded business man, the inventor, the scientist, the artist, and the ordinary educated man of a released public. After all, admitting our numerous faults, some of which may lead to disaster unless they are righted, we have already done several things to prove the worth of democracy and to demonstrate its flexibility. We have, for one thing, demonstrated that the average man can lead a life of an amplitude, dignity and decency undreamed of elsewhere. The native American lacks perspective upon his own country, the inevitable result of too close a view. But ask some American who has been here only a few years what he finds that he was unable to find elsewhere. These people have a secret the native American cannot possess except by inquiry.

Bertrand Russell, in some ways the wisest mind in England, credits us with other virtues. We have, he says, conquered the ancient fears that still rule the thought of the rest of the world; the fear of starvation, for instance, of pestilence, of defeat in war. We are the first race that has achieved the point of view that man is master of his fate and need not submit tamely to the whims of inanimate nature or the follies of his own kind.

And he adds, "To my mind the best work that has been done anywhere in philosophy and psychology during the present century has been done in America."

We begin to get a different survey from that of the professional boob hunter and pseudo-revolutionist.

But there is another clause that must be tacked on to all this, if a country is to be really great. This release of the ordinary man must be accompanied sooner or later by the release and production of the extraordinary man, not only in business but in every art and every aspiration. Our critics say we are not doing this and that it cannot be done; that the very release of the ordinary man means the suffocation of the man who might, in happier circumstances, be unusual. Outside of the fact that to those who watch it closely and sympathetically, America, with added impetus each succeeding year, seems to be more and more disproving this argument; the argument is based on a false premise physically and historically.

The release of anything, whether it be the release of an explosive or of vast masses of a population, is for a while confusing, discomforting and disquieting, but in the end what is worth while comes even more strongly to the surface. Consider for a moment the question of standardization, and let us try for a moment to be really sensible about it. Standardization is another word that is being used as a bogy to frighten children.

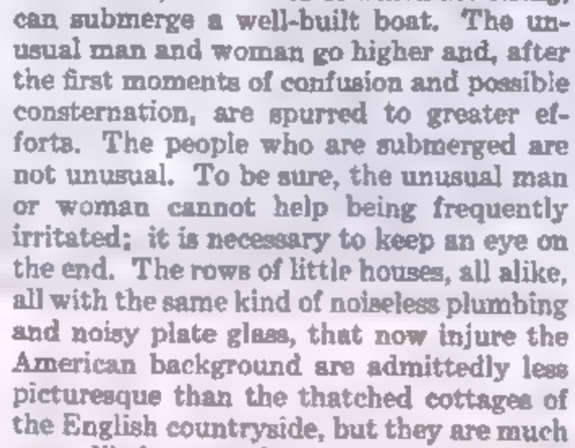
For a number of years now most thinking people have been in rebellion, one way or another, against the growing powers of standardization, and with reason, for to protest against a great force, largely uncontrolled, largely blind and frequently selfish and hypocritical, is the only way to produce eventually some control, some vision and some honesty.

To protest against such forces, to criticize them, to try to adapt them to better uses and make them more rational is, up to a certain point, the duty of the real revolutionist—that is, the democrat, the individualist—and as for myself, in company with many people, I detest the present or middle stage of standardization, with its ugliness, its stupidities and its absurdities, and I shall continue to do my little best to hurry it into something better. But at the same time we should regard standardization with a degree of common sense.

Man and Superman

Standardization means no more than the raising of the general level, and it can no more submerge the unusual man or woman than a lake, the waters of which are rising, can submerge a well-built boat. The unusual man and woman go higher and, after the first moments of confusion and possible consternation, are spurred to greater efforts. The people who are submerged are not unusual. To be sure, the unusual man or woman cannot help being frequently irritated; it is necessary to keep an eye on the end. The rows of little houses, all alike, all with the same kind of noiseless plumbing and noisy plate glass, that now injure the American background are admittedly less picturesque than the thatched cottages of the English countryside, but they are much more likely some day to produce unusual men and women, most of whose descendants will live in houses just as picturesque as the English cottages, minus rheumatism and filth.

The lively-minded grow impatient with the slowness and waste of this process, but their alternatives are not sensible; are invariably anachronistic. Medicine long ago discovered that so long as there were slums and plague spots in the world there could not be a high level of general health and that even the immensely strong were crippled and subject to sudden and unnecessary death. Mr. Mencken's superman is a fascinating plaything, but as childish as



the original model of Nietzsche. That is not the way supermen are produced except according to the old specifications, and the old specifications have been tried for centuries and found wanting. The blood, misery and ignorance of the majority will not produce the supermen of the future.

For the same reasons that I object to the careless use of the word "revolution" I object to the careless use of the word "reaction," although I lack the space to elaborate these reasons. The reactionary is frequently merely a wise man who prefers to go forward slowly, salvaging whatever seems good to him from the past. He, too, is likely to be a passionate man, inherently a revolutionist. And one thing is certain, if he maintains wisely his position, asserting some good in the past, but attempting to understand and assimilate what is good of the present—sooner or later the world will swing back more or less to where he stands. He may not live to see this reversal, but his grandsons will, and if these grandsons are revolutionists their revolution will be likely to be along the lines for which their grandfather was called a reactionary.

There is nothing more amusing than the belief of our present pseudo-revolutionists that they are driving from the world God, mystery, transcendental philosophy, poetry and gentleness. These things will come back, although, naturally, not quite in the forms in which they were once known.

A Baby on Your Hands

A new word should be invented to describe that element of humanity with which both the real revolutionary, or progressive, and the real reactionary, or conservationist, are constantly at war. The real revolutionist and the real reactionary are in the motion of life; their enemy is staticism, which is death, whether this staticism take the form of an idiotic and frequently selfish optimism or a sneering and frequently selfish pessimism. The real revolutionist and the real reactionary are honest and vivid-minded men engaged as much as possible in the search for truth, and right or wrong as their methods may be, that gives them, if they but knew it, a bond of the deepest sympathy. The man they are out for is the liar, conscious or unconscious, the time server, deliberate or made so by circumstances, the frivolous, made so by vanity or egotism or contempt. Such a man might be called an inertia-ist, for actually his one object, whether he be a pseudo-revolutionist or a pseudo-conservationist, is, once he has obtained a certain position, to maintain at all costs the status quo, good or bad. For him the status quo is necessary, for, in the one case, if it alters he is out of a job, and in the other, he wishes to leave you with the status quo while he goes untroubled about his devious and small pursuits.

The deceptive real-estate agent and the deceptive intellectual are very much like those unwilling young mothers who give a stranger a baby to hold and then disappear forever. In the former case, you are given a bundle of cheerfulness, in the latter, a bundle of gloom. In neither case is your mind constructively occupied.

But "inertia-ist" is a clumsy word, and I am not sure that a few years ago, with what admittedly was a stroke of genius, a word exactly expressing this type of mind, left wing or right wing, was not thrown into the English language. I mean the word "Babbitt," and that brings us back once more to that genial family and its ramifications.

I have never seen Babbittry exactly defined, but I think what it means is fairly clear. It is not a matter of class or education. A king can be a Babbitt, and most of them are. A year ago I sat next to a young Scotch Guardsman watching a tennis match at Biarritz. He proved to be a gorgeous example. Mistaking the word "writing" for "riding" in a question asked me, he was glowingly interested until he discovered his

Continued on Page 128

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The golden corn state

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This is golden Iowa. An unequaled wealth-producing area where an almost perfect balance is maintained between industry and agriculture. A great region *where virtually the entire land surface is rich tillable soil.*

POPULATION: With a population of 2,500,000, there is only one city of over 100,000 inhabitants. There are 18 with over 10,000! Population is distributed with great evenness. The city here reaches its highest point of development—a compact industrial unit supported by the wealth of a rich soil. Typical are Des Moines, Dubuque, Cedar Rapids, Sioux City, Davenport, Council Bluffs, Ottumwa, Mason City, Boone, Clinton.

AGRICULTURE: The total annual value of farm crops is close to $1,000,000,000! Iowa leads the Nation in the production of corn. More than doubles the hog production of any other state. Stands second in the number of beef cattle. Third in dairy cattle. First in value of poultry and eggs. Of Iowa's 210,000 farms, more than 123,000 are operated directly by owners or managers; their average full value is estimated at more than $35,000!

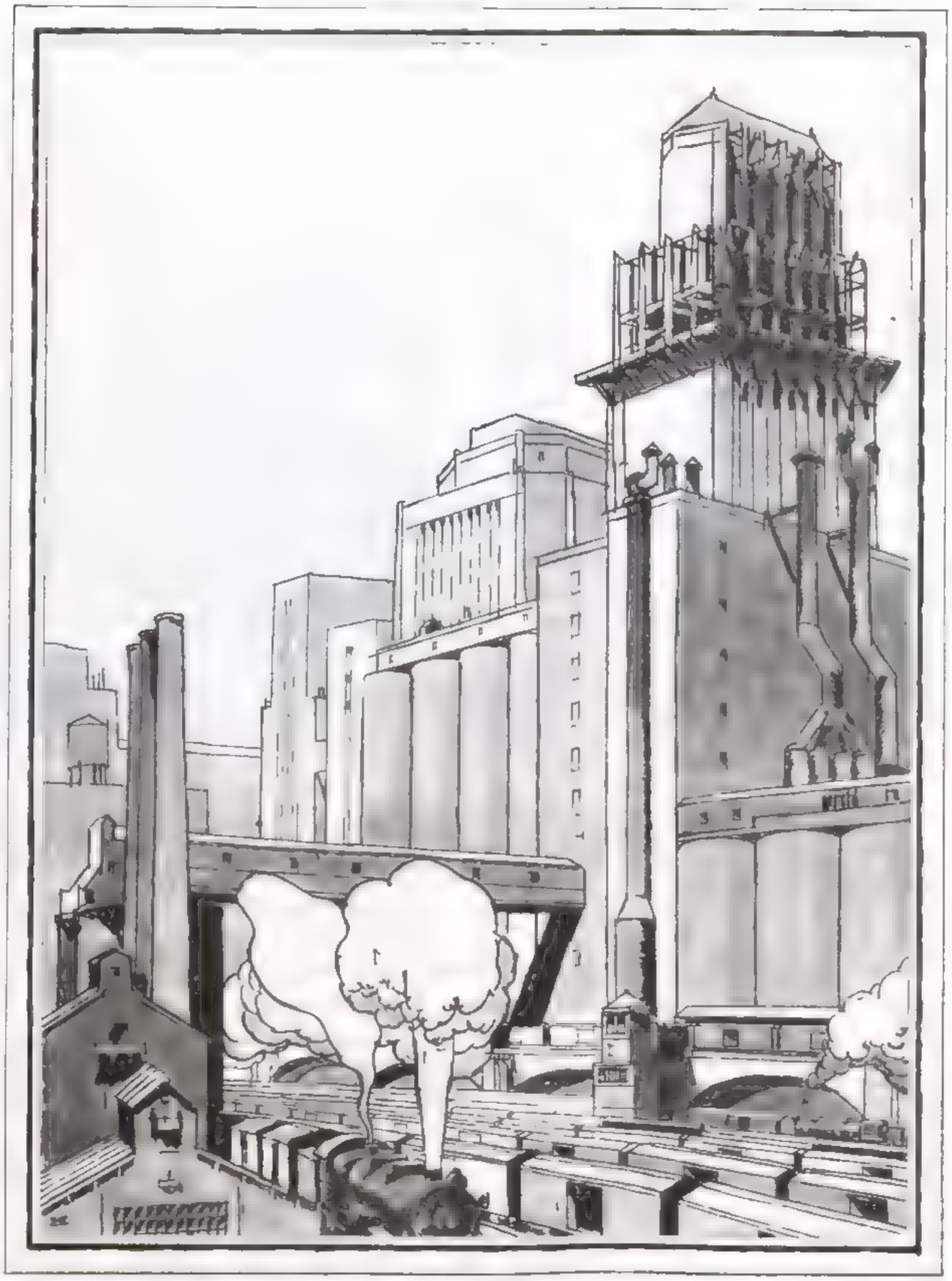
INDUSTRY: Industrial development has gained with significant suddenness in the last ten years. This has taken the form of a great variety of manufactories, employing local materials. According to the 1920 census, Iowa's factory output was already $745,000,000 annually; *it has increased considerably since then.*

POWER: Great hydroelectric resources are available in the tremendous flow of the rivers that bound Iowa. Keokuk Dam, the largest river water-power project in America, is typical of what may be done. In addition, coal fields extend through 23 counties, already producing 9,000,000 tons annually.

TRANSPORTATION: No other state is so well served by railways. It is claimed there is a railroad within ten miles of every farm in the state. Three trunk lines of The Milwaukee Road serve Iowa, giving it outlets north, east, south and west.

The height of civilization

Located in the strategic center of a prosperous and peaceful nation, Iowa has attained close to the ideal of civilization as a commonwealth. With industry and agriculture about balanced, its population evenly distributed, and small, live metropolises as regional centers, it is in addition distinguished for the number and excellence of its educational institutions, its high standards of living, and the health, stamina and beauty of its rising generation.



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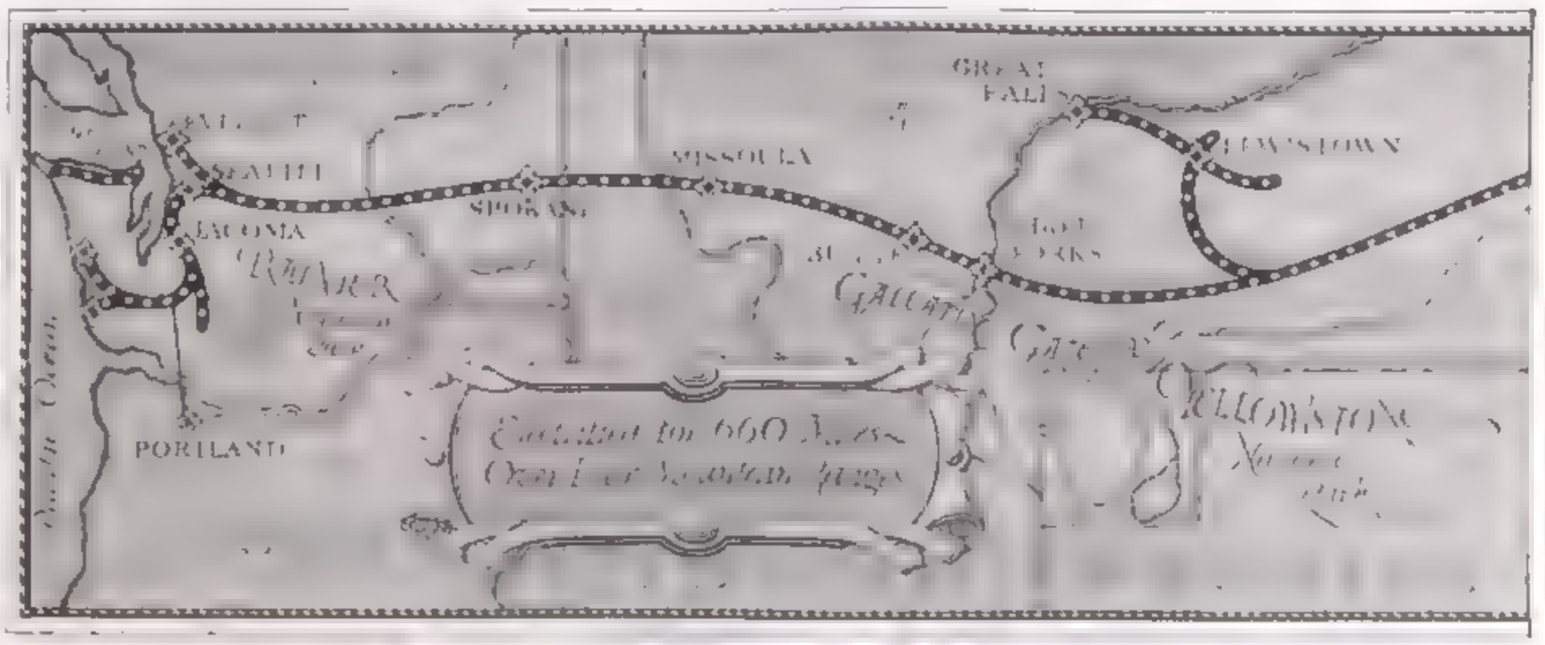
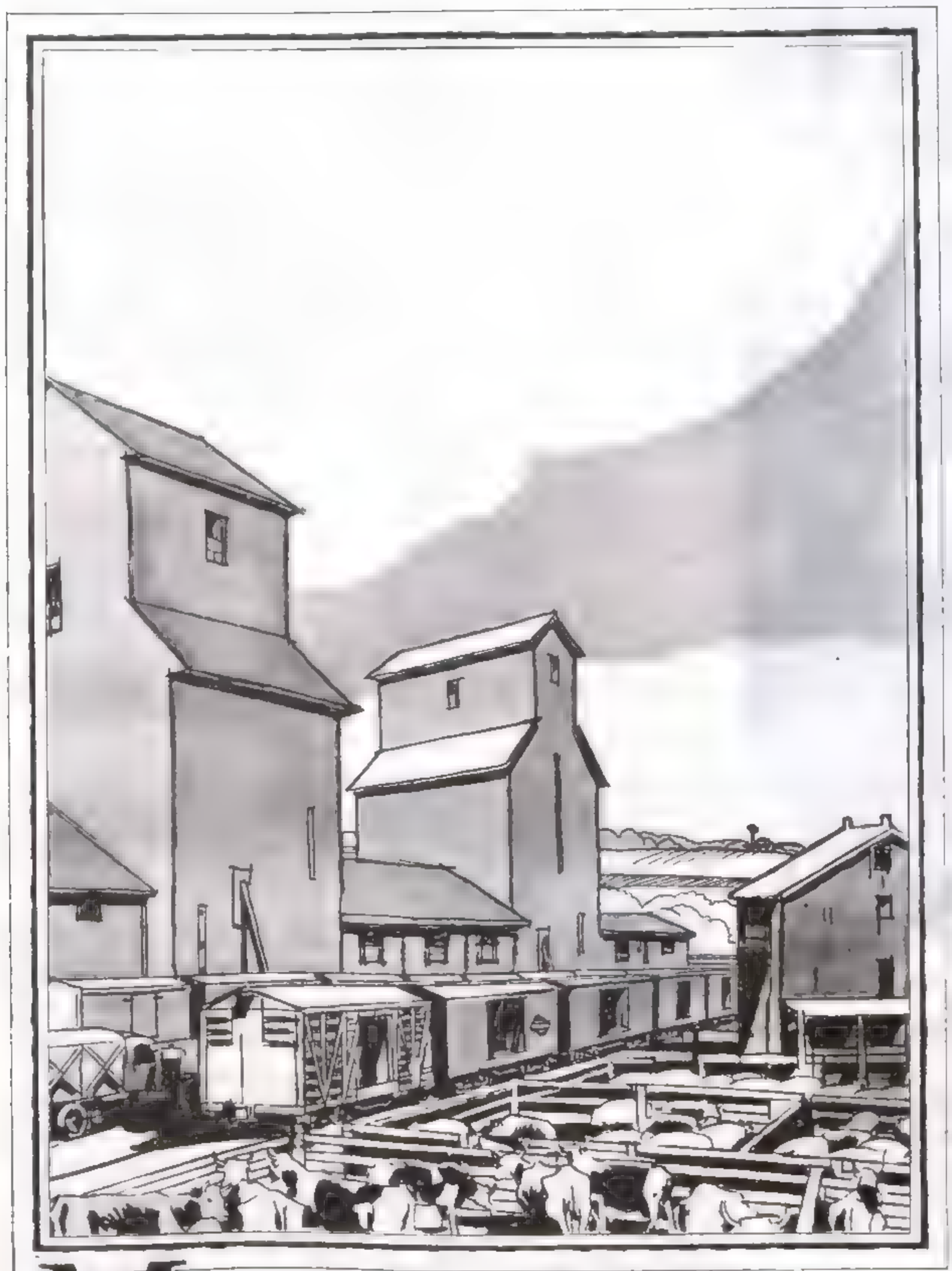


The recognized route between Chicago, Milwaukee and Twin Cities,



MILWAUKEE ROAD

A farmers' railroad

To CO-OPERATION between farmer and railroad must go credit for the marvelous development of Iowa. Neither could exist long without the assistance of the other. Most typical symbol of Iowa's growth is the small country grain elevator standing high beside the tracks at a wayside station. The overwhelming bulk of this region's produce flows to market over the rails; and the tools of production and the necessities and luxuries of life come flowing back.

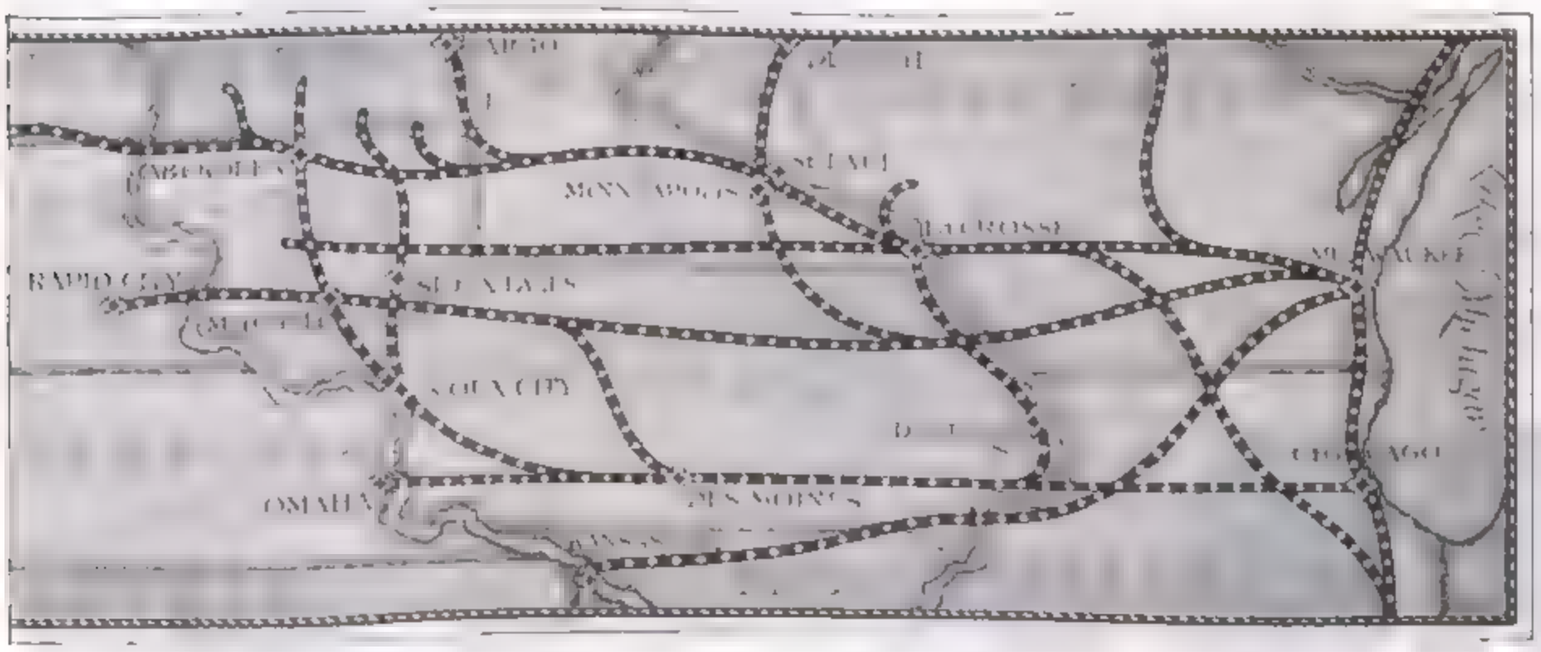
The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway serves Iowa with three trunk lines and a network of branch lines and feeders. It extends the same character of service over all the great northwestern block of the United States from the middle reaches of the Mississippi westward to the Pacific.

The Milwaukee Road is 11,000 miles long, employing 60,000 men. It reaches from Chicago to Kansas City, Omaha, Des Moines, Sioux City; to Milwaukee and the upper Michigan Peninsula; to Minneapolis and St. Paul and Duluth; westward to the Black Hills; and to Butte, Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma, the Olympic Peninsula and the Pacific.

A master stroke of railroad engineering was achieved with the extension of the line to the Coast in 1909. For 660 miles over four great mountain ranges—Belt, Bitter Root, Rocky, Cascade, to shipside—*it is electrified*. The hydroelectric power is generated chiefly in Montana. The latest development in this most modern railroad is the *adoption of roller bearings on passenger cars*.

To the Coast

The scientifically surveyed Milwaukee Road is the short line to the Coast. It darts through mountain gorges hitherto impassable to mankind. Savage scenery of extraordinary grandeur alternates with the calm beauty of richly cultivated plains and valleys. The world-famous *Olympian* and the *Columbian* will take you in restful luxury by a route where you can study first-hand the march of industrial and commercial development in this region of extraordinary richness.



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FLOORS WOOD BLOCK

(Continued from Page 125)

mistake, and then, being a nice fellow, he was bravely interrogative.

"Oh, you write, do you? What do you write—books? Is that so? I know a chap who writes books—over at Pau. Yes, writes a book every year or so. Good rider too."

There should be a companion book to Americana called Britannica, and the compiler would have little trouble filling it with the sayings and doings of the English aristocracy. A third book might be composed of the wise and witty uncivilities of the New York intelligentzia. Not long ago, at a party, I met a tingy man who was there, as far as I could make out, because his wife wrote for a newspaper.

"Oh, no," he said wearily, speaking of a certain novel, "I don't like it. Nowadays to be interesting a book must have about it a touch of decadence."

Nasty little man. He should be fed on Gorgonzola.

But this is beside the point, which is to try to describe what a Babbitt is, and by so doing reunite a large and prosperous family, too long separated by blood quarrels.

I must take issue with Mr. Mencken, although he is supposed to be an authority on the subject. His definition, "A generic name designating the more stupid, sentimental and credulous sort of business man," seems to me extremely inadequate. It implies the gross error, so many intellectuals fall into, of imagining that it requires no brains to be materially successful. To be successful in anything requires some sort of brains and character, despite the small amount of competition in cleverness. George F. Babbitt is not really a stupid man. He would not be worth bothering about if he was. Babbittry means more than stupidity, it connotes a certain kind of shrewdness, deliberate or otherwise. The real Babbitt is a man who uses valid human emotions and ideas for his own ends without a thought of ultimate truth. It is, for instance, not Babbittry to adore your mother, if she happens to be adorable—many intelligent men have—it is only Babbittry when this affection is used for commercial and standardized purposes, as has been the case sometimes in this country. National Smile Week and National Daydream Week are Babbittry at its worst, but it isn't Babbittry to smile or even, occasionally, to daydream. Plain sentimentality is always folly, and it supports Babbittry and nourishes it, but until it is used for ulterior purposes it is not Babbittry itself.

The Babbitt Lingo

Babbittry, therefore, is hokum, whited sepulcherism in whatever form it is found, whether the whitewash be sentimentality or cleverness. It is a denial of man's supposed preoccupation with the truth; it is more than that—it is a denial that the truth is worth hunting for or that, unknown as it is, it even exists. And this state of mind leaves its visible marks. The man who adopts Babbittry begins to look like a Babbitt, and insensibly his speech, as is the case with all those engaged in evasion, whether consciously or not, becomes a lingo; cant talk, as secretive and special as was the cant talk of the beggars of the Cour des Miracles. On the one hand we have the hearty, meaningless good wishes and the not so unmeaning propaganda of the go-getter, and on the other—well, let me give you a few examples:

"Barnum has almost become a common name. He is a world-synonym for camouflage, bulling and sucker baiting. In Europe his name connotes America from heel to hair. His soul will go marching on long after John Brown's is pickled in oblivion. And this is because Phineas T. Barnum was born of the very roots of two of our most elemental characteristics—to fake and to clown."

"The gaudy eloquence that bathed the poor Frogs during the late crusade for democracy exaggerated their natural weakness in a truly lamentable manner. . . . One might plausibly argue, indeed, that the complete disappearance of France would produce no more perturbation in the world than the loss of an ear produces in a man."

"To the phenomena of life which surrounds him, the American responds with clock-like precision in one of two ways; to wit, on the one hand, with an Hooray, or, on the other, with a Go to hell."

"When a woman wakes up suddenly in the middle of the night and sees a ghost pointing a ghastly finger at the ceiling, or mayhap only at papa's union suit on the back of a chair, let the ophthalmologist jump into his Buick, rush to the scene, and ascertain, by careful examination, just what has affected the functional delicacy of the optic nerve."

Modern Wit and Humor

You perceive the similarity of these to the methods of the backwoods evangelist or the go-getting salesman? The similarity in fundamental spirit and expression? There is the same half-contemptuous use of big words and familiar locutions in the belief that somehow they create wit, the same contempt of the truth, the same lack of any qualifications, the same unfair tactics, the same gesturing and posturing, the same conviction that if you shout long enough you'll be believed. And unfortunately the last is based on a real knowledge of human psychology.

Between the incantations—"How's the big fellow?" followed by the incantatory laugh or the incantation, "Be sure your sins will find you out," and the incantations, "Wow, Americano, vox mazuma, Homo Americanus," and so on, I see no practical difference.

Let me give you another quotation:

"I'm a pretty conceited guy. I like to think that in every corner of this grand and glorious republic, wherever chewing gum is sold, there are men and women and little children who look for my stuff every month.

"'Who knows,' say I to myself, 'but what that light gleaming out of yonder farmhouse'"

But I can't go on.

And what do you think that is? The copy of some advertising Babbitt who thinks if he calls you by your first name he'll be able to sell you something? Not at all. That is the beginning of a book review in a popular magazine which professes to represent the wit and humor of the American university man, and at the same time the point of view of the youthful, less intellectual rebel; the more bourgeois disciples, in other words, of the older school. One thing it doesn't represent, and that is the wit and humor of the university I attended.

Once in a moment of ecstasy—moments which, off and on, every sane man and woman has felt, unless something is wrong with their blood pressures—Browning announced that God was in his heaven and that all was right with the world. If I know anything of Browning, he did not mean that as a complete philosophy or anything more than the description of a crystal early morning instant; but ever since the Babbitts, ordinary or pseudo-revolutionary, have been misinterpreting the sentiment. One side says it is always true, the other side says it is never true. Both talk nonsense. Meanwhile the sane man and woman know that sometimes it is true, more often, alas, it is not true; yet, if it is true at all, if it is at all possible, clearly, then, sane research and honest endeavor may some day lengthen perceptibly the moment and make it more recurrent.

A SATIRIST

By Arthur Guiterman

DECORATIONS BY WYNCIE KING

If all of the Weasels
Would die of the measles
The world would be rid of a parcel of fools.

He shrieked that the Otters
Were horrible rotters;
The Owls were pretentious purveyors of Bunk,
The Wolves and the Badgers
Were loafers and cadgers,
And no one was really worth while but the Skunk.

But few in the valleys
Took note of his sallies,
And few on the mountains gave heed to his cries;
The Beavers were sunning,
The Salmon were running,
The Hawk and the Eagle were proud in the skies.

Yet some who were lazy,
Perverted, or crazy—
The Cuckoo that covets another bird's nest,
The clamorous Starlings

A VOLUBLE Parrot
Who dwelt in a garret
Had never been able to make himself heard;
His eloquence glistened,
But nobody listened
Or called him a Perfectly Marvelous Bird.

He moped and he glowered,
He curdled and soured,
A moral dyspeptic, a bitter recluse,
Until in resentment
Of joy and contentment,
He poured on his fellows a flood of abuse.

He screamed that the Rabbits
Were Morons and Babbitts,
The Squirrels and Woodchucks were Yokels and Rubes;
The Lynxes and Foxes
Were dumb as the Ox is;
The Moose and the Bear were Unspeakable Boobs.

Those Puritan Beavers
Were arrant deceivers,
Whose maxims were grand, but whose practice was low;

And Nobody's Darlings,
The Crows and the Buzzards—were deeply impressed.

The Sparrows and Grackles
With jubilant cackles
Reëchoed, "How clever! How mordant! How true!
How dull are the Many
And not worth a penny!
How few are the Knowing!—and We are the Few!"

They flock to the Parrot,
No more in a garret—
Adorers by twenties, disciples by twelves,
In ardent devotion,
Enthralled by the notion
That slandering others ennobles themselves.

He jeered at the Thrushes
With "pishes" and "tushes,"
Declaring that no one could sing but the Crow.

All praise of the Salmon
Was spinach and gammon;
The indolent Trout were the joke of the pools;

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ARMORED CORD CONSTRUCTION builds new balloon strength

THE soft, flexible, easy-riding qualities of the Cooper Long Service Balloon are legend. But in Coopers you get something more - - the added strength, the added protection against road wear that Armored Cord Construction gives.

Each single cord in Cooper Long Service Balloons is individually armored with a protecting cushion of live, resilient rubber. Each cord is thoroughly impregnated, completely surrounded by this tough rubber armor. Armored Cord Construction presents to the road an almost impregnable wall of cord and rubber that ordinary bumps cannot penetrate.

Armored Cord Construction repels the shocks and bumps that send ordinary tires to ruin - - it reduces riding heat inside Cooper Tires to an absolute minimum - - it eliminates disastrous internal friction, for cords cannot touch one another as the tire flexes. This new construction fortifies the vulnerable point where tire havoc begins.

Distinctly a Cooper achievement - - - Armored Cord Construction is an exclusive feature in Cooper Long Service Tires - - - Balloons and Heavy Duty. Let your Cooper Dealer show you this new balloon construction - - - let him demonstrate how it reduces your tire costs and tire troubles.

[DEALERS: The new Armored Cord Construction of Cooper Long Service Tires offers unusual opportunity for live dealers everywhere. Write for complete information regarding the valuable Cooper franchise.]

Cooper
LONG SERVICE
TIRES

THE COOPER CORPORATION
Founded 1914
General Offices, Cincinnati, O. Factories: Findlay and Cincinnati, O.

NOW ICE BY GAS

A wonderful new principle

No moving parts . . . no noise . . . needs no attention

AT last you can get a refrigerator that really runs itself. One that you don't ever have to do anything about. Long you have waited for home refrigeration to be made a simple, practical thing. And here it is—a self-cooling icebox that has no moving mechanism, that makes no noise at all, never wears out, never needs attention, and costs little to operate. You've never seen anything like it.

Not a single moving part

The name of this new household marvel is the Electrolux Servel. It has no motor, no fan, no pump, no compressor, belt, pulleys or moving parts of any kind. Think what that means in trouble saved and long-lasting qualities!

Utterly noiseless

The Electrolux Servel isn't merely quiet. It is absolutely noiseless. It makes no more sound than your kitchen table. There is no hum, no vibration at all. If you wanted to, you could operate your radio set on top of the icebox without the slightest interference.

The Electrolux Servel is not only noiseless, but it has no vibration. You can stand a dime on top of refrigerator.

Tested and proved for five years

New to America, the unique principle of the Electrolux Servel is well known in Europe. This principle was first discovered by Swedish scientists in 1922. During the five years since then, it has been thoroughly tested and proved. Today there are thousands of refrigerators of this new type operating in Europe, and already in this country women are buying by the hundreds each week.

A simple cooling principle

The cooling action of the Electrolux Servel is as simple as heating a kettle of water. A refrigerating liquid is alternately expanded into a vapor and condensed back to a liquid

Light the little gas burner on the Electrolux Servel and then you can forget the refrigerator forever after. What could be more simple?

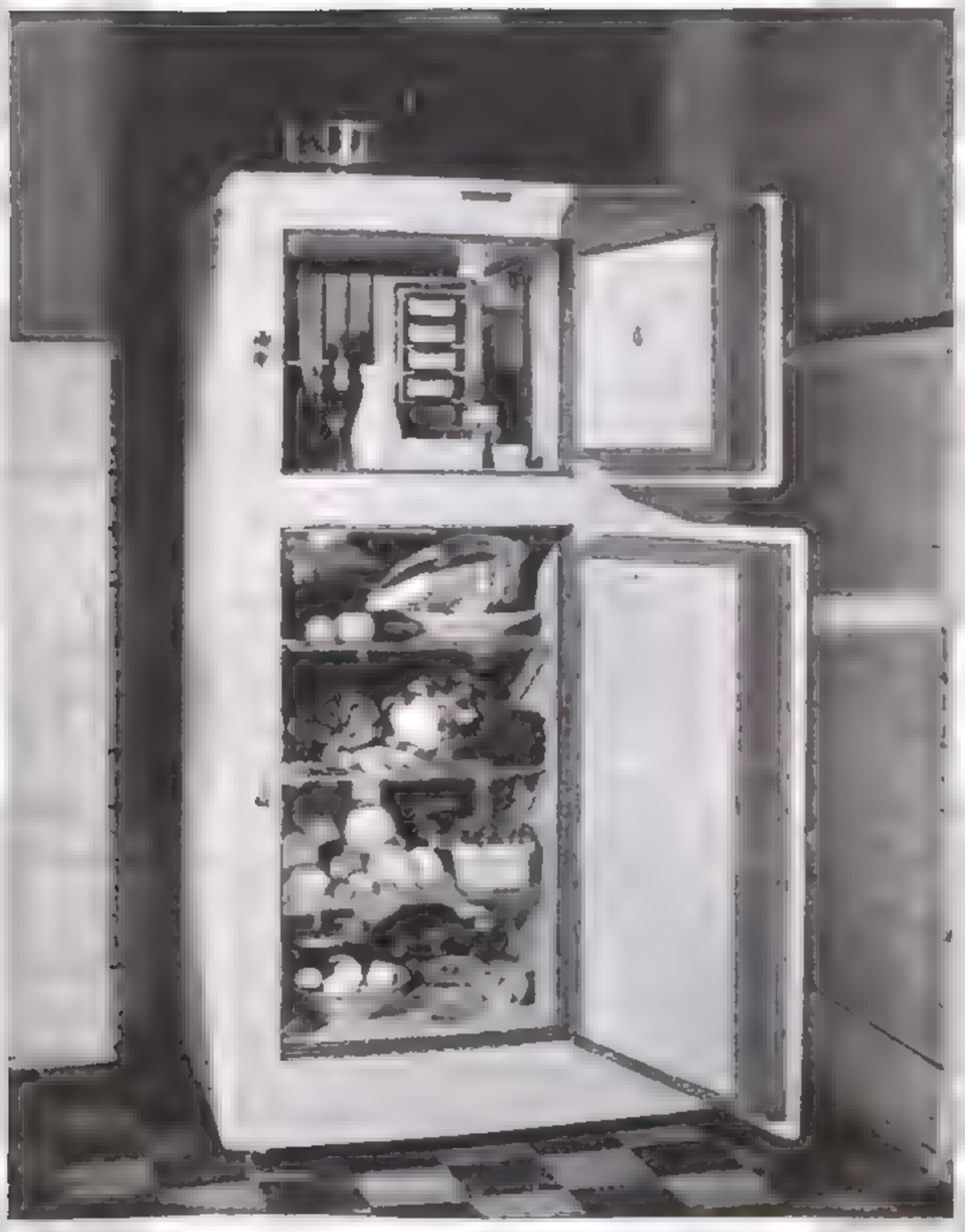
again. A small gas flame does all the work, and the cycle repeats itself over and over again, endlessly. The refrigerating liquid is buried in metal—hidden away forever. It can never leak, and it never needs replacement. Should the gas supply be interrupted for any reason, the trickle of gas is automatically turned off. No harm is done; the chilling action simply stops. It starts again when you turn the gas on and light the flame.

Costs less to use

Despite the many wonderful exclusive features of the Electrolux Servel, you need pay no more for it than for other iceless refrigerators. And the cost per week, per month, or per year is much less—so low that you will be pleasantly surprised.

No work, no trouble, no worry

You can use your Electrolux Servel all your



The Electrolux Servel is not only amazingly simple, practical and efficient, but it is also a handsome piece of kitchen equipment—one that you will be proud to show to friends. If your home has no piped gas, you can operate this refrigerator from any other source of controllable heat

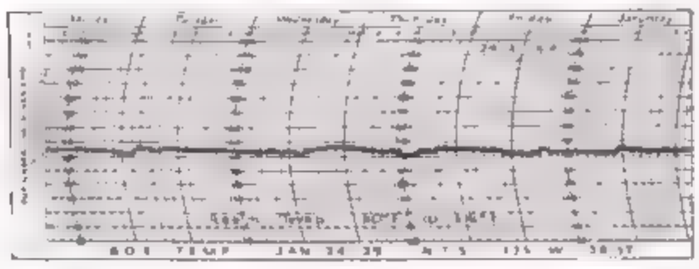
life and hand it down to your children—the chilling action remains as efficient as the day you bought the refrigerator. There is nothing to renew, nothing to replace—except possibly the inexpensive gas burner after years of use. With no moving parts, there is not a thing to wear out or get out of order. You don't even have to do any oiling.

Built to last indefinitely

The very finest materials that can be had are used in the Electrolux Servel. The icebox itself is of Armco Ingot Iron—the rust-resisting metal. Both sides of this metal are first lead coated and then covered with two coats of priming, baked on. Three inches of solid cork are used to insulate the walls. This is at least one half more than you ordinarily find. The outside of the box is finished with glistening white Duco, and the inside with velvety smooth porcelain. There are no crevices or rivers inside the box. Its food capacity is large. The two-door box has five shelves for food, providing generous space for a family of five or six.

What a blessing in your kitchen

Now, all the ice you want. Plenty of clean, pure cubes ready at all times to make refreshing drinks. New variety to your menus—delicious frozen desserts, jellied soups and meats. Delicately chilled salads. Lettuce and celery that remains crisp. Leftovers that stay sweet for days and days. Meat always unspoiled; milk and butter always fresh. Dry sanitary refrigeration, with a temperature



This chart shows the actual temperature in the food compartment of an Electrolux Servel, automatically recorded for six days. Note how close the thermometer stuck to 45°—the ideal point for food preservation

that does not vary more than a point or two at any time.

Above all, complete independence of the ice-man—no more waiting, no more uncertainty or worry, no dirt, no odor, no fuss or muss, ever.

Where to see the Electrolux Servel

You have to see this household marvel to appreciate it. You can inspect it at your own gas company's office or at one of our distributor's stores. We suggest that you see it at once. One of the finest testimonials to the Electrolux Servel is the fact that it is sold by so many gas companies. If it does not happen to be on sale near you, return the coupon now for full information. *Liberal monthly terms.* Servel Corporation, Evansville, Ind.

Servel Corporation
Evansville, Ind

Gentlemen: I am interested in the new Electrolux Servel refrigerator. Please send me full information. It is understood that this does not obligate me at all

Name

Street

City _____ State

NOTICE TO DEALERS

You can easily see the sales future of this wonderful new refrigerator, with all its distinctive features, with the prestige of its name and with the backing of a big, long established, nationally known company. We invite inquiries from responsible dealers.

ELECTROLUX SERVEL REFRIGERATOR

Pure lustrous silk where silk is needed—
from the tip of the toe to the top of the top. These exquisite, sheer Iron Clads, in your favorite summer shades, are the biggest dollar's worth of hose that ever clung to an ankle.

Iron Clad strength where strength is needed—
from the toe to the top. 4-ply heels. 4-ply toes. These Iron Clads are economical not just because of the extraordinarily reasonable price, but because of their continued wear—and wear—and wear.

An *Iron Clad guarantee where no guarantee is needed*—
Satisfactory service or a brand new pair of hose.

14,000 stores are selling these sheer silk Iron Clads. If your dealer cannot supply you, mail us your remittance of $1.00 a pair with a request for Style 807, and we'll supply you direct. State size (8 to 10½) and color (black, white, atmosphere, skin, champagne, blonde, grain, parchment, moonlight, rose blush, sandust, French nude, mauve taupe, silver grey, Aloma, peach bloom, gun metal.)

COOPER, WELLS & CO., 212 Vine St., St. Joseph, Mich.

Iron Clad

THE LONG AND SHORT OF MACARONI

LONG MACARONI IS PACKED BY HAND

Q MACARONI IS PACKED BY AUTOMATIC MACHINERY

From Press to you Q M

UNTOUCHED BY HUMAN HANDS

DOUBLE your Summer's Fun!

ALWAYS in the midst of things no matter where you are, if you carry the Sport Glass, wide field vibrationless, brilliant image. Designed for baseball, football and other sports; can be used while auto is in motion; fits the pocket.

Leading optical and sporting goods dealers everywhere sell this glass, or order direct from this advertisement. Price $16.50 postpaid. Sent C. O. D. if you wish. We will return your money if not satisfied. Write today.

BAUSCH & LOMB OPTICAL CO.
691 St. Paul St. Rochester, N. Y.

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

Merely a Stenographer

IN A COMPANY where I had charge of the employment of office workers there were hundreds of executives, and the same shortage of good stenographers that one finds everywhere else. It seemed, at times, as one vacancy after another occurred in our stenographic ranks and we could hardly find even low-grade stenographers to fill the yawning gaps, that when it came to high-grade stenographers—like the traditional snakes of Ireland—there were none. At least there were none seeking jobs. And when one of our own girls of this variety appeared wearing a solitaire, as they seemed inevitably to do sooner or later, a great wail would go up from some executive soon to be bereft. I even heard threats of introducing a bill in Congress that should make it unlawful for good stenographers to wed!

We were forced, at last, to the use of display ads in our everlasting search for the girl proficient enough to read her notes after they were cold; sufficiently well educated to know where punctuation marks should go and where they should fail to appear; keen enough to fill in an incomplete sentence that had, perchance, been dictated to her; and of such appearance and manners as would make her acceptable—if needed there—in a private office.

"Here's the sort we're looking for!" I thought—my hopes perpetually renewed, only to be dashed—as my secretary one morning ushered a delightful-looking girl into my office. She was attractively, though very simply, dressed and there was something unusually alert and competent in her bearing.

Glancing through her application blank on the desk before me I read aloud the name of her college. "That's good! The greatest difficulty we have, Miss Delano, is that so many of our girls can go so far; then can go no farther. But where," I asked, coming to the space where this item should have appeared and finding it blank—"where did you get your commercial training?"

"I have no commercial training," she replied, adding with a smile that struck me as just a bit toplofty: "I have no ambition to be merely a stenographer."

"You're applying for the secretarial position we have open?" I queried, trying not to show my impatience with an answer that had been given me again and again—the identical words—by girls who looked promising, as Miss Delano had looked promising a moment before. "And you don't know shorthand?"

Miss Delano admitted such was the case. "Everyone advised me not to learn it," she defended herself.

"And where, may I ask, were those everyones who gave you such advice?"

"Oh, at college. Everyone said, 'If you're going into business, don't learn shorthand, or you'll never get a chance to do anything else.'"

"Surely no business man counseled you in this fashion."

"Yes," she said, "even dad agreed it would be a complete waste of time for me to take a business course after my four years of college. He thinks my college training ought certainly to count for something. I don't want to appear vain," she went on enthusiastically, "but I've had charge of a lot of things at college and always pulled them off successfully. I don't believe I'm flattering myself unduly when I say I have executive ability, and I must confess"—she smiled again—"I don't fancy sitting at a typewriter all day. I don't care to degenerate into a mere machine."

"'Merely a stenographer,'" I laughed, "and now 'a mere machine'! Well, I assure you, Miss Delano, we don't think of either one of them in business as 'mere.' But in any case," I added with considerable vigor, "there is no such thing as a stenographer becoming a machine, unless that is all she is capable of becoming."

"I'm sure," Miss Delano insisted, though very courteously, "if you'll give me a chance—I'm not afraid of work—I can prove useful to some executive."

I shook my head.

"Why, I know of girls who had no shorthand and got positions as private secretaries during the war."

"During the war!" I echoed. "No doubt! But don't confuse what can happen in time of war and in time of peace. Even during the war, the girls you speak of would unquestionably have been far more valuable had they known stenography. And in ordinary times there are no secretarial openings in the business world, at any rate for women—and I can't put it too emphatically—that do not call for at least reasonable proficiency in shorthand. Tell me honestly, Miss Delano, isn't there a slight stigma in your mind on the word 'stenography'? Haven't you an impression that, aside from everything else, taking notes and operating a typewriter are inconsistent with the dignity of an A.B.?"

She hesitated. "Well, not consciously," she answered at last. "Perhaps, without knowing it, some such idea has influenced me."

She appeared to be an open-minded sort of girl, so I advised her that the more quickly she could revise her ideas in regard to stenography, the better. "First of all," I said, "for the girl who wishes to enter the business field, stenography is the best possible opening wedge.

"Somehow or other," I went on, "you have got to learn business after you enter it. It is very important, indeed essential, that you make yourself genuinely useful while you are doing so. You will find no faculty in business, Miss Delano; no courses of study, no textbooks, no tutors. No one is going to take time to explain things to you in any detail. If, now, you enter a business house capable of taking dictation, in the course of discharging your routine duties you can acquire the business knowledge essential to your advancement.

"I shouldn't," I continued, "venture upon such apparent platitudes, except for the phrase you used—'merely a stenographer.' Merely! Why, do you know, Miss Delano, that nine-tenths of all the plums which thus far have fallen to women in our big business organizations—yes, and in our small business organizations, too—and I believe nine-tenths is a conservative estimate—have gone to women who started as stenographers?

"No more erroneous idea could be promulgated," I insisted, "than the idea that if you learn stenography you will be kept eternally taking notes and transcribing them on a machine. That can happen only if you lack the intelligence and other qualities that make it impossible to intrust you with higher responsibilities."

"What could I get, at the start, as a mere stenographer?" Miss Delano at length asked tentatively, and with a rather chastened though mischievous smile.

"Well, frankly, a stenographer isn't worth her salt, as a rule, for the first few months after she comes out of business school. She ought to pay a business house for putting up with her during her stenographic novitiate, instead of expecting it to pay her. But," I was quick to add, "she is fairly well paid from the start, while salaries for competent stenographers—especially those with secretarial ability—have soared of late years. Many girls are now drawing salaries as private secretaries to important business men that a decade ago would have been considered almost impossible for a woman to reach in any job whatsoever. More and more executives are dispensing with their male assistants and turning over the work formerly done by the assistant to a capable secretary, who combines it with her own."

"And does she receive, in such cases," Miss Delano inquired shrewdly, "the combined salaries of the two, as well as doing the combined work?"

"Perhaps not quite!" I admitted laughingly. "The millennium has not yet arrived for women in business, though I honestly believe it is on its way. The tendency to pay women commensurately with the work they perform is growing steadily. At any rate, a girl that attains to one of these double jobs is handsomely paid. A rapidly increasing number of executives are persuaded of the dollars-and-cents value of these girls or women who have charge of their correspondence, preside over their offices, and are discreet enough to handle confidential matters.

"And, Miss Delano, may I say again, if you have executive ability, be sure that business will find it out. Executives are born, not made; though of course their powers develop with exercise. The ability to get things done, to keep things moving along swiftly and smoothly, to get work out of others without antagonizing them, but, on the other hand, making friends of them—such ability is rare enough to attract attention wherever it exhibits itself.

"There are scores of possibilities within the reach of the skillful stenographer of good education and agreeable personality, to one in almost any other job a girl can find in the business field," I concluded. "She is sure, for one thing, to come under the observation of men and women who are in a position to advance her. Then, besides, she has a business accomplishment in demand in every quarter of the globe and one she can fall back upon in her later life, should she again need, or desire, to be economically independent."

"How long would it take me," Miss Delano asked, after a brief pause, "to learn it?"

"Well, mere stenography," I smiled, "is somewhat more technical than many people realize. An inconsiderable number of girls become really expert at it, and when they do, their business future, I may mention incidentally, is assured, even where they do not possess qualities that go to the making of a private secretary or an executive. But to answer your question directly, it would be necessary, in all probability, for you to spend six months to a year in learning it. However, that is certainly not too long to spend in acquiring a special business branch after your many years of general educational training, or not too long if you expect to make a serious effort to succeed in business."

The girl left my office looking a trifle downcast, but I was gratified to observe that she looked thoughtful as well. About eight months later she applied again, announcing that she was by no means a finished commercial product—she had more respect for stenographers, she told me with some amusement, since she had tried to learn the art they practice—but she had been studying diligently at a secretarial school in New York and would like to try what she could do.

It happened that one of our junior executives only the day before had come to me with a plea for a good stenographer.

I called him up now, suggesting Miss Delano, but warning him that he could not expect her to take rapid or very technical dictation for some time to come.

It was hardly more than a year later that he came into the employment department one day and told me of the almost startling raise in salary which he had suggested for Miss Delano and which had just been approved by the salary committee.

"And, by golly, she's worth it!" he commented. "That girl works with, instead of for me! She's a regular partner and I think will be running the whole plant by next year!"

—A. W. ARMSTRONG.

MURRAY Coachwork for motor cars brilliantly expresses the fashion of the day in terms of luxurious and enduring worth.

The Murray Corporation of America ~ Detroit

Coach Work by Murray

Copr. 1927 The Murray C. of A.

"Buried" Treasure *for the* Summer Traveler

"Pieces of Eight on a dead man's chest" was the old song of the pirates, who buried their treasure.

"Walking the Plank" was often the gay finale of a travel trip in those days of bulky Spanish doubloons—the blue sky overhead, blue water beneath, the usual colorful setting.

And "sky-blue" is the color of the safest place today for your vacation treasure—the money you take with you on your summer travels—the *"sky-blue"*

American Express Travelers Cheques

These Cheques are the pocket safe deposit vaults of the traveling American public.

There is more danger of losing your treasure today than in the days of old; and in this country even more than abroad. It doesn't matter where you go on your vacation this summer, or when, or how—touring in your auto, week-end visits, or longer journeys away from home—*bury your treasure;* that is, the money you take with you—*bury it* against loss or theft by changing it into *"sky-blue" American Express Travelers Cheques.* Be sure that it will always be *yours,* and *only yours, always safe* and yet *always easily usable* wherever you are.

Besides:—the helpful Personal Service of 27,000 Express representatives in this country and Canada is at your command whenever and wherever you may need personal assistance.

American Express Travelers Cheques are issued in $10, $20, $50, and $100 denominations—bound in a small, handy wallet—and cost only 75c for each $100.

FOR SALE AT 22,000 BANKS, AMERICAN EXPRESS AND AMERICAN RAILWAY EXPRESS OFFICES

American Express Travelers Cheques

Secure your steamship tickets, hotel reservations and itineraries, or plan your cruise or tour through the American Express Travel Department.

GOOD FELLOWS

Continued from Page 11)

On top of this falling off in income came a disagreement with an important hardware firm which had bought a piece of property through his office and now repented of the purchase. They claimed the dimensions were not as represented, and Tom, who had accepted the city's figures instead of having the property surveyed, offered to turn over to them his commission and seven thousand dollars to boot in settlement rather than have the trade fall through. He took pride in an absolutely clean record, and there was no denying that the property measured close to ten front feet less than they had thought.

Two of his best salesmen left within six months, despairing of any improvement in the market, and he let out three others. Even so, he was losing at the rate of twenty-five thousand a year. He tried to sell a few local stocks he owned, but no purchaser could be found, so he borrowed against them, keeping what listed securities he had for a crisis.

But if his troubles were mounting, they were as nothing to Slack's. Tom felt sorry for Parke. A few of the older automobile agencies appeared to be doing fair business, but all the others were hanging on by their toes, and what chance had a new car in a depression?

One day Parke entered his office with such a forced air of unconcern that Gibson sensed what was coming.

"Parke," he said, after his friend had made his plea, "I just don't see how I can do it. Why don't you go to your uncle in Paloma? He's got lots."

"Fat chance! That ol' rooster never loosened up to anybody in his life—that's how he got it. He never even got married because he was too stingy."

"But six thousand! Boy, that's a lot of money! Here, take a squint at this list of what I owe, myself. Here it is—all right there. You can see for yourself I can't do it. I haven't got the money, Parke." He made no reference to what Slack already owed him.

"If I don't get it, heaven knows what we'll do," said Parke, speaking with simple earnestness. "This six thousand would stall 'em off until business picks up again. It can't go on like this forever. And what'll happen to Beryl and the kids ——"

Gibson winced uncomfortably. The Slacks had four children and two of them were of school age.

"Maybe you can't spare it yourself, Tom," Parke pleaded. "But I can borrow it from the Planters National if you'll go on my note. Jennings and Beemer will go on too. And I can take care of it all right when it comes due. I'd do the same for you any day, old man."

"But indorsing is the same thing as lending it to you, Parke—only worse."

"How is it? You think that note won't be paid? Let me tell you it's as good as gold. I give you my word I'll be able to meet it. If necessary, we can sell the place."

Tom forbore to mention that under existing conditions he could not sell the place even for taxes.

"The trouble nowadays," said Parke, "is it costs so much to live."

"How much do you figure you spend?"

"Oh, I don't know exactly. But it's just impossible to get along under six thousand a year."

"But suppose you don't make six thousand a year."

Parke glanced at him with a shade of resentment. What was he driving at, anyhow?

"Times're abnormal, and you know they are," he answered. "If I can get through the next six months, everything will be hunky. Can't you see your way to go on that note, ol'-timer?"

It ended as most appeals to Tom did. He agreed to go on the note, and Slack departed with assurance of a new lease of life.

Gibson did not tell his wife about this transaction. She was worrying considerably about their own affairs and he did not want any more unpleasantness than he had already to bear. Besides, he assured himself, it was not the same as lending Parke the money, because he had not put up anything; and after what he had promised, Slack was bound to pay that note when it fell due.

A friend of his stirred up apprehensions, however. "What's this I hear about your letting Slack have six thousand dollars?" inquired Jerry Buck, walking into his office one day without announcement.

"I didn't do anything of the kind. I went on his note—yes. But two others went on with me."

Jerry laughed, rolling his cigar around in his mouth. "Good ol' E. Z.," he said approvingly. "Nothing'll ever change you. Don't you know those two other birds haven't got a dime to their names? That one guy, Beemer, has been judgment-proof for years. He even keeps his religion in his wife's name."

A tremor hit Tom around the region of the third vest button, but he answered confidently, "Well, Parke's good for it. He'll pay that note."

"If he does," retorted Jerry in his sharp, rasping voice, "it'll be the first debt he's paid since I've known him."

"Why, I can't believe that, Jerry! We've been friendly with the Slacks a long while. Surely you're wrong. He's a good fellow—a mighty decent sort."

"Sure he is. If he wasn't, he couldn't have borrowed the way he has. Listen, son, get this: That guy has practically lived on borrowed money ever since he hit this burg. He started off a nice enough kid, when I knew him first. But you know how it is, after they get the habit. Everybody but you steered off him long ago. You didn't know? Then that explains it."

Tom wiped the perspiration from his forehead. He had a dreadful premonition he was elected, but strove to put a good face on it, and answered stoutly, "I believe Parke would do the same for me, if I was in his shoes and he in mine."

To which Jerry snorted: "Bunk! Did he spring that hokum? How does he know he would? Answer me this, buddy: What d'you suppose Parke would say? Well, just let him go to work and make the sacrifices it takes to save as much as three thousand dollars, and then have some chronic borrower try to ease half of it off of him! Boy, d'you know what he'd do? He'd coax that guy up to the roof garden of the Planters Hotel and push him off—that's what he'd do. And I wouldn't blame him either."

This line of talk never sat well with Tom. It distressed him now, more on Slack's account than his own.

"I think you're unjust to Parke," he replied, a trifle coldly. "And they've got to live, you know. It's mighty hard to live nowadays on less'n six thousand a year."

"Sure it is, the way they live. Lots of people're doing it, all the same, Tom. And if they don't, who's going to make up the d'fference?"

"A fellow's got to help a friend out in a pinch."

"Sure! But there's some difference between helping a guy out of a pinch and keeping him up. This isn't the first time you have helped Parke."

As Tom did not answer, Jerry continued: "He's making a sucker out of you, Tom." Then he shoved his chair back and headed out of the office, pausing at the door to rasp, "Well, no hard feelings, buddy. I just wanted to say hello. . . . So long."

Tom had seldom been so miserable in his life. For two hours he sat as Jerry had left him, scarcely moving, staring at the glass top of his table and going over the conversation again and again. He could think of a lot of snappy comebacks to Jerry, but they were too late to be any good. What a hard-boiled old egg he was! Gosh, he would hate to go to Jerry for sympathy! No, that was not fair, either, because Buck bore the reputation of being a loyal and steadfast friend—and a bitter enemy. Well, for himself, he preferred to keep his faith in his fellow men; else what was there in life, anyhow? Parke would pay that note. Shucks, he was a fool to worry!

But Parke did not pay the note. Two months before it fell due, his business blew up to clamor from a host of creditors, and Parke and his family shortly afterward moved away from the city. There was nothing he could do there to earn a livelihood, and people said he had gone to work for his uncle in Paloma.

The Slacks arrived at this decision suddenly, leaving scant time for farewells. Beryl ran over for a few minutes the morning of departure to bid Sylvia good-by, but Parke lacked the heart to call on Tom.

"I feel sort of mean about this, just the same," he remarked to his wife as they drove to the station.

"Why? We can't help it. If we could, it would be different. Besides, they've got lots."

Gibson arranged to take up the note at the Planters National by installments. Parke had nothing he could recover against, even had he been so minded. The house, it appeared, belonged to Beryl, and as it could not be sold except at a heavy sacrifice, she retained title and rented it to a family Mrs. Gibson could never bring herself even to see in the street. They shared the driveway, however.

The consoling Biblical assurance that help given will return fourfold did not appear to work out in Tom's case. Things went steadily from bad to worse. He sublet most of his office space and cut expenses to the bone; Sylvia discharged the yardman, then the houseman, then the cook. By such heroic means he contrived to meet his obligations as they fell due, but an unforeseen blow finished him.

One day the bookkeeper did not come to work. Tom didn't take alarm immediately, not even when inquiry failed to discover his whereabouts. Then somebody brought in a report he had been playing the market, and Gibson ordered an audit of his accounts, and himself went to the bank to check over securities. A shortage of twenty-three thousand dollars!

Some hours of frantic telephoning, two or three conferences, and he learned the worst. The bookkeeper's bond had been allowed to lapse, because the company had made certain inquiries which the employe had been afraid might reach Gibson. And Tom was cleaned out, as clean as a skinned fish.

"We don't even own the house we live in," he told his wife dolefully.

"Oh, surely they can't put us out, can they?"

"No; but I've got to pay my debts, you know."

"Yes, but why not put the house in my name?" Sylvia inquired eagerly, with a woman's true instinct.

"Don't, dear," he begged, so wearied by worry that he felt incapable of arguing. "I've always paid—I don't know how to do anything else. Surely you wouldn't have me run out on anybody!"

The muscles of his face started to jerk and she suddenly realized he was at the breaking point. So there followed some foolish endearments and broken words of comfort and confidence—he was bound to win out and everything would come all right again! And, anyhow, they had each other! Tom did not utter a sound for several minutes, but held tight to her, with his eyes shut, as might a little boy to his mother.

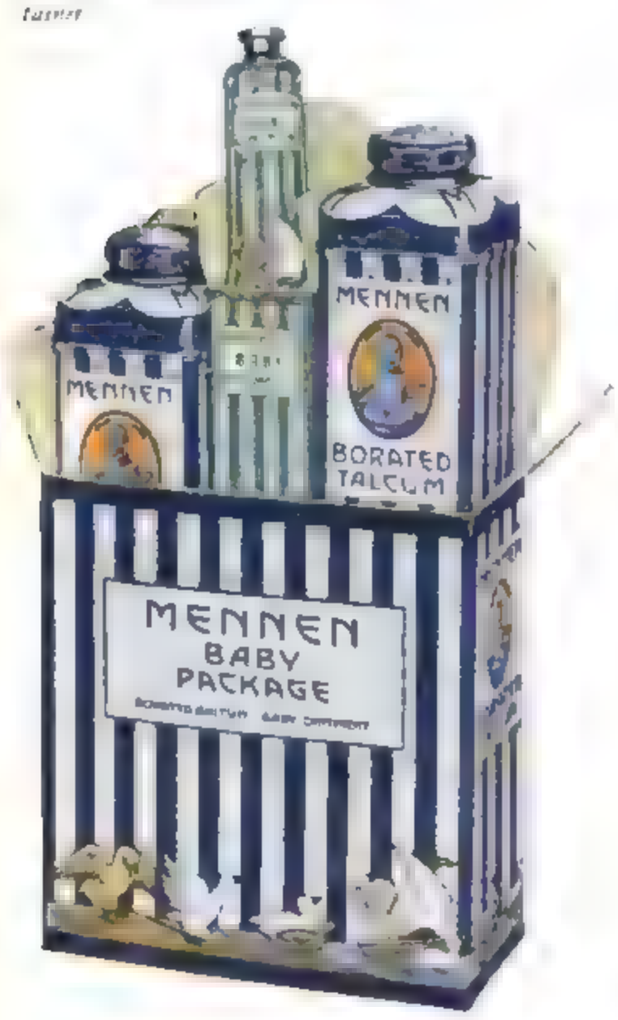
For ages poets have sung of the hot love of youth as something beautiful. Sex attraction is doubtless beautiful when the

(Continued on Page 136)

Mennen Puff Box—$1
Something entirely new. An attractively decorated package of Mennen Borated Talcum with a luxurious puff in pink or blue for the nursery and dressing table. Always ready, always convenient. Inner top hermetically seals powder. Easily removed with special opener.

When you ask for baby talcum *you mean* Mennen

Mennen Baby Package—50c
Two standard size shaker boxes of Mennen Borated Talcum and a libera tube of Mennen Baby Ointment in an attractive nursery container



Out of the bewildering confusion of tawdry boxes and fancy titles, one name stands out by itself as the criterion of purity and excellence in talcum powder—MENNEN.

Remember—Mennen is the original borated baby talcum, for fifty years the standard. To physicians, nurses and mothers for three generations Mennen has been the household word for a safe, pure, mildly medicated dusting powder.

You would be amazed if you knew what actually harmful and irritating impurities and coarse, gritty substances are too often hidden by a fancy, gaudy box and strong scent. When your baby's health is so dependent on his daily comfort and well-being, you owe it to him and to yourself to insist on Mennen. He deserves the safest, the purest. And it costs so little to give him this comfort. The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J. The Mennen Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario.

Mennen Shaker Package—25c
The famous Mennen standard size shaker package of Borated Talcum used and recommended for 50 years by physicians, nurses and mothers everywhere

MENNEN
BORATED TALCUM

KITCHENKOOK

ALBERT LEA

THE WORLD'S FASTEST COOK STOVE

City Gas Convenience

In or out of the city, there's nothing that can beat *Kitchenkook* for downright cooking efficiency, cleanliness, economy and safety. Gas stove? Yes; it makes and burns its own gas from ordinary gasoline. Has all the convenience of city gas, with a greater heat and lower cost.

Kitchenkook lights with a match, and in one minute one or all burners are ready with a clean blue flame that leaves no soot, smoke, grease or odor to muss up your pots and pans. Can be regulated as wanted, and turns on or off like gas.

The stove shown above is the white porcelain-enameled range No. 866. Has a large porcelain-lined oven and broiler, and is recognized as the finest of all liquid fuel stoves. Women everywhere report baking results with *Kitchenkook* never before secured with any other type of stove. Made with right or left hand oven.

Write for name of nearest dealer, and folder describing this range and 15 other popular models.

American Gas Machine Company, Inc.
ALBERT LEA, MINNESOTA
NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO

American Gas Machine Company, Inc.,
Dept. K. 18, Albert Lea, Minn.

Send me full particulars about Albert Lea Kitchenkooks, and name of nearest dealer.

Name_____

Address_____

Town and State_____

(Continued from Page 134)

actors in it are; but the only worth-while love is the curious bond that holds a man and woman together through disillusionment and years of buffetings and bickerings—which can hardly be distinguished from hate sometimes when the duel of the sexes is in full clash, but shows staunch and tender in times of stress, steadfast through every reverse.

Tom Gibson went through months of torment, but found a tower of strength in his wife. In their days of prosperity they had almost neglected the habit of endearments—and it plaits strong silken strands—but now they were brought closer together than ever before in their lives.

"I told them we'd give possession of the house the end of this month," he informed her one day.

"Oh, well, I never was satisfied with this house, anyway, Tom. Our next one—I know just exactly how I want it." And that was all.

When the dust had cleared from the wreckage, Gibson found himself with a few hundred dollars actually his own. Even his automobile was gone. Most people consider a car as indispensable as a roof over their heads, and perhaps it is; but why keep a car when he had nothing to do and no income? He would be lucky if he rustled enough money to buy meals! They moved into a boarding house and he cast about for a job.

"I never knew times as hard," he declared. "Normally, I could get a pretty fair job, but I can't expect even a friend to put me on the pay roll when he's laying good men off."

"I don't see why not," exclaimed Sylvia, "after all you've done for others!"

"Well, that's different. Besides, I simply can't bring myself to ask. It would—it would be almost like charity."

Yet he felt like kicking himself for not having gone to Jerry Buck; and now Jerry was heaven knows where, on a tour around the world. One day before the crash came he had dallied with the idea of confiding his woes to Jerry and had actually gone to his office, but on arrival there he could not do it.

Never during his manhood life had he asked anybody for help; when he borrowed, it was a business proposition and he went to a bank. To save his soul he could not bring himself to beg favors, and something in Jerry's expression as he walked in instantly banished his purpose. It was certainly not coldness, nor suspicion; yet he was positive he detected a sort of uncomfortable look. So he sat down and gossiped aimlessly about mutual acquaintances and the hard times and the swarms of rumors going about.

"Well, I've got to get back to the office," he said at last, and then and there Jerry gave him an opening.

"Nothing I can do for you, old horse?"

"Not a thing," replied Gibson. "Just thought I'd drop by and see if maybe we couldn't get up a golf game sometime. . . . Well, so long."

"So long," answered Jerry, on a note of relief.

And now he was beyond reach, and Tom could not think of anybody else likely to come to his rescue. Nor did he blame them. Nearly every man he knew had been hit hard and could scarcely be expected to add to his burdens by shouldering another's.

"I swear I don't know what we're going to do," he said to Sylvia. "Let's jump out of here. This place isn't the whole world. We can start in again somewhere else."

She was entirely agreeable, but had a suggestion to make: "Suppose you figure out where you want to go and then take a good look round while I stay with mother. I can join you when you've fixed up something. That'll save money and I would only be in the way while you were looking."

"Not a bad idea," he agreed.

Sylvia packed her belongings and went on a visit to her mother, who lived in a town about sixty miles distant. It is probable that her parents' joy to have her was not unmixed with forebodings; but at least Tom had not landed in on them, and he appeared to be putting up a good fight. So they made her welcome and she sat down to wait, eating her heart out as she thought of him all alone and desperate from failure.

Tom stayed on at the boarding house a few days, waiting for replies to sundry inquiries he had sent out. Then he learned by chance that Parke Slack was on his feet again—not only on his feet but stepping high.

"That uncle of his fin'ly died," said his informant, "and he left ol' Parke about all the black waxy land in those parts, I hear. Anyhow, I hear he's rich and taking it easy. Well, he was always a good scout. Yes, sir, Parke deserves it."

Here was news. With the money Slack owed him he could make a fresh start. Tom sat down and wrote a long letter to Parke, enumerating his misfortunes and ending up with assurances of friendship.

No reply! Paloma was distant only a night's ride and he ought to have heard immediately, if Parke got the letter. That was probably it—he was away. Gibson waited three days longer, then determined to run over on the train and see for himself. He had no difficulty in locating the Slack home. Everybody seemed to know it and he was lucky enough to find his old friend working on a flower bed.

"Hello," said Slack, a shade embarrassed. "Who would ever have thought of seeing you here?"

"Didn't you get my letter?"

"No—that is to say—I've been away." Then, seeing the look in Tom's eye, he added: "Yes, I got it, and I was just fixing to write to you."

"That's what I came over about," Tom told him. They started to walk toward the house, led by Parke. He did not want any neighbors eavesdropping at this sort of talk. "I heard your uncle had left you a fortune," Gibson continued, "and so I figured maybe it might be convenient for you ——"

"Oh, no, not a fortune. Who told you that? He left me something, it's true, but it's tied up in trust. I get only the income and this house." He stopped short. "Is that what you came about?"

"Why, yes, that's what I came about. Why not?"

Parke's reply was: "If that's all you wanted, you might have saved yourself the trouble, because I was going to write to you and fix it up anyhow."

"That's fine, Parke. It'll come in mighty handy, ol' settler—seven thousand five hundred dollars. I'm practically down and out. Yes, sir, cleaned."

"You don't mean to say you're broke!"

"And then some."

"Not really broke!"

"That's what I said."

Slack stared at him unbelievingly a moment and then broke out in exasperation: "Do you mean to tell me you've lost all that money you had?"

"Every dollar. Right now, everything I've got in the world is here in my pants pocket and it's barely enough to carry me back to town."

"Gosh!" said Parke. "Gee-hoshophat!" Tom was surprised and not a little grateful to see him so moved. Then Slack continued: "That's bad—mighty bad. You couldn't have come at a worse time for me, old man. With two of the kids off at school, and nothing I can lay my hands on except the income uncle left—well, it's about all I can do to make ends meet. That's the truth. Times've changed. When the old boy made this will, five thousand a year meant something, but today—shucks, it'll hardly keep a family alive."

"I thought you said you were fixing to ——"

"And so I will. I'll pay you all right. But I can't put up the cash, Tom—it's out of the question. What I intended doing was to see if we couldn't fix up a long-time scheme—in installments, you know—something I wouldn't feel so ——"

(Continued on Page 139)

The GOLFER WORKMAN

"We've tested them on our Course— they're ready for yours"

HUNTERS have their favorite gun; fishermen their favorite fly rod. Too many golfers have had their "favorite" club, which they have used indiscriminately for anything from the tiny chip shot to the long, screaming iron to the pin—often, in fact, for any variety of shots from tee to green.

But the day of the "one-club" player is past. MACGREGOR Matched Sets of *Harmonized Irons* make *each* club a "favorite." In these sets you have a graduation of lofts for any lie or distance—but each club is built and *balanced* in harmony with its mates. This gives every club the same "feel," so that you get the different results from the club itself rather than by any change of stance or form for the shot. This is the correct principle of perfect golf.

For over a quarter of a century MACGREGOR Golfer-Workmen have been creating Golf Clubs—but these sets of *Harmonized Irons* represent the 1927 triumph of their craftsmanship, backed by the experience, skill and interest nurtured and developed on our own course.

Ask your Pro or the nearest Dealer to show you these *Harmonized Irons* in matched sets. They come in three different grades. Write us for folder describing them in detail —or for catalog of the complete MACGREGOR line.

The CRAWFORD, McGREGOR & CANBY CO.
Established 1829 Dayton, Ohio

The Proof of Perfect Balance

Hole No. 4 on MACGREGOR Golf Course Photographed During 1926 Dayton City Championship

MACGREGOR

COURSE-TESTED GOLF CLUBS

MACGREGOR DAYTON, O.

DID YOUR WATCH RIDE WITH YOU . . . . ON A BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO?

A watch may never lose a second yet be many years slow

A wonderful thing, indeed, is a watch that has been with you, and a part of you, daily for twenty years or more! With it you associate the fading pageant of fondly remembered yesterdays . . . the romance, the adventures, the triumphs of your life. But many others see it too, and with critical eyes, undulled by sentiment. The stranger or chance acquaintance regards that watch as he does the clothes you wear, the motor car you drive, the house in which you live . . . as an index to your business and social standing. Not a just appraisal, it is true, but a very common one. Can you afford to be so judged, and discounted, when a new and modern Elgin Watch may be had for so moderate a sum? It, too, will become, in your pocket or on your wrist, a truly treasured thing . . . worthy alike of your pride and your trust. You will wonder, perhaps, how a watch so thin and so handsome can yet be so faithful and unerring. But you will never have reason to question its accuracy, and none, however discriminating, will ever challenge excellence so outstanding. . . . Elgin is conceded to be the world's standard for watch integrity, and to such efficiency is wedded exquisite beauty of design.

THE WATCH WORD FOR ELEGANCE AND EFFICIENCY

ELGIN

THE WOMAN'S WRIST WATCH, in a case of 14-karat solid white gold, is priced at $60.

THE MAN'S WATCH may be had in a white or green gold case.....Priced at $175.

. . .

Your dealer will show these and other Elgins to you gladly. No other watch is offered in so generous an assortment of styles and at a price range so liberal

© Elgin, 1927

(Continued from Page 136)

But at that Tom burst out: "You borrowed this money, didn't you? You owe it, don't you?"

"Yes, of course. That is to say—if Beemer and Jennings had of only ——"

"Are you going to pay me?"

"Yes, of course," Parke replied, almost indignantly.

Beryl appeared at this juncture and diverted what might have grown to a quarrel. Her greeting was cordial enough and Tom responded in the same spirit.

"Why didn't you bring Sylvia?" she inquired.

"Well, she's at her mother's. And I really came over ——"

"You're going to spend the night, of course," she interrupted quickly.

"That's very kind of you. Yes—in fact there's no way of getting back tonight unless I go by automobile."

That is really all of his trip to Paloma. He stayed twelve days, but his efforts were barren of results. What Parke had argued was true enough; he did not possess a nickel of capital, and his cagy old uncle had managed to sew up the income so effectually that legal obstacles shut off any method of discounting it. It ceased the moment Parke assigned any portion thereof.

Moreover, Gibson gradually came to the conclusion that Parke did not want to discount his income or definitely surrender any portion of it. He talked vaguely of installments and what he had intended to do even before Tom's arrival, and then in the next breath emphasized the impossibility of a family living nowadays below a certain figure.

"I guess I'm going to hold the bag, all right," Tom told himself at the end of a week. "But I'll stick around this burg a while, anyhow, and see if we can't work something out of it."

When he gave no sign of departure, Beryl grew alarmed. "You don't suppose he came here to live with us, do you?" she demanded of her husband in a tense whisper.

"Don't be silly."

"You never can tell. Maybe he figures if we can't pay him, he might as well take it out in board and lodging."

"Pshaw, he isn't that hard up!" Yet his tone was uneasy.

"Isn't he? I was looking through his suitcase ——"

"For the luva Mike!"

"It was open, smarty! And I just thought I'd straighten things up for him. But, will you believe it, he hasn't got even one single decent suit of underwear. They're all worn threadbare. And that shirt he had on last night—honestly, I'm almost ashamed of what people will think."

"We've got to get rid of him somehow," said Parke with sudden determination.

That was at bedtime. At breakfast a telegram was delivered to them, and Beryl opened it in full view of the guest.

"Oh, isn't that provoking?"

"What's the matter now?" her husband inquired.

"The Lees want us to come Friday night instead of Saturday. They're going to hold a rehearsal of the wedding and they need us to ——"

"Then you'll have to go, won't you?"

"I guess I can't get out of it. But neither can you. You've got to come too. You're in it as much as I am." And as she tossed the telegram across the table for him to read, she turned on Tom a glance of friendly concern.

Mrs. Slack really carried it off very well; but she went to a lot of unnecessary trouble, because her guest had already come to a decision that morning and he watched this byplay without a trace of feeling.

"You mustn't bother about me, Beryl," he assured her. "I've got to get back to town anyway."

Why prolong the suspense? And why have a fuss with them when it would do no good? Tom was firmly convinced he would never see his money, despite all the ready promises Parke made when they discussed the thing. So he put it behind him, in order not to let false hopes influence future action.

The couple took him to the station with a friendly enthusiasm he alone could appreciate. And the train had scarcely pulled out before Beryl relaxed with a sigh, exclaiming, "Thank heaven, that's over!"

"Gee, I'm glad to see the last of that bird!" her husband said thankfully. "I used to like ol' Tom too. But—well, somehow he's changed. Don't you think so? Couldn't you see a lot of change in him?"

"Yes, of course. That's natural enough. He's had such a hard time—it's bound to make him —— Well, he isn't nearly so nice. I'd hardly have known him, Parke. Do you remember what a cheerful soul he always was, and so jolly and ready for anything?"

Yes, Parke remembered. They exchanged many reminiscences of Tom as they drove homeward, contrasting those memories with his present condition.

Could they have seen Gibson staring out of the window as the train lurched along, they would have considered him as sunk even lower in the scale. There was bitterness in his eyes, a hard contempt in the lines of his mouth. So that was what a man got for befriending others, was it? Well, he would know better next time!

His first act on arrival in town was to call at his former office for mail. There was a mass of it, mostly from Sylvia; but his eye was caught by a name, G. Ezzell, he read at the top left-hand corner of the envelope, and below—oil. He grinned at that. It was like Gid to waste no words. And then his heart began to thump like a tom-tom, because a check dropped out of the letter as he spread it open. Two hundred dollars!

Gid started out with a formal dear sir, although he had worked for Tom five years. Well, he guessed Mr. Gibson had forgotten all about this little loan, hadn't he? Well, he had lent Gid two hundred dollars just before he quit working for him at the real-estate game, and inclosed please find check. Now he would like to pay interest, but was afraid Mr. Gibson might not like that, but would say this loan meant a lot to him at the time and he would never forget his kindness. The oil game was a great game and he had been mighty lucky, and if there was anything he could ever do for Mr. Gibson—but he guessed there wasn't—why, all he had to do was shout and Gid would come a-runnin'. Well, he guessed he would close and he remained yrs truly.

It was a full five minutes before Tom could see the page clearly again. Gid had done much more than pay back his loan; he had restored something priceless Tom had lost. Good old Gid, always so matter of fact and dependable! All the pent-up bitterness of recent weeks was washed away as by a spring freshet; he felt suddenly strong and confident again. Let the Slacks and their kind go their way, let Jerry Buck sneer and get off his cheap cynicisms—there were good men and true in this world!

"By George!" he cried, and read the letter again. It had just struck him—that part! Why not? If Gid had made money in the oil fields, perhaps —— He grabbed a telegraph form.

When the wire had been sent, he went out and down to his bank to cash the check. He would not tell Sylvia of this until it was fixed up. How long would it take to get an answer, he wondered? Perhaps Gid was out in the fields somewhere and they might not be able to reach him. He worried over that prospect for several hours; and then a reply came, just as the man to whom he had subleased his offices was about to lock the door for the night.

You bet. Come ahead. Fortune in it if things break right.
EZZELL.

As soon as Sylvia caught sight of her husband she knew something wonderful had happened. Tom came up the walk of her father's home with a grin from ear to ear, and she grew wild with excitement. This oil prospect beat the real-estate business a mile; there were such noble gambling chances in it! Already she could see themselves rich and free from worry.

After a while she came down to earth and had time to weigh the Slacks' behavior.

"And to think I've been friends with that woman ever since we were kids together!" she cried with righteous anger. "How is she looking? Is she fat? She was trying to reduce when they left."

Tom opined that she looked comfortably upholstered. You may be sure he did not mention anything about the six thousand dollars; his trip had been to collect the fifteen hundred of which Sylvia had knowledge.

"There's gratitude for you!" she went on. "You wait, one of these days I'll get even, if it takes me ten years. Just wait till she tries to borrow something of mine again!"

Tom regarded her fondly. "Forget it, old spitfire!" he laughed. "Those people don't count."

"When're you going to Arkansas?" she demanded.

"Tomorrow."

"All right, I'll go and darn those socks then."

There was little left of Gid's two hundred dollars by the time he had made some necessary purchases and bought a ticket. Consequently he traveled in a day coach. Also, he wore his oldest clothes.

"Because," said Sylvia, "you won't need clothes out there in those oil fields, and it would be silly to take your good ones."

He had to change to another line at Paloma, where his train arrived about noon. There was a short delay and Tom took the opportunity to stretch his legs by a walk up and down the graveled platform.

A bus and several automobiles were lined up at one side of the station. In one of them sat Parke and Beryl, with Junior; they recognized him at the same time, and it seemed to Tom they showed confusion. Parke, in fact, hurriedly started his engine; then, at a word from his wife, shut it off. The involuntary movement was not lost on Gibson, but he had no intention of talking to them. In his disheveled, unshaved condition, he did not want to meet any acquaintances. So he waved his hat and cried, "Good morning. Just on my way through."

"Here comes your train now," Beryl called back, and in a moment it pulled in.

He waved again and climbed aboard with his suitcase, catching an indistinct "Good luck, ol'-timer" from Parke as he went up the steps.

Having watched the train pull out and received the package of trout they were expecting from a friend, the Slacks started back to town.

"Gracious!" said Beryl. "Did you ever in all your life? Why, he's beginning to look like a tramp!"

"He certainly is. I'd hardly have known him."

"Thank goodness, he had the decency not to come over to us," she went on. "I was afraid at first he was here again about that—that business. What on earth did you start the engine for? He saw you."

"Well, I couldn't have given him anything if he had braced me. I can't afford it just now. That new car's going to take all the cash I can lay my hands on."

To which Beryl answered, "He has only himself to blame. I have no sympathy for him at all, the way he's acted."

Junior now spoke up from the back seat: "What did he do, mamma? What did Mr. Gibson do?"

"Nothing. Little boys should be seen and not heard."

"No, but what did Mr. Gibson do? What did he do, dad?"

"He didn't have sense enough to take care of his money, son," replied his father, in the manner of pointing a moral. "Mr. Gibson was rich once, but just look at him now! That's what comes of throwing it around. Well, easy come, easy go." And talking contentedly of the treat in store for them at luncheon, they drove homeward.

This Red Edge Served Six Years in the Chain Gang

Not often is it to anyone's credit to have "done time," but once in a while—

Anyway, here's the story.

In the office of Mills & Lupton, the Red Edge distributors in Chattanooga, Tenn., there hangs as battle scarred an old veteran of a shovel as you ever saw and under it a neat placard showing that old shovel's prison record.

The reason we are all so proud of this particular Red Edge is that it stood up under six years' work *in a chain gang*. Six years is a good record anywhere, but if there is one place where a shovel gets mighty little rest it is in a chain gang. And certainly you can't expect a convict to take a whole lot of care of his shovel. Yet after six years of it that old Red Edge is all there except for so much of the blade as has been worn away.

How much wear do you get out of the shovels you are using now? Multiply that by two or maybe three. That is what you can expect of a Red Edge.

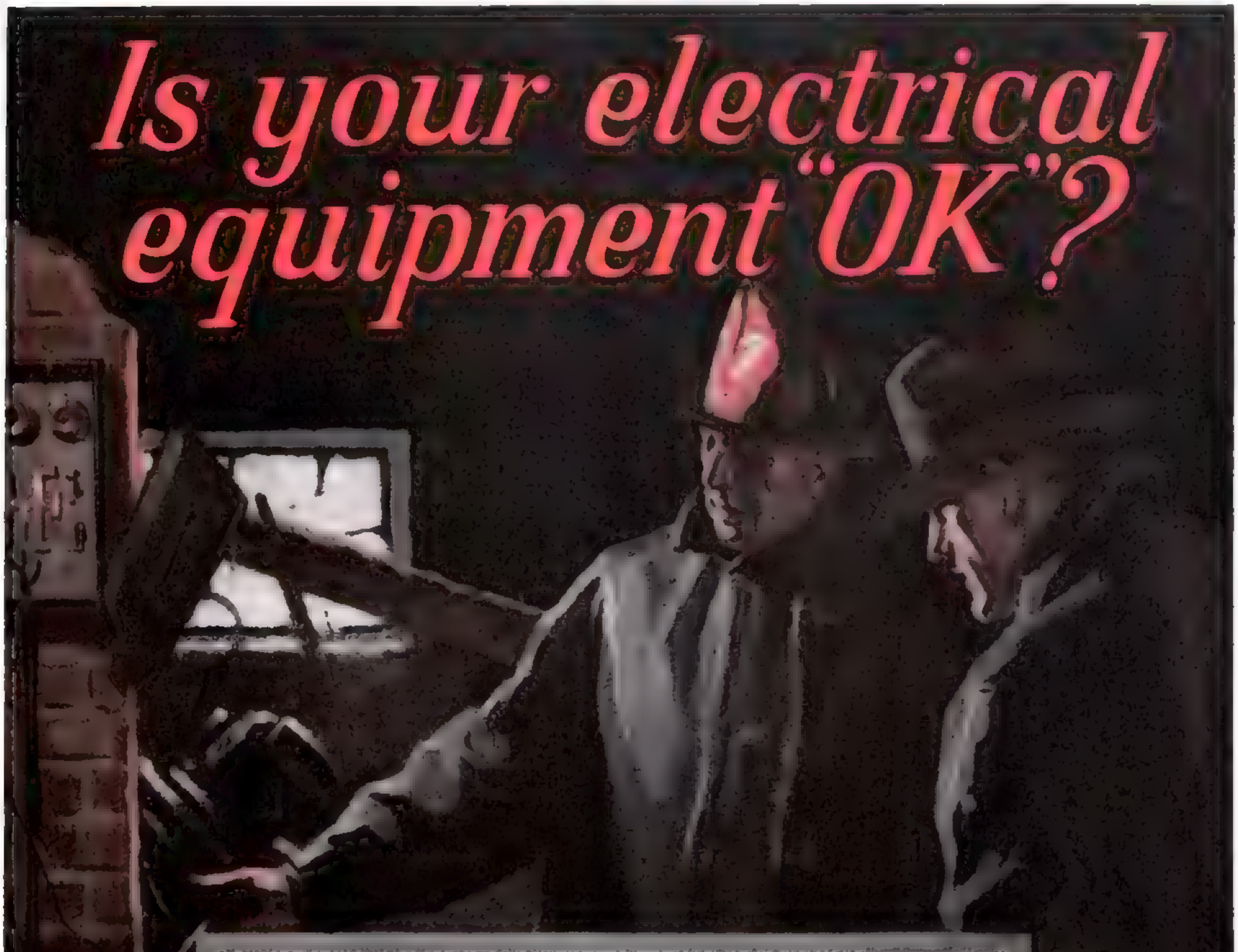
THE WYOMING SHOVEL WORKS
WYOMING, PA.

We Spent 50 Years Learning to Make One Grade of Shovel

WYOMING RED EDGE SHOVELS

RED EDGE

Is your electrical equipment "OK"?



Even while the household sleeps, secure in the knowledge that every routine safety precaution has been duly observed, there may be a hidden menace to safety—the menace of defective wiring which causes so many disastrous fires.

Is yours a false security? Every property that is wired for electricity should be inspected annually by a competent electrician, who can see any defects, any weak spots, any inadvertent misuse of equipment that may cause fire.

The North America Agent, widely experienced in the safeguarding of property and property investment, can warn you about other hazards that may be eliminated or controlled. Ask him about Fire Prevention.

The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company—Founded 1792

Insurance Company of North America

PHILADELPHIA

and the

Indemnity Ins. Co. of North America

write practically every form of insurance except life

ONE MAN'S WAR

(Continued from Page 5)

Since we have been at the main barracks, we were issued new uniforms and taught how to take care of them. Clothes were washed & inspected, beds were made all regulation—everything had to be in shipshape order, just so. We were inspected every day. They taught us how to perform guard duty, & now that our preliminary training is over, we were leaving Paris Island in the morning.

They wanted me to stay on the island as an electrician. I told them, No, I enlisted to fight the Germans.

SEPT. 1ST. We marched to the pier. Went aboard a barge and were towed to Port Royal. It seemed like years that I was here before. It sure was nice to ride a train again & to be out in civilization & see white people, for on that island there is only colored.

What real fellows that were in my company. Alarm Clock Bill from Chicago—he was the first man up every morning. Wild Bill Reed from Kentucky, the champion snoorer of the company. If he got to sleep first, the rest of us could not sleep. Hall, the big Texas ranger; Tourchy Vermilion, the bell hop from Indiannapolis. Schonlaub, the bartender from St. Louis. Joe Springfellow had a girl in every town. Bill Sweeney, the bank teller from Cleveland. Matthews, Keeler, Rider & Dandly, the boys from the Cleveland Plain Dealer. They don't make them any nicer. Joe Springfellow & Sweeney are the boys out of whose heads we used to get the latest dope. We are going to Hati in the morning and we believed it.

Marines on Their Way to a Cantonment After Disembarking at a French Port

A Surprise for Mother

Arrived in Quantico, Va., Sept. 3rd. Lt. & captains took us in charge & marched us to the barracks and formed the 97th Company, 6th Marines. Lt. Marshall was commander of our platoon, a man that never would say Die. He told us as soon as the company was formed and got situated we would get a ten-day furlough.

SEPT. 5TH. Left quarters on our furlough. We scattered north, east, south & west, everyone to their homes. We were like birds let out of a cage. No reverly or taps until we got back. I boarded the first train for home. All the Cleveland boys were on the same train.

Mother didn't know I was coming. A surprise is the best of all. What rejoicing when they saw me. Those ten days were entirely too short & the sad farewells again. I was heartsick going back.

We arrived in Washington next morning, met my Cleveland buddies of the Plain Dealer. We were comparing notes about how we spent our furlough & everyone was downhearted. Matthews said, "This is a hell of a war." I seconded the motion.

I played a joke on Matthews in a resturant that morning. I had the waiter bring him a plate of beans & set them right in front of him. He took a look & grabbed the dish & threw it out of the window. The window was closed. They can't give me beans when I'm paying for my meals—gee, he was sore.

We went out sightseeing & then back to camp. Reported in. The next morning for roll call, everybody was present. We were all formed in platoons & were taught baynote drills, throwing hand grenades, machine-gun drill, digging trenches, cutting trees & building dugouts. Were taught how to charge over trenches, how to cut enemy bob wire without making any noise, how to lay our own bob wire. Taught the international Morris code, dot and dash signaling, receive & send messages, firing Lewis machine guns on the rifle range. How to dismantle & rebuild machine guns blindfolded. Paraded three times a week for Allied diplomats, guard duty once a week. That's the training we got in Quantico.

We are ready to go across & be parts of the A. E. F. Got our orders to stick around the barracks and know what is coming. Goodbye, U. S. Hello, France.

I wrote home and told them not to write until they heard from me again.

OCT. 24TH. At 3 P.M. entrained for Philadelphia Navy Yard. Loaded our sea bags on a barge & went aboard & were towed out to the U. S. S. Von Steuben, formally the Crown Prince Wilhelm. We went aboard up rope ladders & it wasn't easy with a heavy marching pack & rifle. Next morning, Oct. 25th, shoved off down the river for New York. Dropped anchor 500 feet from Statue of Liberty.

Left N. Y. Oct. 31st and steamed out to three-mile limit. The rest of our convoy was there waiting for us & we headed out for sea. I was assigned to guard duty. Got terrible seasick. Corp. of guard forgot to bring my relief & I was left on post for 12 hours.

NOV. 1ST. Everything quiet aboard ship. Getting accustomed to sea life. Nov. 2nd, drilling aboard ship. Nov. 3rd, more drilling. Fed fishes after supper. Got awful sick. Nov. 4-5-6, drilling & baynote exercises.

NOV. 7TH. Have not seen any submarines yet. About 6 P.M. the gunners fired at a porpoise & thought it was a parascope of a submarine. The other transports came in close. One cruiser & two destroyers keeping a close watch.

NOV. 8TH. Transport dropped anchor while destroyers took on oil. Target practice with seven-inch rifles. Targets in tow of other transports. Nov. 9th. Target practice at 6:25 P.M. We had a terrible collision with one of our transports, U. S. S. Agamemnon. We were rammed right at the bow. Plates were ripped open. No lifeboats on our starboard side of the ship at all.

U. S. S. Agamemnon with boys of 42nd Division were out of luck for lifeboats too. We were playing cards below when the crash come. We thought sure we were torpedoed. We were thrown against the bunk heads. Confusion in general. A rush for life belts. Orders were to wear life belts all the time & we were using ours for cushions. Everyone made a run for the lifeboats, & when we got on deck there were no lifeboats. Major Barnett gave order to: "Stand where you are. The ship won't sink."

The bow of our ship was pancaked & water was rushing in. The ship's crew worked all night to erect a false front. The U. S. S. von Steuben turned on the searchlight on the U. S. S. Agamemnon & the cruiser South Carolina steamed up along side us. Put out those damned lights. Do you want to be torpedoed?

NOV. 10TH. We're out here alone. Nearest land is at the bottom, 2 miles. We cannot make much headway.

We were ordered out with our machine guns & rifles on starboard and port decks, to be ready for any emergency. Eat & sleep with our guns. At 4 P.M. we spied a dot out on the horizon. Our guns were pointed. They were coming toward us. Suspence was not long. It was some of Admiral Sims's destroyers, painted beautiful colors. According to their paint, we could not tell whether they were coming or going.

At 5:30 P.M. lookouts in crow's nest reported a submarine off our port bow. Destroyers went rushing everywhere. Gee, they're fast. But the submarine got away. All is well. We are making a dash for port.

NOV. 12TH. Just came off gun watch. Sighted land at 9 A.M. There are a lot of mine sweepers, torpedo boats, English & French destroyers around. Aeroplanes came out to meet us.

Whistles were blowing as we steamed into the harbor of Brest. Dropped anchor at 12 noon. Our other destroyer pulled alongside of us & wished us Good luck, we're going right back to N. Y. How I would like to go back with them.

French fishermen sold wine & beer & cognac brandy, and did a land-office business until the skipper ordered them away.

NOV. 13TH TO NOV. 17TH. Unloading ship of supplies. On guard duty last day.

NOV. 18TH. Off guard. Leaving for a hike. We all have sea legs. The first marine I saw in France was no other than my dear Buddy Dave Felch. Gee, I was glad to see him. His first words were, Let's go have a drink, & we did. Took a bottle back with me and passed it among my buddies.

Everything Wet

We hiked five miles through little French villages. Men, women & children wear wooden shoes & poverty prevails.

NOV. 19TH. We left our transport & hiked to railroad yards to our Pullman train, 40 hommes or 8 chevoes, box cars. Women brakemen & women firemen.

There were 34 in our box car. We were so crowded we could not sleep, & one of the wheels was flat. We road two days & one night. Left cars at Bordeaux & marched to Camp Lormont. What a hike that was. Raining steady.

Camp Lormont was a sea of mud. No windows, no floors in the barracks. Wooden bunks, chicken wire for springs, no stoves, everything wet. There are a lot of German prisoners here. Gee, how I would like to be back home.

NOV. 23RD & 24TH. Digging trenches. Plenty of mud, more rain. Nov. 25-26-27-28. Building docks on the Bordeaux river.

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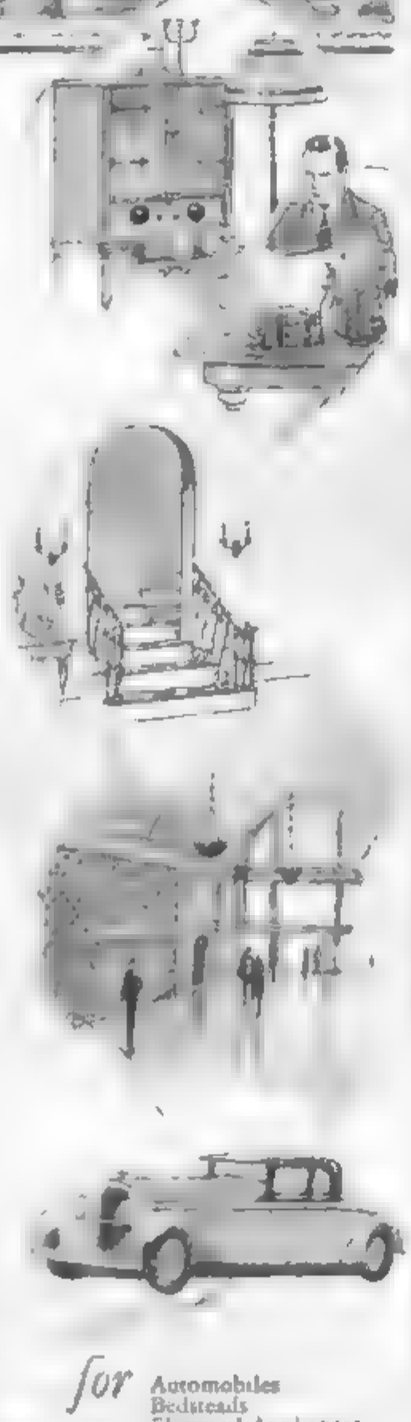

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EGYPTIAN Lacquers

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Plenty of van rouge and cognac to keep the dampness out of our system.

NOV. 29TH. Thansgiving Day. Slum for dinner. Washed clothes in afternoon. Nov. 30th—Dec. 5. Building docks. Dec. 6th. Twenty of us were picked with Lt. Marshall with orders to pack. Left camp Dec. 8th & hiked to Bordeaux, ten miles. Entrained & arrived at La Courtin in the Vosges.

DEC. 9TH. Close to the front lines. We can hear the canons shooting. The snow is two feet deep here. There are over thirty thousand Russian soldiers that quit fighting & are all in a stockade guarded by French soldiers. We had a nice stone barracks. Nice big stove & comfort a plenty.

DEC. 10TH. Unloading coal. Dec. 11th & 12th. Unloading wood from box cars. Dec. 13-14-15. Unloading more coal. Cripes!

DEC. 16TH. We were called to arms to help guard the Russian soldiers. They pulled a mutiny. Dec. 17th, we marched them into box cars & shipped them away. Dec. 18th-23rd, unloading coal.

DEC. 24-25. Drill in front of French soldiers. After mess we went out & picked some holly & decorated our canteen. We had four turkeys, nuts & all the trimmings. Plenty of wine of all kinds for our Christmas dinner. There was 21 in the party. It was a merry Christmas all around. Cares forgotten for one day. Lt. Marshall went back to his quarters & we celebrated the occasion with plenty of cognac & singing When Good Fellows get Together & we all passed out. What a headache I enjoyed next morning. But the rest of the boys felt no better.

DEC. 27-29. Unloading flour for the baker. Dec. 30-31. Cleaned barracks. Jan. 1st. Fifteen thousand U. S. soldiers have arrived from the States. One of the boys died & we acted as a firing squad.

JAN. 2-7TH. M. P. duty to keep the soldiers from drinking all the wine in the country & to keep them from getting lost. Jan. 8th. We are ordered back to the company. Jan. 11th. Arrived in camp with the rest of the boys. These barracks are like ice. No fires in the daytime. It is cold & damp. My feet are almost frozen.

All in the Day's Work

JAN. 12TH. We drilled in mud all day. Jan. 13th. Guard duty. Jan. 14th-18th. Drilling in mud. There isn't a dry spot around here. Jan. 19th. We hiked twenty-five miles. We could hardly walk, it was so slippery & muddy. It's like a lake of mud. My feet are cold. Raining steady. Jan. 21st. I am going to N. C. O. school. Jan. 22nd. They took the Lewis machine guns away from us & gave us French machine guns.

JAN. 23RD—FEB. 11TH. Drill & hike every day. Feb. 12th. Sham battle. 1st and 3rd Battalions in it. Feb. 13th. Sham battle, 5th and 6th Regiments. Feb. 14th-15th. Firing on the range. At eleven o'clock at night we hiked nine miles to practice going in and out of trenches, and had a sham battle. Left Feb. 16th and hiked back to camp.

FEB. 17TH-18TH. Hauling fertilizer for frogs. Phooey! Cleaning streets & making ourselves generally usefull.

FEB. 19TH. Hiked twenty miles. Feb. 20th-21st. Drill, hike & inspection. Feb. 23rd. Sham battle between 1st & 3rd battalion. We laid in mud, rolled, crawled, stood up & charged. I laid in a puddle of water for six hours. When we got back we were ordered to clean up & fall out for inspection. My clothes have been damp ever since we came here. I wasn't the only one though.

FEB. 24TH. On a wood detail. Feb. 25th. Baynote drills. Feb. 26th. Rifle range. Feb. 27th. Hiked twelve miles. It rained a cold rain all day. Feb. 28th. We drilled & hiked.

MARCH 1ST. Loading fertilizer. March 2nd. Guard duty. March 3rd-14th. Digging trenches. We have orders to leave. Hiked to Breauvannes, entrained for Verdun. March 15th. Arrived at Dugny, ten kilometers from Verdun. March 17th. At 1 o'clock we hiked to Chateau-Manvers at the front line trenches & relieved French troops. They gave us instructions & it was a bon sector. We boys were ordered not to smoke or talk out loud.

MARCH 18TH-21ST. Everything quiet. March 22nd. Enemies sent over barrage. No casualties. March 23rd. Baled water & mud out of trenches & at 11 o'clock we sneaked out & climbed on top of the chateau & got some honey from a bee hive. My face was a sight where the bees lit.

MARCH 24TH. We were relieved & hiked to second line of defence. March 25th-28th. Digging trenches at night. March 29th. We left second line of defence & hiked all night in rain & mud to the town of Sommedieu. This town is a complete ruin.

At Camp Never Rest

MARCH 30TH. It rained all day & we were repairing roads. March 31st. Easter Sunday. Turkey dinner & the first real meal I've had since Christmas, where I really had enough to eat. Only wish now that I had a good bed to sleep & a chance to take my clothes off for a real rest, but no such luck. Mud & water & man-eating rats & cooties in a dugout—that was our hotel at the front. At seven P.M. raining heavy & we shoved off for a nine-mile hike to Camp Never Rest, second line of defence.

APRIL 1ST. Still raining. I wonder if it is ever going to stop. We rested all day. Ten P.M. we hiked seven miles to the front & dug more trenches till 4 A.M. Hiked back to Camp Never Rest.

APRIL 2ND-5TH. Working only at night, digging trenches & stringing bob wire. April 6th. While we were digging trenches the enemy must of heard us out in No Man's Land. He sent over a barrage. Two of my comrades wounded.

APRIL 7TH. We left Camp Never Rest & went in second line trenches backing up 1st Battalion. April 8th-12th. Digging more trenches. Solid rock too. Our dugouts are 30 feet deep. I wonder how the frogs dug them.

APRIL 13TH. Baling water out of trenches. April 14th-15th. Repairing bob wire. April 16th. Enemy sent over hundreds of gas shells. They all went over us & landed in third line of defence. 76th Company of Marines were there. Casualties were heavy.

APRIL 17TH, 18TH, 19TH, 20TH. Resting. Everything quiet.

APRIL 21ST. At 2 A.M. the enemy sent over a heavy bombardment. Shells were busting everywhere. Enemy attacked front line trenches on a raiding party. I stood at my post, got everyone out of dugouts & ran to front line trenches. Enemy was repulsed. Our casualties were few.

APRIL 22ND-23RD. Everything quiet. April 24th. Repairing trenches. April 25th. We were relieved and hiked to Camp Rosslier & rested all day & hiked all night to Death Valley. The reason for name—in 1916 this was where the French made their wonderfull stand with heavy losses and stopped the German Crown Prince's armies from entering Verdun.

The rats here are terrible. At night they crawl all over us & bite our fingers. The cooties are working overtime & life is scratch & kick.

APRIL 26TH-27TH. We are breaking rocks & patching up roads. April 28th-29th. Digging trenches. It rained all night. We are hardly getting enough to eat. Our supply train must of been relayed somewheres else. Rations very low. April 30th. Rested all day. Hardtack biscuits is all we had to eat.

MAY 1ST. We hiked all day & went into the front line trenches at Haudiomont. Relieved the French troops. Everything quiet at the front. No excitement.

MAY 8TH. At 7 P.M. Lt. Marshall, Sgt. Crow & myself went over to the enemy lines on a scouting party. Got back to our lines at 2:30 A.M. good & wet. I fell in a shell hole full of water and did not like it. We crawled around No Man's Land on our

(Continued on Page 145)

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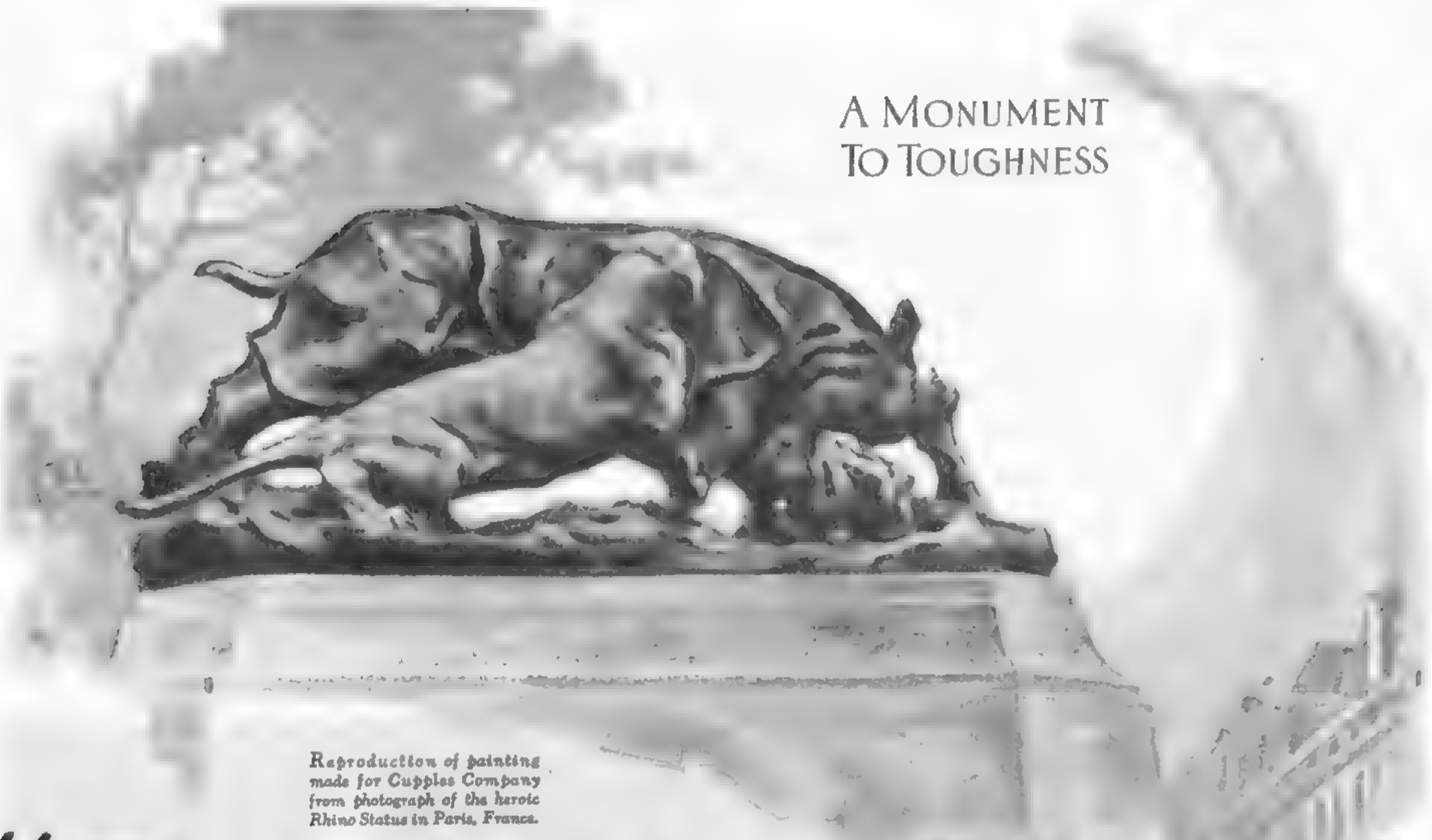

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TIRES TUBES

(Continued from Page 142)

stomack, listening. It was the first time I ever was that close to the enemy line & every little noise, I made sure the Germans heard. I was sure scared. Our lines never looked so good as when we got back.

But it wasn't the place we started from. We came in front of the 86th Company & their night patrol thought we were Germans. We heard him holler, "Germans!" I thought we were done for. Lt. Marshall yelled for them not to shoot, we were marines from the 97th Co. on your right. About that time the whole outfit had their guns pointed out to where we were. It was pitch black & they were not taking any chances, so Lt. Marshall he stood up & walked over & was recognized. Then we followed & began to see how lucky we were. We went back to our own front line then.

MAY 9TH. Received a big fruit cake from home & shared it with boys in dugout. May 10th. Everything quiet. This town, like all the rest, was shot plumb to pieces. At 11 P.M. we were relieved by French troops & marched to Haudanville.

MAY 14TH. Marched to Ancemont & entrained in box cars to Vauvray-le-Petit. Detrained & hiked to Vauvray-le-Grand. May 17th. We hiked to Doucey & it is a nice town. Plenty to eat and good quarters. Received pay, & crap games the order of the day. Champagne at 4 franc a bottle. We were the first American troops in this town & it was here our company took its much needed baths, washed clothes & had the run of the town.

When Every Shot Counted

Lt. Marshall called me over to his quarters & gave me the sad news that he was promoted. He is going to Batalion Intelligence. Gee, I hated to see him go. Such is war.

MAY 18TH. We got ready to leave. Lt. Marshall bid us goodbye & when we marched away I looked back & he was crying. All the boys in our platoon brought along plenty of Champagne & cognac brandy on this hike, to drown our sorrows for losing a real man.

Arrived at Vitry-le-Francois. Rested & entrained, arriving at Isly-Adam. Marched to Nesle-le-ville. Rested all night & hiked all day to town of Marines. This place is where I paid four (4) franc for a nice big feather bed. Sgt. Crow, Joe Humbler & myself got supper, four bottles of wine for three franc, & we all slept in the feather bed & could not sleep at all, not being use to it.

MAY 22ND. Marched to Montagny. We had monkey meat for mess. After eating a can of it you are ready to climb a tree. Four cans and you would grow a tail.

MAY 23RD-29TH. Brigadier General Harbord is in command of the Marines & was here watching us drill.

MAY 30TH. Decoration Day. I was transferred to Battalion Intelligence under Lt. Marshall. At 6 P.M orders to pack double quick and marched to Serans. Bivouacked all night out in open fields & boarded camions in morning for a rush to the front lines. The Germans have broke through & are headed for Paris. Everybody excited. At last we will have a chance to do some real fighting.

The long caravan of camions took a route that brought us close to Paris. The people in these small villages ran out & yelled, "The Americans are coming!" Most of these people never seen American marines & soldiers in great numbers as there were now, miles & miles of camions all loaded with American soldiers. We were kidding & joking with them as if we were on a picnic. Children were yelling, "Vive l'Amerique!"

On the edge of Meaux we seen refugees. The roads were crowded with them. A steady stream of carts with the few belongings they could take along. Some of the peasants pulled their carts themselves because they did not have any cattle. Old women & young women with babies at their breasts. Children hung on to their skirts & they all looked tired & were crying. Hundreds of them knelt on the side of the road when they seen us go by & prayed for us. It sure was a pathetic scene. We were not laughing now like we were before. This was the saddest procession I ever seen.

We were on the road in camions about 33 hrs. We reached the little town & left our camions and bivouacked for the night. We could hear the artillery booming away in the distance & Boche aeroplanes was dropping bombs somewheres near.

The French were retreating. Thousands of them passed us & only the French rear guard were checking the Germans till the main body could beat it. As they went by they shook their heads & said Good bye to dear Paree. They felt sure it was all over now. The situation was mighty bad, at that. A few more miles and the Boches could shell Paris. We were ordered to move & support position in back of French.

JUNE 2ND. The Germans made another attack on the French, who were forced back through our lines. On June third, about 5 o'clock, the enemy attacked again & then we were ordered to open fire. Make every shot count, men. Pass the word on down the line. Do not waste ammunition.

It was machine guns & rifle fire. How we raked the German ranks. We all took carefull aim before every shot. My gun got so hot I could not touch it, so I crawled over & took one of my buddies rifles, for he was done for, and I used both guns, alterinating as they got too hot.

The Germans kept a-coming though. Then they would stop and seemed wondering what kind of fighting is this anyhow? At last they broke and started to beat it. A French observer reported he had never seen such accurate shooting as we did.

Then the German batteries opened up and it was Hell sure enough. Shells busting everywhere.

That night Lt. Marshall, Pvt. Moore & myself crawled out to the German lines to find out if they were getting ready for a counter attack. We just reached their lines & started to crawl snake fashion down into a small ravine when Marshall signalled to me & I crawled up close to him. My heart was going mighty fast—what we saw there was hundreds of Germans. It looked like they were going to attack & were just waiting for orders, so we crawled away from there to go back to our own lines & we encountered a German patrol who were scouting in our lines like we were in theirs. They never got back to their lines. We killed them all in hand-to-hand fighting. No attack came from the Germans that night.

JUNE 5TH. Major Sibley, Lt. Marshall & myself inspected our front line & he ordered all the companies to dig in. Hold what you got, the major says.

A Dangerous Mission

Same night we were relieved & marched to the Paris-Metz road & camped the rest of the night in the woods. At 4 P.M. June 6th we were ordered to leave everything but our emergency rations & we marched through open fields & were ordered to deploy in battle formation. There was 7 enemy observation balloons directing their artillery fire at us. Their range was good too.

Lt. Marshall called me over and showed me a map. See this line here, it's this little ravine, about 4 feet deep. Take any three men you want & go until you see Germans & find out where their machine-gun nests are and keep ahead of our line about 500 feet & send runners back so we'll know where they are. So I said a little prayer. It didn't look to me like there was any chance of coming back at all. My buddies from my old company said goodbye & wished me luck & I could tell they didn't ever expect to see me again neither.

I took Pvt. Moore as the get-away man, Sleet & Pvt. Howe to guard my flanks and to keep me in sight always for any signal. If I got bumped off, for Pvt. Howe to take my place. We hunched along with our heads down. I spotted a bunch of Heinies

(Continued on Page 148

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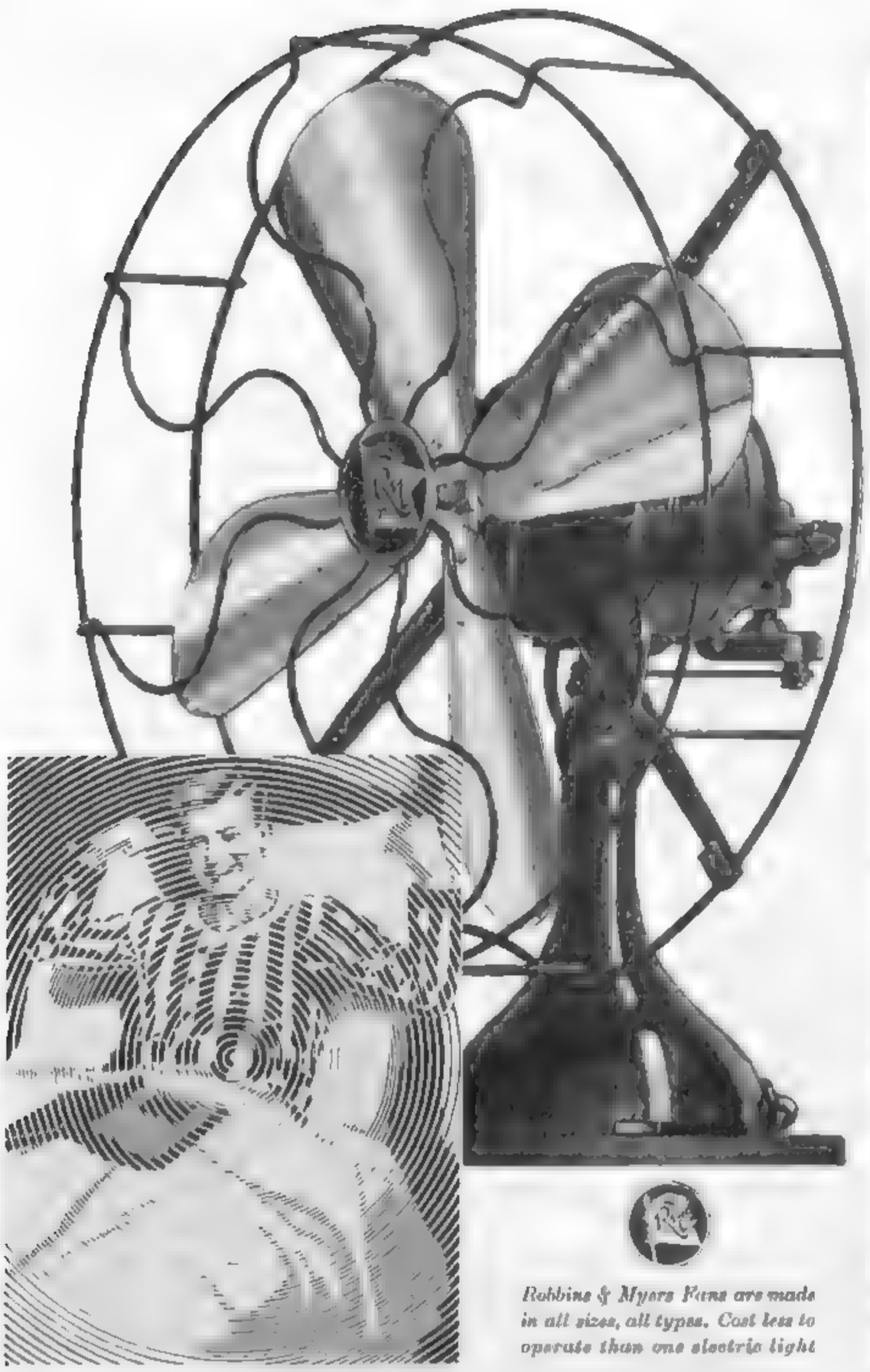

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(Continued from Page 146)

around the bend of the ravine. I signalled back to Pvt. Moore, he rushed back to headquarters & then the attack started.

We stopped where we were until our men cleaned out that machine-gun nest. I heard some shooting about 15 feet in back of a tree & I could not see this Heinie, so I crawled out of the ravine and walked on the side, stooping real low, & then I saw him in the bushes, so I took carefull aim & fired & I got me another belt buckle.

I looked across the wheat field, & there were our buddies still coming along through the machine-gun bullets. As fast as they would drop, another marine would take his place. Howe didn't keep down & was hit.

I kept on crawling ahead & run into twenty more Germans. They were beating it for their own lines as hard as they could go & I helped them along with the old rifle. Lt. Marshall come up & said Form an outpost here and don't retreat, understand. We expect a counter attack.

He sent up more men to reinforce us. The boys out in the wheat field—what was left of them—were digging in. The enemies artillery were sending hundreds of shells into our lines. Lt. Marshall come back & stayed with us a while & said, Guess we've got them going today alright. He asked me how I felt and I said Nervous, and this waiting for a counter attack is enough to drive a man crazy. I asked him where the hell is our artillery? We sure could use those babies today.

The Germans counter-attacked in about an hour & I thought Hell had broke loose. They sent over high-explosive shells, gas shells, & their machine guns were working overtime. Their infantry started advancing toward our line, but they never got there. My gun was good & hot from firing it so much & my ammunition was running low. Lt. Marshall sent back for hand grenades and rifle ammunition.

There was no more counter attacks from the Germans the rest of the night, but their artillery sent over thousands of shells. Lt. Marshall stood guard while we laid down trying to get some rest. Early that morning of June 7th he told us, Stand by, they're going to counter attack. We repulsed them again. After about two hours, everything was quiet.

Whole Hog

Lt. Marshall, Pvt. Trindad, Pvt. Moore & myself crawled across the open wheat field to the town of Bouresches. This town was taken by Lt. Robertson of the 2nd Battalion with about twenty men, all that was left of his company. He took that town & he held it. The 97th Company went in & reinforced them.

When we got into the town we scouted around for German snipers. We were hiding any place for shelter. They were up on roofs, in trees, every point of vantage. We located a few & silenced them, and while we was scouting around, we found a hog that the Germans had butchered. So, being very hungry, Lt. Marshall sent the other boys to find some cooking untensils & salt in order to have a meal. I was the chief chef & fried the whole hog before we'd had enough. The remains was put in our pockets for an emergency.

At dusk we started back for our outpost & ran across from the town through the wheat fields, zizzagging, to this little ravine. The German snipers cracked down on us, but they missed all their shots at us. We all felt better, because that was our first meal since May 31st, a whole week.

The other three companies of the 3rd Battalion, 6th Regiment, were having a terrible time in Belleau Woods. Our commander sent Lt. Marshall & myself into the woods to find out & report to him how the attack was progressing. The woods was trackless jungle and there was Germans in trees, behind woodpiles, in ravines, hid in piles of stone. We had to advance from tree to tree, looking all around to see where those shots were coming from. It was like playing Hide & Seek, only if you lost you were out for keeps.

We got back to hdqrs. O. K. and reported there was Germans everywhere and the only way to get them out is blow the woods off the map with our artillery. We went back to our outpost to spend another night there. Lt. Marshall went on another scouting party.

About 1 A.M. the Germans opened an artillery barrage with hundreds of gas shells and I couldn't keep my gas mask on manoeuvering around in those bushes & the next thing I knew I woke up in a Field Hospital. I was gassed and hit in the head with a chunk of shrapnel.

My wounds were dressed and I was sent to Paris Base Hospital. There were hundreds of ambulances taking wounded back. The French people ran alongside our ambulance & gave us cookies and some were crying. They were tears of happiness as well as sadness, for the Germans were checked and their beloved Paris was saved.

The Price of War

In the hospital I met a lot of my buddies and we fought the battle of Belleau Woods all over again. Among the casualties that was told were a number of my dearest friends. Pvt. Dandly of Cleveland, Ohio, was one of them. While I laid there in bed & thought of how I ever come through alive, and all of the dead laying out there in the wheat fields—poor mothers, fathers & wives, they will hear the sad news your boy was killed in action, or your boy died of wounds, or missing in action, like Alarm Clock Bill from Chi, I forget his name, but a shell exploded under him & we found only his shoe.

Our emergency first-aid station was in a little culvert under a road, four feet wide, eighteen feet long. That was where all the wounded were brought back & given first aid & they waited there for ambulances that came there only at night, loaded up with wounded & drove without lights across fields to field hospital Bezu-le-Guery, about six miles in back of our lines. The wounded were transferred in G. M. C. ambulances to base hospitals & then hospital trains to the interior.

The dead out in the wheat fields near Belleau Wood laid where they had fallen. We had no chance to bury them. There were Frenchmen, Marines & Germans lying to-gether. One place, a Marine corporal & three Germans lay in a heap, a story untold. At another place, a Marine in a prone position with his rifle to his shoulder & finger on the trigger, just as he died. Another with his baynote still in a German, and both dead. Such were the scenes they told at the hospital.

I was evacuated from the base hospital in Paris, put aboard a hospital train to base hospital in Torys. Stayed there one week & was evacuated to Casual Camp St. Argonne. I called it St. Agony. It was worse than being up at the front.

I was equipped with rifle & heavy marching order & went back to the front. Arrived to battalion hdqrs. 6th Marines on June 21st. They were in reserve then. Lt. Marshall come over & shook hands with me & wanted to know what happened & I told him.

He said, You are just in time, we go back in again tomorrow.

About 3 P.M. that afternoon he & I went back to the front line through the town of Lucy-le-Bocage. It's on the edge of Belleau Wood. What a difference there was since the last time we went through on June 3rd. Not a house left standing. Ammunition dump under a big tree in the centre of the town was blown to pieces. The tree was only a stump now. A water cart was full of holes. No wonder we never got any drinking water. Supply wagons with dead mules alongside the road. There was bread, hardtack, canned Billy scattered everywhere. Dead horses & cows laying out in the fields. So this was the price of war.

We left the town & went up that same ravine, but it was different now. We toured the front line. The 7th Infantry was there, of the 3rd Division. They sure was a happy

lot of boys when they heard they were going to be relieved next midnight.

On way back to their company P. C. we saw a lot of our dead Marines just as they had fallen. The stench from the unburied bodies was terrible. Lt. Marshall asked their commander why he hadn't buried the dead. He answered that the casualties had been so heavy it would take weeks to bury them all. Lt. Marshall told him to have his men ready at eleven o'clock tomorrow night, we were going in to relieve them. We went back to our headquarters to get ready to go back in the line.

JUNE 22ND. At 12 o'clock Major Sibley, three captains, & myself for guide, went back to the front lines to find all the companies that were to be relieved and where all the P. C.'s, or headquarters, was. Each capt. got his own instructions, what section he was to relieve, etc., and then was shown where Battalion Hdqrs. would be, & returned to our headquarters. At 10 o'clock I was appointed to lead the battalion to the front lines. It was like a funeral procession, everything was so quiet. The last relief got in place at 3 A.M. & I went back to Battalion hdqrs. & helped dig a dugout for headquarters. Through that, we started to dig foxholes for ourselves.

We had plenty of picks & shovels now. It wasn't like before, when we were told to dig in & had to use baynotes for picks & hands for shovels. We looked more like a labor gang on a railroad than soldiers. They could borrow my rifle, but not my shovel. Was offered fifty franc for it.

Sgt. Bill Barnett & I shared one dugout. We had it fixed fine, covered half way. When we were in, our legs were sticking out—Marine strategy for a rest. It would be nice to get hit in the legs, a nice trip to the hospital. But to be hit above the waist, it might mean pushing up daisies.

Our dugout had a large limb of a tree in the middle for centre support and a lot of branches, two German overcoats & four feet of earth on top. It was 3 feet deep & four feet wide. Bill said we could use it for a grave easy. It sure was a tight fit for Bill & I. When I wanted to roll over I had to wake Bill up & he would turn too.

JUNE 23RD. Everything quiet. I gave a few of the boys up in line a haircut. A few shells came over, but no damage done. We climbed trees to try & snipe a few Heinies, but it was just like hunting rabbits. Did not see any. Will try again tomorrow.

A Timely Barrage

At 12 P.M. Lt. Marshall & myself went to our front line, crawled out to No Man's Land towards German lines on a scouting party. Did not find anything out. It was too light, moon shining bright. It would of been suicide to go further, so we crawled back.

Some of the boys back in S. O. S. wonder why we are not hit by our own artillery when we go out in No Man's Land or in the German lines. Well, we notify the artillery we are going out in a certain section & for them to lay off & we will be back in our own lines at a given hour. You bet we have to be back or else we would be out of luck.

JUNE 24TH. Four of our snippers went out. Three came back. Two Germans did not go back. The Germans are using a whizz-bang on us. You hear the whizz of the shell, the bang and the report of the shell all at once & it is impossible to duck them. Our artillery is sending plenty of shells over. They sound like a freight train going over. One of our planes brought down a German plane about 200 yards from us. Aviators taken prisoner. Shells are falling pretty close.

Bill Barnett was frying bacon & potatoes, but shells were coming too fast to suit him so he ducked into dugout & I sneaked out & ate the whole works.

Thanks, Bill, I hope they shell every time you start to cook.

He said he would report me. I said everything is fair in war.

No scouting party tonight. I am glad of that. The hard part of scouting is waiting until zero hour. It is nerve-wrecking Your whole life is a motion picture in front of you. No wonder my hair is gray at twenty-three years old.

JUNE 25TH. Five of us were given the same message to be delivered to First Battalion, 5th Marines, Hdqrs., and each took a different route. I put the note in my mouth, got over & back again on the run all out of breath.

I wish I had a good drink of water, I says.

Try and get it here, ha-ha.

We are going to take the rest of the Woods tonight. 5th Regiment is going to attack on our left & we are taking back to prepare for an attack. 3rd Battalion of 6th Regiment stretched out and took their places in line. At 4 P.M. our artillery—12th, 15th, 17th—laid down a terrific barrage. Those boys sure know their stuff.

A General at the Front

First Battalion of the 5th Regiment went over at 6:30 P.M. Lt. Marshall sent Pvt. Trindad & myself to get down to the 67th Co., but follow around the edge of the woods & see how the attack is progressing. We started out on a run, but didn't get very far. I heard a noise, a sort of moaning & crying. We listened to hear where it come from. There, out in a shell hole, was one of our buglers acting as a runner, with a leg shot off. I put a tournet on his leg to stop the flow of blood, gave him my canteen of water & left him to carry out my orders.

We got around the woods pretty fast. "Hurrah, Belleau Woods is all ours!" I told Trindad to get first-aid men up to that wounded bugler and I would meet him at our Hdqrs.

There was hundreds of prisoners going back. Gee, they were scared, for their own artillery was sending over a small barrage.

German artillery opened up a heavy bombardment on our newly won woods. I turned & ran through that barrage and over fallen trees to the 67th Company again. Got in touch with Lt. in charge & told him I was sent from the 3rd Battalion Hdqrs. for any message.

Get me more rifle ammunition & hand grenades and tell the artillery to raise their shots.

Back through that barrage again to Hdqrs. & reported to Major Sibley & Lt. Marshall. Then into my dugout for a rest.

JUNE 27TH. Everything quiet. My uniform is all torn. Corp. Truitt & Daly went out & snipped a German. These telescopes on our snippers rifles are the berries. You can bring a Heinie down at two thousand yards.

A detail of thirty went back for rations. I wonder who won't come back. Food is cooked about 4 miles back of our lines & they have to go and get it. The only time we get water is when the water cart does not get hit and that is mighty seldom.

That ration detail came back with eleven men. The other nineteen killed or wounded.

JUNE 28TH. Brigadier General James G. Harbord came to 3rd Battalion Hdqrs. for inspection & to tour front lines. Major Sibley sent me as a guide. I was wishing the Germans would send over a few shells just to see if he could duck them. No such luck. It was quiet all day. He talked to the boys from the 97th Co. Sat right down among them. He's a real fellow.

We got back to Hdqrs. O. K. & he left us. I told Lt. Marshall, if I was a General I would never come up to the front lines at all. Colonel Catlin, in command of the 6th Regiment, on June 6th must of thought he was a buck private or something. Got out there with the rest of us & got wounded.

At 10 P.M. we were relieved & went back in reserve in a woods.

JUNE 29TH. Having it easy. Y. M. C. A., Red Cross & K. C. passing out cigarettes, chewing tobacco & candy. Got some writing paper and wrote home. All is well. After dinner we had a shirt-reading contest to see who had the most cooties.

JUNE 30TH—July 5th. Just laying around, getting 3 squares a day & sleeping on leaves. No blankets.

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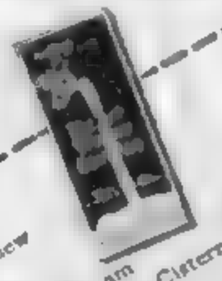

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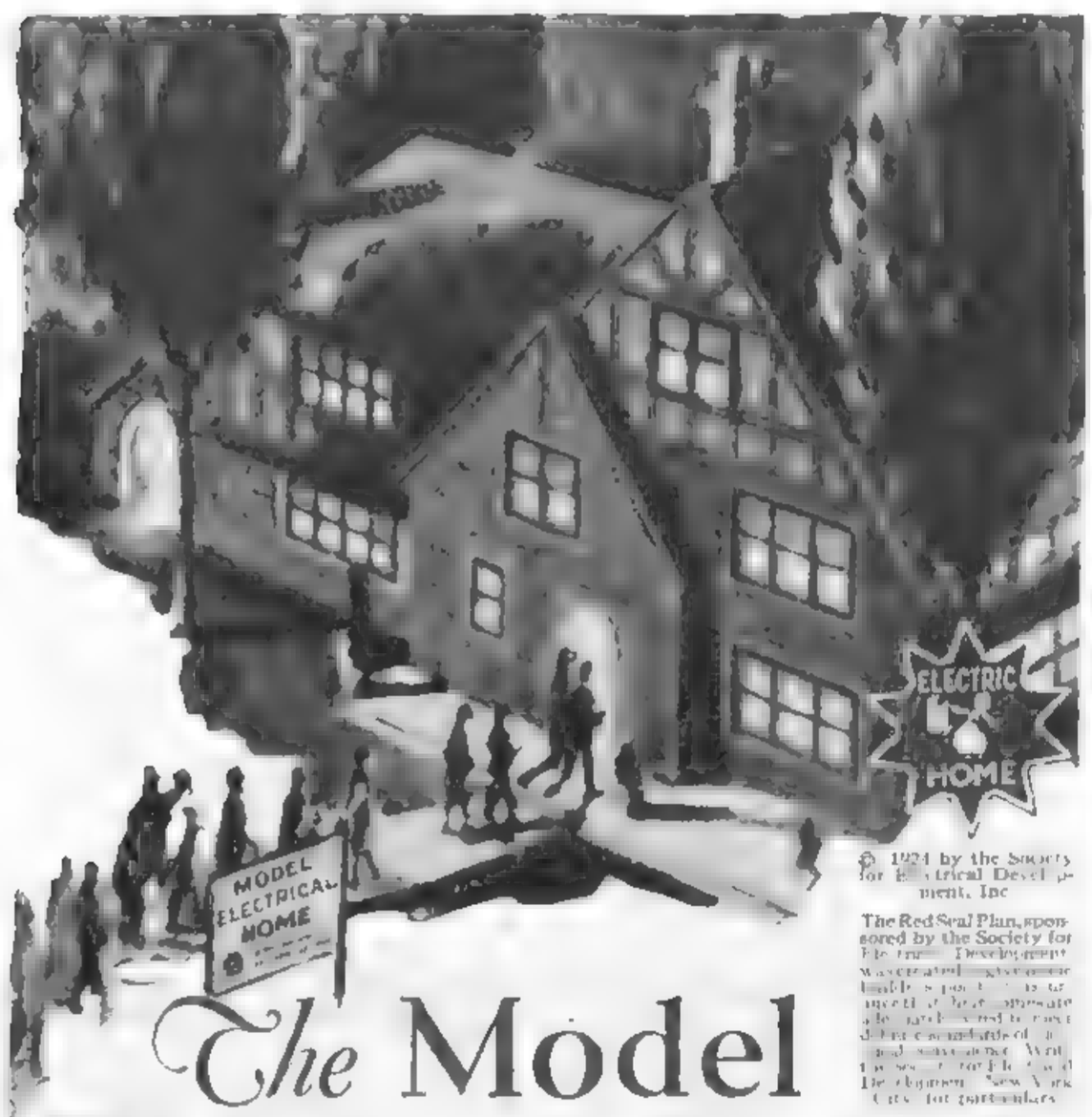

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SQUARE D
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JULY 6TH. The 26th Division relieved us & we hiked to Bezu-le-Guery division reserve. Lt. Marshall was decorated with D. S. C. He sure deserved it. If he was in the French army, he would be all covered with medals. He is a man that would not let you do anything he would not do himself.

JULY 7TH. Our kitchen has not showed up yet. It must of got lost. I turned cook, got some potatoes, beans & peas from a garden, cooked them all to-gether. What a stew it was. Potatoes cooked, peas & beans were not, but we were hungry & it did not matter. Borrowed a razor and got shaved today. First shave since leaving hospital June 20th.

JULY 8TH. Kitchen arrived late last night. They told us a sad tale. I think it was a windy & wish I had been along to help those birds drink what they had.

Beans for dinner & they were burnt. Truitt & myself went on a scouting party for eats. Brought back a cow we found. Steaks for supper. Fresh meat for two days. July 9th. Feeling fine. We had some more shirt reading and played jawbone black-jack. I won one hundred & fifty thousand jawbone frank. Try & collect, they said.

After dinner went down to field hospital to help care for the wounded. They were boys of the 26th Division who were getting Hell in Belleau Woods. The Germans loaded them full of gas shells. They were a sad looking bunch. This battle was some different from Seicheprey.

JULY 10TH. News came to us that the 26th Ambulance drivers stationed here had a calf locked up somewheres in a house and were anticipating a big blow-out. They brought wine from Paris to go with the feed too. I called Truitt over. Let's go get that calf tonight. O. K.

We went over & told Lt. Marshall there was a calf in a field with his leg broke & would it be alright to go & get it tonight? O. K. with him.

The Topographers' Picnic

At 9 P.M. Truitt, Albaugh, Trindad & myself hunted around the different houses & found the calf hid in a small shed. It was funny, the calf did not want to go. We pulled & pushed & twisted its tail & finally had to carry it to our camp. We carried it alongside of a fence and gave it the works. It was some job skinning it. Each of us got a hold of a leg & carried it to camp & had 2 guards stationed near it the rest of the night.

I was chief cook again. Major Sibley & his staff got away with the whole hind quarter & we finished the rest. It certainly was a meal. Too bad we didn't get their wine too.

At 3 P.M. got orders to shove off & hike to Nanteul. It's located on the River Marne. Arrived there at 6 P.M., went in bathing & threw hand grenades in the water & killed fish. Took them to a French lady. Fish & wine for supper. Boy! A perfect day.

JULY 11TH. Lt. Marshall sent 15 of us with instructions to make a sketch of what we seen along the river up to the next town of Charley Cross over that bridge & come back the other side. We had a picnic that day like young school boys. We were shooting at trees, went in bathing, scouted around for chickens, found a horse & played cowboy. Everybody wanted to ride. We got to the town & found a company of engineers & told them we were lost & mighty hungry, & bummed chow from them. We crossed the river & road a French ammunition train back to Nanteul across the river from our camp. We laid under a tree & made a sketch. We just guessed at it. Got back to camp, reported to Marshall & got Hell. It didn't correspond with the map.

JULY 12TH. Went bombing fish. Had a boxing exhibition after dinner. Marshall & myself boxed four rounds, honors even.

JULY 13TH. Hiked back to Bezu-le-Guery. Roads are full of artillery going to the front. As far as the eye can see, ammunition trains. Something big must be going on up there.

JULY 14TH. Aeroplanes overhead. We were out waving at them. They were our planes, with a star, & they were flying close to the ground. We sure was surprised when he dropped a bomb. The other brought down our observation balloon. They were Germans in our planes. I'll wave at no more planes from now on.

JULY 15TH. At 5 A.M. we were woke up by our guard. Hell must of broke loose again. Heavy artillery bombardment up at the front, ten miles from here. Major & his staff are looking over maps. I wonder what's coming off. This life is too good to last anyhow.

Lock-Stepping to the Front

JULY 16TH. Orders to move to Nanteul again. Sure enough, boarded camions for a trip, road all night, & next day at 7 P.M. arrived at Brassoir & hiked to Foret-de-Retz. The roads were full of artillery, ammunition trains, baby tanks, big tanks, cavalry, ambulances. Plenty of troops, French, American, Moroccans, who are the colored troops of the French army. We were marching single file. Rain was pouring by the buckets full. Trucks would get stuck, we would shove, trying to get them out. Those that could not be moved were upset on the side of the road. Orders were passed down the line. No Smoking, No loud talking, Hold on to the man in front of you.

The night was as black as ink. Oh, how it rained! The roads was a sea of mud. We got into position at 1 A.M. at the edge of the woods. There was artillery everywhere, hub to hub, & shells piled high.

I asked a French officer what was coming off. He said you could search him.

JULY 18TH. At 4 A.M. still raining. A 105-millimetre gun fired one shot, then another a few minutes later, & then another. Boy, oh boy, it sounded like the end of the world. I thought my ear-drums would bust. The French & Americans had that woods loaded with artillery & they were all turning loose. What a barrage.

I asked Lt. Marshall, When do we go over? He didn't know.

The 5th Marines went over at 6 A.M. At 7 A.M. Lt. Marshall sent Trindad, Albaugh & myself to go find out how the attack was progressing. The sun came out. What a beautiful day, too nice a day to die. We got out where the battle was progressing & followed a baby tank, but it got too hot there. The German artillery was trying to hit it. No place for us.

We got back of the infantry & followed along. German prisoners are coming in now by the hundreds. Our artillery is on the move too, keeping close up with the infantry.

The skies are full of our planes. Not a German plane in sight. German gun crews killed right at their guns. All we hear today is Kamerad.

The 5th Regiment advanced six miles & were told to dig in. We started back & escourted 400 prisoners. There was eight of us for guards. We marched them back to Vivieres & the job that I like was to search them for weapons, officers first. I got me a lot of souvenirs.

French cavalry going in now. Thousands of them, with spears & sabords. Just got back to our battalion hdqrs. I told Lt. Marshall, This man's war ain't such a bad old war. He said, Wait till they counter-attack. We're going in tomorrow morning to relieve the 5th.

We got on the move right after that & hiked five miles up, to be in position to relieve the 5th at 4 A.M.

JULY 19TH. The whole 5th Regiment moved up, with tanks & artillery. First Battalion & Second Battalion are attacking. Third battalion is following them up. The Germans are sending over a peach of a barrage.

Lt. Marshall took five men as runners & up to the line he went. Major Sibley sent me out with two more boys, up to the 1st Battalion to act as runners. We were

(Continued on Page 152)

19 IN 20 MOUTHS ARE SAFE!

Pyorrhea Germs Don't Thrive in a Perfectly Clean Mouth. TOOTH POWDER Cleans Best.

When you go to your dentist to have your teeth cleaned, what does he use?

Powder!

You may prefer the convenience of dental cream, but he prefers the *efficiency* of tooth powder.

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder is the favorite of most dentists. It is the finest and safest dentifrice on the market.

ONLY 1 IN 20 HAS PYORRHEA

If you share the common belief that pyorrhea menaces the average mouth, and must be prevented by drastic means, you will perhaps be surprised that such a mild, *non-medicated* dentifrice as Dr. Lyon's can do so much to promote gum and tooth health.

But the Life Extension Institute, examining nearly 17,000 policy holders of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, found that only 1 in 20 had pyorrhea—that it was *exceptional* rather than common.

That is why the great majority of mouths need only regular daily brushing with a good-sized toothbrush of medium stiffness and a dentifrice such as Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder which *clean teeth safely and thoroughly.*

FISSURES THE REAL MENACE

Dr. Thaddeus P. Hyatt, Dental Director of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, points out that 85% of all first permanent molars have fissures. Unless filled promptly, they are more of a menace than pyorrhea.

But once they are filled, all surfaces of every tooth can be kept properly clean with Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder, and decay will gain no foothold.

FOR PERSISTENT GUM TROUBLE SEE YOUR DENTIST

If your teeth and gums do not react favorably to normal cleaning with Dr. Lyon's, have your dentist prescribe treatment at once. *Self-medication is dangerous guesswork and never advisable.*

But ordinarily you can rely on this fine, pure, scientifically blended dentifrice to keep teeth sound and attractive without marring the enamel or irritating the gums.

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder is more than 60 years old—the only dentifrice old enough to prove it can preserve teeth for life. Agreeable in flavor . . . pleasing in after-effects. Gratifying results follow even a 10-days' trial.

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder

THE ONLY DENTIFRICE OLD ENOUGH TO PROVE THAT IT WILL PRESERVE TEETH FOR A LIFETIME

On the Radio

After you have cleared your brain with the morning radio exercises, and waked up your teeth and gums with DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER, then *listen in* on the ROARING LYONS' short, entertaining program of music. Broadcast every week-day morning through stations

WEAF	WEEI	WCAE	WRC
New York City	*Boston*	*Pittsburgh*	*Washington*
8 a. m.	8 a. m.	8 a. m.	7:15 a. m.
DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME			EASTERN STANDARD TIME

New Thrills For Fishermen

There's a real thrill in having a well oiled, rustless reel—with the line running smooth and free, gently dropping bait or fly just where you want it.

There's another thrill in having your whole fishing kit always spick and span—everything well oiled and rust free, fresh and clean as the day you brought it home.

A Handy Can of 3-in-One should be in every tackle box, ready for instant use. Takes up little room.

3-in-One
Prevents Rust-OILS-*Cleans & Polishes*

A high quality oil compound whose ingredients give it lubricating and rust preventing properties not possessed by ordinary "machine oil." Most oils look alike. You cannot tell the quality by merely looking. Use 3-in-One liberally. Use it continuously. 3-in-One will prove its superior merit.

There are many oils, but only one 3-in-One. To protect yourself, insist upon the Big Red "One" on the label.

Sold by sporting goods, hardware, auto accessory, drug, grocery and general stores in Handy Oil Cans and in three sizes of bottles.

FREE: *Sample and Dictionary of Uses. Request both on a postal card.*

THREE-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
130 William St. New York City, N. Y.

33 YEARS OF CONTINUOUS SERVICE

Oil your rod joints with 3-in-One before putting together, to prevent sticking. Rub on bamboo rods to preserve their suppleness. Polish nickeled parts with 3-in-One.

Dry flies stay dry when treated with 3-in-One Oil.

See how nicely the 3-in-One Handy Can fits into your tackle box.

Waterproof and preserve your line by drawing it through a cloth or sponge moistened with 3-in-One.

Oil the blade hinges and springs of your sport-knife and pocket-knife with 3-in-One. They'll work easier and last longer. Prevents rust.

E.K.165

(Continued from Page 150)

running across a field & that is the last I remember.

When I came to, the sun was away up in the sky. I tried to get up, but could not. My combat pack was full of holes, my rifle was broken. I crawled over in a shell hole. My nose & ears was bleeding, blood ran out of my mouth. I thought I was going to die. My mother & father, would I ever see them again?

Shells were busting everywhere. That screeching sound, it is fierce. There was hundreds of wounded, going back. I yelled for help, then I crawled out of the shell hole & started back to Hdqrs. on my hands & knees.

Albaugh & Trindad came back looking for me. They found me crawling along. Gee, kid, I thought you was a goner, we left you for dead. The shell lit about 3 feet alongside of you. It knocked us down. We got up & seen you still laying there. They asked me, Where was I hit.

I feel a pain in my right leg, I said, right in the knee. Well, there was a big shrapnel wound there, so they carried me back to field hospital.

At the field hospital I seen Joe Humbler He was suffering terrible. He died in my arms. Seen Bill Sweeney, he was hit in the leg. When he was going up the front line I wished him Good Luck & God bless you, & he said the same to me. We talked about this. Well, says Bill, we'll get a nice rest now anyhow.

In a French Uniform

The field hospital was in a big cave & was full of wounded & the moaning was pathetic. Pvt. Vance came in with a half a jaw shot off. I'm lucky.

Keeler, from Cleveland Plain Dealer, was shot in arm. I'll get a good fine rest now, he says.

Then Sweeney, Keeler & myself left the cave to go back & find an ambulance. Keeler run after a truck & got on. A shell hit right in the center of the truck & killed seven & took Keeler's arm clean off.

Two other wounded boys came by & I asked for help. One of them got me a branch of a tree for a crutch & we got going to the rear. We got back about 3 miles and stopped to rest, but one of those long-distance shells exploded near by & we moved.

Got into a French truck & it took us to a French field hospital at Creppy. There was German wounded, French, Americans, Moroccans there. They gave us hot soup & wine & loaded us on trucks & took us to railroad yards, where they laid us along side of tracks.

That night German aeroplanes were dropping bombs on the railroad yards & there we were and could not move. We laid there until 7 A.M. My leg got paining terrible.

A French train pulled in. We were all loaded on & started for the interior. Road all day, all night. Next morning arrived at Caen and a French hospital. We were given shots to prevent lockjaw & our wounds were dressed.

I laid there a week. Then they put me aboard an ambulance and I took a railroad train & was sent to Pont-Andemmer, another French hospital. I was there until Sept. 16th.

They issued me a French uniform. I looked like a frog right. Then they put me in charge of a detail of 19 with traveling orders for Le Mans. We had to change trains in Paris, so we did the town while waiting for the train & I told them all to be at the depot again sharp at 8 P.M.

For Officers Only

I sure hated to leave the dear Paree, but I couldn't go anywheres much because I was broke. Got back to depot on time, but nobody showed up. Not a dog-gone one. I slept in depot that night.

Next morning I went out looking for those birds, but they was nowhere to be found. They must of been still fighting the battle of Paris.

A city for officers only, now. Every place an enlisted man wanted to go in, there was a sign up for Officers Only. I hope the next war will be for officers only. Was stopped 15 times by military police wanting to know what I was doing in a Frenchman's uniform. I told them it was issued to me in a French hospital. I wish I had some of these M. P.'s up in the front lines with me & see how tough they could be. I got discusted with all these M. P.'s & went back to the depot & took the first train for Le Mans Casual Camp.

Reported in to the commanding officer with my traveling orders. He asked me where are the men? I said in Paris. He said, What the hell are they doing there? I said I don't know. If you will give me a pass I will go up & find them. He said, Fat chance. I would have to send out and find you.

Have been in this camp four days & haven't done a thing but answer roll call. The flu epidemic here is killing the soldiers off as if they were in battle.

Left that madhouse October 1st & started back for the front. Road all day & night & till noon of next day. Then I got off the train. Could hear the artillery & I hiked until two in the morning of Oct. 3rd.

I could not locate my company. I was on the wrong road. They told me to cut across the fields about 3 miles & I would

DRAWN BY DONALD MCKEE

Narcissa: "I Got This Suit of Alligator Hide, and Naida Tried to Outdo Me." "As How?" "She Had One Made of Chameleon Skins—Then It Changed Color to Match Her Own and the Cops Pinched Her."

find them at Mont Blanc on the Champagne front. What a night! Raining & shells busting everywhere. Most of them gas shells too.

I put on my gas mask & crawled into a shell hole. It must of been full of gas. I felt an itching on my body, only to find out I had been burnt with mustard gas. I walked back to a French field hospital and was sent to the interior, to a French base hospital at Blois. They kept me in bed for seven weeks & I was there when the armistice was signed.

To be burnt with mustard gas is the worst torture a man can suffer. It is worse than any wound.

Was discharged & sent to Casual Camp at Blois, where they put me in charge of soldiers going home & remained there until there were enough wounded Marines to form a company.

JANUARY 25TH. We entrained for Bordeaux & hiked to Camp Lormont. It was the same camp where we arrived from the States in November, 1917. Same old rain and mud too.

We were taken to a delousing building. Took off all our clothes & hung them on racks. They were placed into ovens where heat & sulphur was turned on to kill all our pet cooties. We then marched under a big shower that would wash fifty men at one time. They turned on the hot water, then shut it off. We were told to soap from head to foot & the water was turned on again. Gee, it was cold, as cold as ice & we couldn't get away either. We had to wash the soap off & there was sure plenty of cussing.

Back to God's Country

Then we were marched into another room, where they gave us towels, & after that a thorough medical examination. In another room they gave us back our clothes. All our souvenirs were gone. After carrying mine all over France, I had to lose them now. That wasn't right. But we had to take it & not say a thing. I managed to smuggle a few through anyhow.

They marched us into another building & we had our hair cut regulation, one inch long. The 62nd Coast Artillery from Minnesota were detailed as barbers & they ruined my hair. We looked like a bunch of prisoners. If I ever see that guy who butchered my hair in the States there will be another war. That wasn't right. What was the use?

We were there for a week & all we got to eat was gold fish, or Columbia River turkey. If I ate another can I would grow fins & swim across.

FEBRUARY 5TH. Got orders to pack. We are leaving this God-forsaken country. We hiked to the pier & were given tags with numbers of our bunks aboard ship, U. S. S. Pocahontas. Went aboard at 4 P.M. and shoved off next morning for God's Country.

We had plenty to eat on the boat. It was a rough voyage. The sea was breaking over the ship & we were at the rail a lot feeding the fishes. When we would have a nice day we would go up on deck & there was guards who would move us around.

You can't stay here. You can't go there. You could not move or the guards would chase you away.

Where the hell are we going to stay then?

Jump overboard.

I got discusted with all those guards, and at mess times they had ropes stretched where we would line up for mess. Hold the rope in one hand, mess kit in other. The sea was that rough we could not navigate unless we held the rope.

The Best of All

The sailors would tie a pork chop to the end of a string & drag it around deck just when we were eating. They would ask us, How would you like to swallow this, huh? About that time we were ready for the rail again.

FEB. 16TH. At 10 P.M. we sighted land. We steamed into the harbor of Newport News. I could not sleep a wink.

Next day the tugs towed us to port and we disembarked. Marine officers took us in charge. Our welcoming committee was three pickinninies waving American flags.

We entrained for Quantico & stopped off at Richmond, Va., & Red Cross nurses gave us sandwiches & coffee. They sure were nice to look at too. I gave one of the nurses a telegram to send home for me.

At Quantico the Marine band met our train & played the Marine hymn. That night we celebrated with a dance with girls from the Navy Dept. & had a good time. On leaving the auditorium a marine with one leg took a hold of my arm & said, Say, don't you know me? I could not place him and told him so.

He asked me to think back about the fighting in Belleau Woods June 26th, when acting as a runner I found him in a shell hole & gave him first aid. His mother & dad were with him to take him home. They told me if I ever needed a friend at any time, why, just let them know, & they gave me their address too.

The next day we were taken to Washington, D. C., & paraded before the President & diplomates. Cheers from thousands greeted us along Pennsylvania Avenue. We were given three citations and the croix de guerre and the fourragere, the U. S. Marine Good Conduct Medal, Liberty Medal with 3 stars and a bar, Sharpshooters' medal and the Best of ALL—An Honorable Discharge. Well, I did the best I knew how.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 28)

What D'Ya Know?

HAVE you kept that schoolboy complex? Can you still bluff through an examination you have no hope of passing, by quizzing your inquisitor?

When some Smart Aleck accosts you with "Who wrote Three Blind Mice?" do you glibly burble, "Ask me another"?

Have you a little encyclopedia in your dome?

Does exposing the ignorance of your fellow man create a warm inner glow?

Are you willing to admit that old Samuel Johnson said a mouthful when he stated that knowledge was of two kinds—knowing a thing and having the answer book handy?

If you can truthfully reply in the affirmative to the above, it proves you are fit to do intelligence tests.

You may even become a member of the intelligentzia—that illusive sect which nobody knows, but whose membership now bids fair to outnumber the radio Big Brother Club. All that is essential is to be able to maintain a percentage of sixty from any daily-newspaper nit-wit list.

And think what benefits may accrue! The hodge-podge of useless and bizarre bits of obsolete data you may acquire in, say, fifteen minutes a day!

Just see what quizzes have done for the world. Take father. No one used to include him in any conversation. All he ever heard was: "Can you spare me a few bones today, dad?" But now even father gets a turn at "Why do albinos have pink eyes?" and "Who first put holes into cheese?"

It's so broadening. This new mode of repartee turns bashful stutterers into scintillating fonts of wisdom overnight. It eliminates the ubiquitous subject of the weather and annihilates even those who discuss their operations. Besides, it gives the whole family something new to squabble over.

Don't be a back number. When some moron demands "What d'ya know?" just turn the other ear. Or else hit him first

—*Isabel Woodman Waitt.*

ROUGH CUT
GRANGER
Mellow coolness
– the mark of the perfect pipe tobacco
The way pipe tobacco is cut makes all the difference in the world in the way it smokes. . . If it's cut fine it naturally burns fast and smokes hot. . . So to prevent this, Granger is ROUGH CUT . . . cut in large shaggy flakes. . . THAT'S WHY
—it burns so slow and smokes so COOL!
GRANGER ROUGH CUT IS MADE BY THE LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

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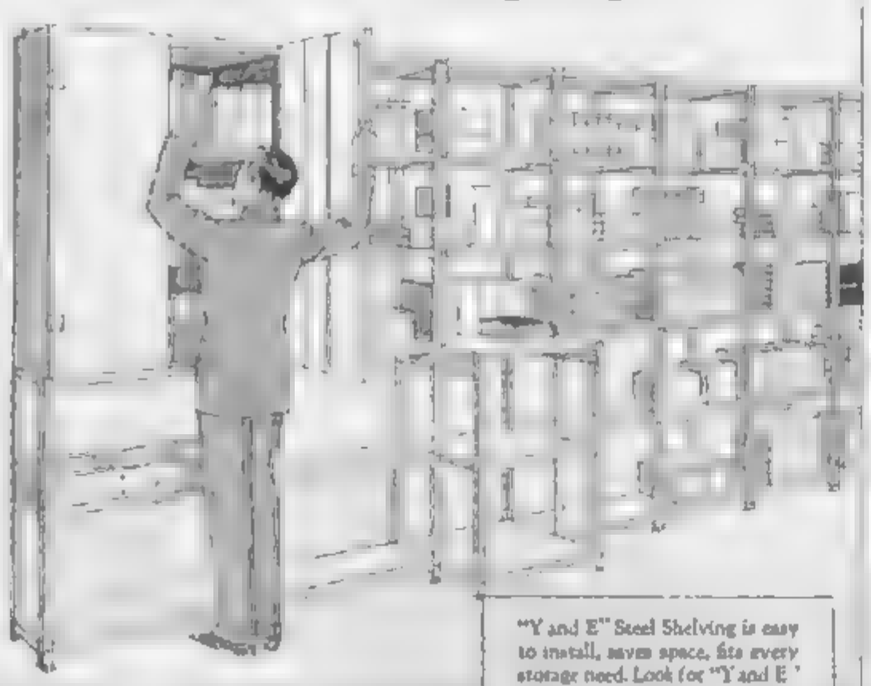

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MY LIFE

(Continued from Page 21)

The red-bearded monarch still dwells in Kyffhäuser Mountain, according to ancient lore. Whenever the German people are in distress, they look forward to his resurrection. The castle of one of my sisters, Princess Stolberg-Rossle, lies at the foot of the Kyffhäuser. Only recently I paid her a visit, and wandered with my children over the mountainside where Barbarossa sleeps in his enchanted cavern. How wistfully we recited in English and German Rückert's famous poem on Barbarossa, which every German child knows by heart. I had discovered in a little volume of verse sent to me by an American friend an English version of Rückert's ballad by Bayard Taylor and his wife, Lilian Bayard Taylor Kiliani. The archaic charm of the original is not lost in the translation:

The ancient Barbarossa,
Friedrich the Kaiser great,
Within the castle cavern
Sits in enchanted state.

He did not die; but ever
Waits in the chamber deep,
Where, hidden under the castle,
He sat himself to sleep.

The splendor of the Empire
He took with him away,
And back to earth will bring it
When dawns the promised day.

The chair is ivory purest
Whereof he makes his bed;
The table is of marble
Whereon he props his head.

His beard, not flax, but burning
With fierce and fiery glow,
Right through the marble table
Beneath his chair does grow.

He nods in dreams and winketh
With dull half-open eye,
And once a page he beckons,
A page that standeth by.

He bids the boy in slumber:
"O dwarf, go up this hour,
And see if still the ravens
Are flying round the tower.

"And if the ancient ravens
Still wheel above us here,
Then I must sleep enchanted
For many a hundred year."

I wonder if Barbarossa will stir himself from his slumber? Will he ever return from his mountain?

Once Upon a Time

From Barbarossa we received Reuss as a fief. Ever since, my people have governed, with varying shifts of fortune, the little country where I was born. To this day there stands near Waida, in Mildenfurt, a monastery founded by Henry the Rich, the grandson of Henricus de Wida, the original founder of our house. How often we children implored our father to tell us the gruesome history of the monastery!

"Once upon a time," my father used to begin, "your great-great-grandfather's great-great-grandfather's great-great-grandfather, Henry the Rich, was playing with his brother Bernard. In the excitement of the game he banged a heavy door on Bernard with such violence that the boy died a few days later from the concussion.

"Henry was disconsolate. Time only intensified his remorse. In vain he sought solace in the gay life at the court of King Henry VI at Magdeburg. One night he was tortured by a dream. He saw himself at the bar of heaven. God the Father pronounced upon him the penalty of eternal death. Already the emissaries of hell stretched out hungry hands for his soul. He tore himself from their clutches and succeeded in throwing himself at the feet of the Virgin Mary. The Queen of Heaven raised him up and bespoke for him the mercy of Jesus. Forgiveness was vouchsafed him on the condition that he would please God by erecting a monastery.

"Henry told the story to the Archbishop of Magdeburg, who urged him, for the sake of his eternal weal, to carry out the divine injunction laid upon him in his dream."

Henrys All

Father closed the story with the moral that it was dangerous for little girls to bang doors.

Henry was related to Barbarossa by marriage through his wife Berta, a Countess of Tyrol. He was a favorite of the emperor. He was also a favorite of his son, King Henry VI, under whose roof he dreamed his dream of redemption.

One of the first questions everyone asks who hears of our family is the reason why all our boys bear the baptismal name of Henry.

Father explained to us that similar customs are by no means without parallel in other families.

"It was Henry the Rich," he said, "who began the tradition in our family. In order to demonstrate his devotion to King Henry VI, the son of Barbarossa, he decreed that hereafter every male member of the family should be named Henry in honor of the king. Hence the uninterrupted line of Henrys, from the sons of Henry the Rich to your unfortunate brother.

"The name Henry is hereditary in all branches of the family. We count until

(Continued on Page 157)

The New and Old Castle Greis. Now the Seat of the Government

Following the Equator

AN equatorial highway, with roads of varying smoothness and roughness, could be negotiated comfortably and without trouble on a set of Pennsylvania Balloons.

For they are registering equivalent mileage regularly on both friendly and biting roads all over America, with no trouble other than an occasional shot of free air.

Pennsylvania Tires are in their eighteenth year, with never an "off-quality" year to shake the confidence of the tire buyer.

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Pennsylvania Balloons

6-ply HEAVY DUTY

Motorists Vulcanized *First* to make it *Last!*

EVERY year motorists by the hundreds of thousands swing over to the Shaler way of fixing punctures. Last year more than 65,000,000 repairs were made this simpler, *easier,* better way.

The Shaler 5-Minute Vulcanizer repairs punctures by *welding* rubber to rubber—*vulcanizing.* It makes this laboratory process (used by tire manufacturers in making tires) so simple and safe that even a child can do it.

To make a repair you simply clamp a Shaler Patch-&-Heat Unit over the puncture, light the fuel, give it five minutes to cool; then unscrew the clamp and throw the little fuel pan away. That's all. No gasoline —no muss. The repaired tube is as good as new, and ready for immediate use.

If you haven't used a Shaler 5-Minute Vulcanizer, get one today and see how simply and well it does the job. If you have a Shaler in your car now, be sure you have a supply of the improved Shaler Patches especially designed for Balloon tires.

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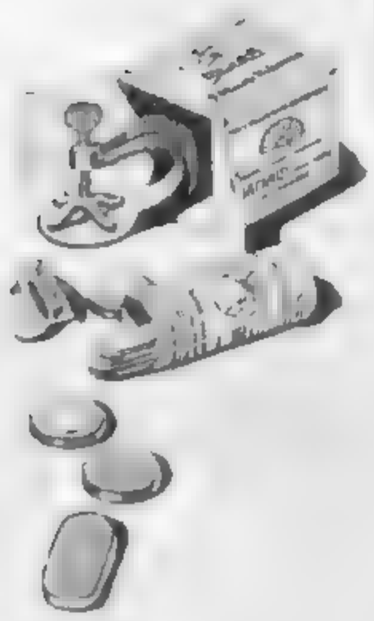

The Shaler 5-Minute Vulcanizer comes complete with one dozen improved Patch-&-Heat Units, $1.50, wherever auto accessories are sold. Extra Patch-&-Heat Units are 75c per box of twelve.

(Prices are slightly higher in Canada and Far West.)

The Improved Patch

The new Shaler Patch especially designed for Balloon tires is the result of months of study by Shaler chemists in collaboration with the experimental departments of two of the largest tire companies. It stands the constant flexing of low pressure tires without effect, and, of course, provides a new margin of performance on high pressure tires where the service is less severe.

SHALER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
5 MINUTE VULCANIZER

(Continued from Page 154)

one hundred, and then start anew with Henry I. The Younger Line begins a new series every century."

I have continued, to a certain extent, the family tradition, although I cannot transmit the family name. My youngest daughter is Henrietta.

History reads like a novel if it is interwoven with the deeds of one's ancestors. It thrills us like a personal experience. Americans, reading about their Colonial ancestors, no doubt receive the same kind of thrill. I have no memory for the minutiæ of history, but I know that the story of my house is stormy. Several of my family were Templars. Henry of Plauen defended Marienburg against the Poles. My ancestors participated in many wars, now with the emperors, now against them; now with, now against the Bohemians. No disturbance ensued in Central Europe that did not somehow involve them. Frequently different branches of the family were at war with one another.

"Our possessions became smaller and smaller," father continued, "until only two tiny principalities remained. It is surprising that we were able to maintain ourselves at all while mightier realms rose and fell.

"We outlasted the Thirty Years' War. We escaped in the conflict between Frederick the Great and Empress Maria Theresa. We outweathered Napoleon. When Prussia made war on Austria in 1866, we preserved our independence, although we fought on the losing side."

The revolution, after the World War, swept us from our throne after eight hundred years. Even if monarchy should be restored in Germany, our rule ends with my stricken brother.

I remember my mother only on her deathbed. I remember the hushed voices, the darkened room and the pale roses that covered her bed. I was less than four years old when she died. I was named after her mother, Princess Hermine of Schaumburg-Lippe, by birth a Princess of Waldeck. I have never discovered the ethnological roots of the name. It is not related to the Hermione with which it is often confused. It may be a feminine version of Herman.

Both Father and Mother

Mother, frail and petite in body, had a highly cultured mind. She was well versed not only in modern languages but also in Latin, having received instruction in the classics simultaneously with her brothers. I must have inherited my love of reading from her. Her library was lined with every important new publication from the presses of Germany, England and France. She read French, German and English with equal facility. She not only purchased books but she perused them with care. The numerous marginalia in her books show how thoroughly she digested their contents. In this respect she resembles the Kaiser, who never reads a book or magazine that interests him without recording his impression in marginal notes. Such notes are not necessarily attempts to formulate final judgments; they embody more often fleeting impressions and momentary reactions.

My mother's marriage was happy. It is not true that love cannot thrive on thrones. The average of happy marriages among crowned heads is probably by no means inferior in number to that prevailing in less exalted spheres.

My mother was severe, but she was just, and she loved us tenderly. My own recollections of her are necessarily vague. She died after the birth of my sister Ida. My father never recovered from the blow. He lived several years longer, but he was a broken man. We children were brought up to revere mother's memory. The room in which she died remained untenanted and untouched. Father often talked to us about her.

We children adored our father. He was both father and mother to us. He, too, had been orphaned early in life. He was sixteen when his father died. His mother, Caroline, a daughter of the Landgrave of Hesse-Homburg, assumed the regency until he reached his majority. My grandmother, Princess Caroline, was a kindly and conscientious ruler. She did not have the gift of taking things easily. The keynote of her character was self-sacrifice.

The war of 1866 between Austria and Prussia for the hegemony in Germany was the outstanding event of her reign. Princess Caroline was a Hessian. Her ancestors had been mostly in the military service of Austria. Her sympathy was with Austria. She marshaled the forces of her little country on the side of Austria against Prussia. Prussia won. Luckily, she did not lose her throne, but Prussia insisted upon substantial indemnities, which she paid mostly out of her own pocket. While these events were in progress, my father, being too young to go to the front, was traveling with his tutor to broaden his mind and complete his education. He had been studying at the University of Leipsic.

Quick Charity

Although our means were circumscribed, father was unable to restrain his charitable impulses. I remember one night, when we were at dinner, a special messenger brought a letter from town. It came from some poor devil of a merchant, who, having a family of seven to support, saw no way out of his troubles except a draft upon the exchequer of his sovereign or—suicide. One of the guests, the attorney in charge of our fortune, protested against giving money to the fellow without careful investigation of his circumstances. My father took several large bills from his desk. He inclosed them in an envelope, on which he wrote a message of good cheer with his own hand, and bade the messenger speed back to town. Then he returned to his dinner, made unpalatable by the delay.

"Why," the attorney remarked, "could not Your Highness have waited until tomorrow?"

"He who gives quick, gives doubly," father replied. "The poor chap needs my help. He needs it today. It may be too late tomorrow."

Father's sense of duty brooked no compromise with expediency. His courtesy was meticulous, his punctuality almost pedantic. This made him uncomfortable to others who were more inclined to take things easily. To them he may have seemed a crank. Self-control, truthfulness, kindliness and indomitable energy combined to make him a striking character.

Every afternoon my sisters and I were permitted to play or to do our lessons in his room. After the death of my mother he withdrew more and more from contact with the outside world. His aloofness was accentuated by his increasing deafness. On rare occasions he paid a visit to the imperial court in Berlin. One year before my mother's death he attended the wedding of my uncle, Prince Adolf of Schaumburg-Lippe with the Kaiser's sister, Princess Victoria of Prussia, now my sister-in-law as well as my aunt.

I have inherited my father's fondness for travel. He was always traveling, usually under the name of Baron Dolau, accompanied only by his faithful valet. He was fond of intellectual acquaintances, with whom he corresponded frequently. I, too, am an inveterate correspondent. My father loved pictures, and nothing gave him greater pleasure than to add a new painting to his gallery.

I do not know to what extent the wishes of the parents mold the unborn child. Just as the mother's blood nourishes the bones and sinews of the baby, her nervous impulses and thoughts must somehow shape its mind. I attribute my predisposition to boyish games as a child and my mental preoccupation with masculine pursuits to prenatal influence. Nature did not grant the wish of my parents for a son, but she gave me a masculine brain. Even as a child I was deeply interested in military

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science, in army and navy affairs; politics always fascinated me.

Modern education tends to level the barriers between the sexes. Today, women vote in most civilized countries. Nevertheless, the majority of women are preoccupied almost entirely with the three K's coined by my husband to define woman's domain: *Kinder, Kirche und Küche.* Recently the Kaiser has added another K—*Kamerad*—to the group. The woman of the future will be more completely man's comrade than her sister of today, because she will be able to discuss with him intelligently the problems which he now prefers to debate in his club.

When I was a young girl the enlargement of woman's sphere was not encouraged in the circle in which I moved. My indignant governesses looked upon me with the horror with which a hen regards the aquatic excursions of a duckling hatched by mistake among her chicks. Discussing my masculine leanings in the realm of intellect and in the realm of sport, they ascribed these tendencies to prenatal suggestion. It may be that they put the thought into my head.

The Training of a Princess

I do not mean to imply that I despised or neglected feminine occupations. I played with dolls. I liked pretty clothes, though never to the exclusion of important affairs. Neither have I failed in my duties as a wife and a mother. But my life is not confined to a woman's world.

My childhood was not joyous. The early death of my mother and the incurable malady of my brother sobered our youthful exuberance. My father regulated every detail of our lives. He directed our education. He inspired respect, but not fear. A smile hovering over his sad face was sufficient reward for the most difficult task.

We had excellent teachers and governesses. Beginning with our sixth year, we were required to study German, English and French. My father did not care for sports. As a result, our education in this respect was somewhat neglected. I did not play tennis or ride a bicycle and a horse until much later. However, I have kept up, and I am now devoted to these activities. I take a ride on my bicycle in the park of Doorn every morning. Holland is a country of wheels. Sometimes one thinks the Dutch are born with their wheels. Everybody, from infants hardly weaned to the grandmother on the verge of the grave, disports himself or herself on a bicycle.

Father insisted on our going to church regularly. We had to accompany him to many patriotic festivities—the laying of corner stones and other solemn occasions—no matter how boring they were to us. He demanded courtesy and amiability at all times. He taught us consideration for others. I am deeply grateful to him for his training, which determined my attitude toward my fellow beings.

He never permitted our whims or our comfort to interfere with our duties. The entire household sometimes groaned under the burden imposed by my father's purposeful energy. But as he never spared himself, and matters progressed under his direction, we learned to admire his system.

If I am successful as a housewife or a mother, I owe my success to the training I received as a child. I have attempted to apply my father's system to my own household and to the education of my children. Life may change, fashions in education as well as in hats may vary, but the soundness of the fundamental principles of education and good taste remains unimpaired.

My father was accustomed to go out unaccompanied. He departed from this rule only on official visits to the neighboring courts or to the imperial court in Berlin. No barrier separated us from our fellow beings. We never knew the stifling atmosphere and the isolation of court life. Prussian and Saxon officers, attending military exercises or maneuvers in the neighborhood, were invited to share our simple meals. The officials of our tiny country—clergymen, business men, scholars—were daily guests. My father discussed with them at great length the problems of the day. He recognized neither classes nor parties.

I maintained these contacts, established by my father, after his death. I am still in touch with many of the leading citizens of Reuss-Greiz. Greiz is a small manufacturing center, maintaining close business relations with industrial Saxony. I have learned much from business men. I received from them enlightenment on political and social questions not ordinarily vouchsafed to a princess.

In the little residence we all knew one another. We were one in sorrow and joy. I remember especially the warm glow of affection between myself and the woodchoppers' wives living in the neighborhood of our hunting lodge. Often I heard them talk among themselves. My little nose caught the smell of delicious coffee. Once escaping my governess, I joined a group of the women. I tasted the coffee, forbidden to me, and I shared their brown bread. They treated me not as a princess but as a poor motherless little girl. I shall never forget their simple human kindness. How often I helped them behind the back of my governesses to boil coffee for their menfolk. I learned from them more than I learned at school. I shared their lives. They revealed their hearts to me. Their love for the reigning house was genuine and unaffected. Who could have thought that thirty years later the red flag would be raised in Reuss?

When my mother died my oldest sister, Emma, was ten years old. She keenly felt the responsibilities thrust upon her and gravely tried to mother us all. However, it takes special talent to be a mother. Marie, though two years younger, was more gifted in this direction. She was a born mother. We instinctively turned to her with our little joys or when our hearts were sore.

My favorite sister was Caroline, who died in the early twenties. She was the most gifted of us all, our genius. Literature, music and art were her delight. She was a flowerlike creature, too delicate to live. My youngest sister, Ida, being a sickly baby, was the spoiled darling of the family. Even father's severity softened under her smile. Unlike most people, she never lost the almost fairylike loveliness that distinguished her as a child. My poor brother, condemned to be an outsider even at home, unable to participate in our games, unable even to communicate with us intelligently, walked alone in the shadow of his mysterious malady.

Christmas at Greiz

Few external troubles disturbed the even tenor of our little lives. We spent our winters in the palace at my father's residence, Greiz. It seems to me that winters were colder and the snowfall heavier than today. There must be important climatic changes throughout the world that affect Central Europe. I believe that the thermometer bears out my contention.

At Christmas we prepared feasts for the poor children of the neighborhood. We paid for all gifts out of our own pocket money. Many of the presents were articles of clothing—sweaters, stockings, and the like—which we ourselves had made. We saved and worked for months before Christmas so as not to disappoint our little guests.

My maternal grandmother, the Princess Mother of Schaumburg-Lippe, who loved me dearly, invited us every Easter to Buckeburg. Schaumburg-Lippe is a picturesque country with birch forests girdling its mountains. Its peasantry still wear ancient costumes with dazzling colors and gold buttons, at least on holidays and Sundays. Some wear the same raiment, less gorgeously fashioned, on week days.

Occasionally my maternal grandmother would visit us in Greiz, accompanied by her only surviving daughter, my aunt, Hermine, Duchess Max of Würtemberg, a matchless horsewoman. She was tall and

Continued on Page 161

TOLEDO

Leadership

This is the third of a series of presentations of Toledo Leadership. The others featured John N. Willys, president of The Willys-Overland Company, and Clement O. Miniger, president of The Electric Auto-Lite Company.

THOS. A. DEVILBISS
President
THE DEVILBISS COMPANY

IN cities, as in lesser organizations, the most important factor is men. Situation, population, natural resources, wealth, and volume of business are interesting and pertinent, but community spirit, character, life, and future opportunities are created by the leading men in the community. Toledo recognizes and acknowledges Thomas A. DeVilbiss as a citizen who greatly expresses the splendid success and unselfish public service which are the characteristics of true leadership.

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(Continued from Page 158)

slim, like a graceful birch. Such visits filled me with indescribable joy. At times my father's sister, Princess Marie Isenburg, a strikingly original woman, paid us a visit.

Toward the end of May we occupied our summer quarters in a little hunting château, surrounded by fir trees, which my father had presented to my mother. It is only half an hour's distance by carriage from Greiz. Near the house where she had lived in her lifetime, my father erected a simple mausoleum for mother.

The forest swarmed with Hungarian deer, the present of a cousin to our father. My father was a passionate hunter, but not a killer. He did not ruthlessly destroy animal life. In our forest home we lived close to Nature and drank deep of her beauties. This environment left its imprint on my heart. Beauty is a holy thing to me. I cannot be happy in its absence.

We spent our summer vacations in Castle Burgk, on the Saale, an ancient château renowned in song and lore. I was incredibly fond of this lovely place. I never felt quite at home anywhere else. Both the castle and its history are romantic. The castle, like many in Central Germany, was erected originally to ward off Slav invasion. We never grew tired asking questions about the Hunger Tower and an ancient chapel. The stained windows illustrate incidents from Biblical history; they include a portrait of Dr. Martin Luther, who preached there in 1529.

The River Saale meanders leisurely, as if loath to leave this idyllic region. From a window of the castle one can see the stream winding like a silver serpent three times around itself. Eight hundred years ago an iron foundry was blazing in one of its convolutions; in the seventeenth century a tunnel was dug, bringing the power to turn the wheels of the foundry closer to the castle.

Castle Burgk—my father insisted, in spite of tales to the contrary—was never the seat of robber knights, waylaying innocent merchants. At times the castle was the home of independent lords of Burgk; most frequently it served as the summer residence of my family, the lords of Reuss-Greiz.

Castle Burgk has many memorable souvenirs that awed us as children. There is, for instance, the Knights' Hall, where lords of the neighborhood held their festivals and their councils. When a reigning prince died the leading men of the state met here. One man opened a tall window and announced in a loud voice the death of the prince and the name of his successor, to the people without.

Where It Snows Black

When, in our school work, we came to Schiller's celebrated trilogy of Wallenstein, we were on familiar ground. For we had often seen a picture of the great general of the Hapsburgs who had reached out for the crown of Bohemia and suffered death for the audacity of his dream. With what interest we perused the illuminated letter—a work of art in itself—wherein Wallenstein granted protection to Castle Burgk from destruction and pillage in the days of the Thirty Years' War!

There was one remnant of the Dark Ages that always frightened my sisters. It did not frighten me, but I preferred not to confront it at night. It was the skeleton of a huge hunting dog, buried alive in the wall over the gate of the castle by one of its builders, in 1400. The skeleton was discovered three centuries later. Inserted between its front paws, the animal held a huge key with three crosses. Next to the poor beast they found a bowl placed in his little cell, filled one time, no doubt, to the brim with food.

To immure a living thing in this fashion was supposed to bring good luck. In another castle, situated only a few miles from Burgk, a little child was buried alive to propitiate the powers of darkness. And recently I read the story of a master builder who was compelled to immure his wife with her unborn child!

There is very little modern plumbing in Castle Burgk. An entire wing is occupied by the kitchen, covered with shining soot—the deposit of centuries. The smoke ascends freely through the kitchen, after being conducted through a short pipe. In winter the kitchen floor is often covered with the snow, blackened by the smoke, which a wind drives through the fireplace. It is a fantastic spectacle to see this black snow fall. My governess was highly indignant when we children pelted one another with black snowballs.

Originally a gigantic iron pot occupied the center of the kitchen. A spit, huge enough for an ox, attached to long pulleys, still testifies to the Gargantuan appetites of the multitudes of lords and ladies fed from this kitchen. In the past few centuries this kitchen has been little more than a show place. Our own cooking was done in the cellar. The smoke from the cellar kitchen rises through an immense system of flues, until it reaches the ancient fireplace and its immemorial chimney.

A Seat of Culture

This ancient environment gave me an understanding of the past, without enveloping my mind, which was stimulated by frequent changes of scene. In 1897 my four sisters and I—"five little schoolgirls, we"—were permitted to travel, accompanied by our governesses. I visited the city of Leipsic and saw its World's Fair. In Leipsic we received many valuable impressions, but my most treasured memory is a ride on the back of an elephant!

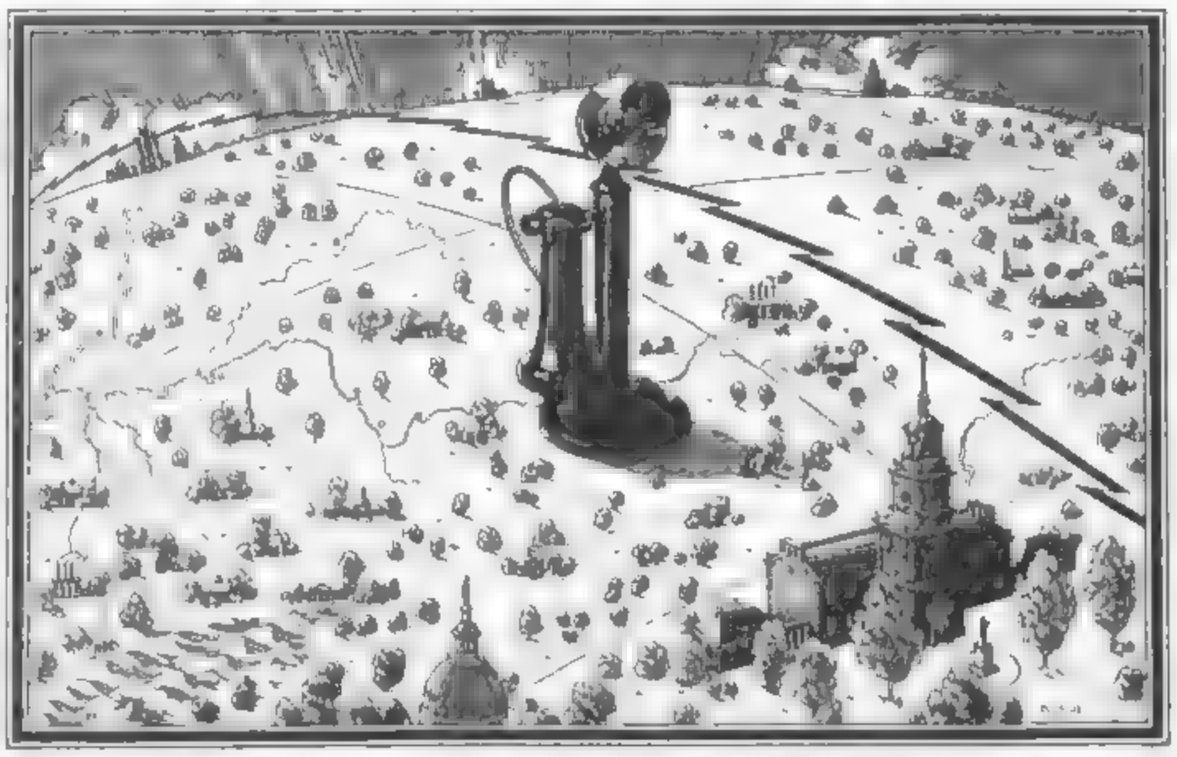
Our immediate goal was Heiliges Graal, near Möritz, a modest summer resort on the Baltic. The landscape itself was only moderately attractive. The sea was a revelation. At the seashore we made many acquaintances with other children. There was especially one winsome little girl of my own age who engaged my attention. That girl was Crown Princess Cecilie, then a child of ten. It seems strange that Cecilie was to become my stepdaughter. She came every afternoon from the estate of her parents in Gelben Sande—Yellow Sand—to play with us on the seashore. Sometimes she brought her brother, the grand duke, and her little sister, who is now Queen Alexandra of Denmark.

Cecilie, a wide-awake child, temperamental and energetic, invited me to her home at Gelben Sande. She was a skillful and amiable little hostess. Then fate separated us. I was to marry Prince Schönaich-Carolath; she became the wife of the Kaiser's son, Crown Prince William, now my stepson. Our paths did not cross again until sixteen years later. Cecilie had developed into a magnificent woman with unforgettably beautiful eyes. She was tall and slim, and irresistibly charming. We met, for the first time since our encounter as children, at the imperial maneuvers in Silesia in 1913, the last maneuvers ever held under the command of the Kaiser, photographs of which I found among my husband's collection in Doorn. How sad he looks in that picture—as if the fates had wafted to him some premonition of the doom that was to encompass us all!

To Americans Reuss may seem a Lilliputian kingdom. However, we fostered more culture per square mile than many a land far exceeding our modest resources. We boasted of a permanent art exhibition and we succeeded in luring the greatest singers to our concert halls.

We children were permitted to attend concerts at the age of ten. The music, floating through our impressionable ears into the core of our being at this tender age, was never completely hushed. It remained a solace and an inspiration. Our rule is swept away, our estates scattered, our rank obliterated—but no revolution can rob us of knowledge or of the golden hours when our souls stood "face to face with beauty."

The interpretation of Heinrich Heine's Three Grenadiers by Ludwig Wüllner



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moved me more deeply than any other experience in music. It aroused chords that had never been sounded before. I cannot analyze it. I merely know that it was a major event in my life.

I have heard Wüllner again and again. He must be old now, but I never hear him without experiencing again something of my first thrill. Half actor, half minnesinger, Ludwig Wüllner still travels from concert to concert. I believe he was in America a few years before the war. His hair is gray, his voice only a remnant of what it was, but he is still a magician.

The last time I heard him he recited Tristan in Breslau. In awed silence, breathless, the audience listened, as he read Wagner's deathless love poem, without pose, without artificial aids. Now and then he hummed the musical motifs to himself. This performance moved me more profoundly than the most elaborate production of Wagner's operas. One forgets that Wagner was not only a great musician but a great poet. I sometimes think that he was even greater as a poet than as a musician. Certainly, no man since Luther has wrested from the German language more melody and more strength.

I was fourteen years old when my father died. He had come back from Meran against the advice of his physician, who knew that the rough climate of Reuss in March would imperil his health. He insisted.

Perhaps he knew that he must die. It seems to be the universal rule of Nature that all creatures wish to die at home. Animals seek their nests or their holes to die in. Human beings, too, seem to have a curious premonition that prompts them to wrestle with the dark angel at home, to be surrounded by all things familiar before they embark upon the journey to the land where all things are strange.

Lost Opportunity

Father arrived, completely exhausted. He was carried on a stretcher from the train. The next day was his birthday. He knew that he would not see another. Once more he drove with us children through the little residence he loved so dearly, saw the houses flagged in his honor and returned with melancholy pleasure the salutations of his subjects. Sometimes to himself, he smiled half sadly, half wistfully, conscious of a secret he did not share with them. He knew that they would never see his face again. No hint of this knowledge muffled the joyous shouts of the populace.

The drive took two hours. It was the last assertion of his indomitable will. The next few days he was confined to his bed. Once more he rallied his waning strength to visit with us the grave of our mother. Then life slowly ebbed out of him. He died on the nineteenth of April, 1902.

When my brother entered the room where the body lay, some inkling of the truth must have entered his consciousness. Some obscure instinct told him, in spite of the clouds that enveloped his mind, that his father was dead. Shuddering, he burst into convulsive tears. He threw himself, grief-stricken, upon the corpse. In vain we attempted to calm him. His paroxysms continued for hours. We used every device to quiet him. Only sedatives finally brought oblivion.

The next day he had forgotten the incident or, if he still remembered, he gave no token that the knowledge of his father's death had dawned in his brain. The doctors told us afterward that we should not have attempted to still the tempest of his grief. If we had not interfered they think the violence of his reaction might have improved his condition. The nervous shock might have restored his normal self. Who can tell?

Life is cruel, in that it exploits our kindliest instincts to work havoc to those we love. If we had been less kind some fortunate accident within his brain might have restored the contact, broken somewhere by his own fright or by the knife of the operating physician, between his will and his muscular system.

The Language of the Bells

Thought is as deadly as a surgeon's knife or a dagger. Amiel, the French thinker, tells how his system of philosophy finally produced in him such a state of irresolution that he was unable to move. He could not make up his mind to act, but, withdrawing from life, brooded, an irresolute Buddha, on the top of a mountain in Switzerland. If thought can have such powers to mar, it would not be surprising if it also had powers to heal.

I wonder sometimes if Freud or Coué could have saved my unfortunate brother. It is too late to experiment; it would only enhance the tragedy to release him now to face the world with the brain of a child.

For six whole weeks, in accordance with immemorial custom, every bell in the land of Reuss tolled mournfully, one hour every day, in memory of my father. The language of the bells, proclaiming the grief of his country, moved us deeply. It was an unforgettable experience. Sometimes, in dreams, when I think of my father, they still ring in my ears.

My father had especially ordained in his last will that there should be no public mourning, to save his people the expense involved in purchasing mourning garments. However, his subjects insisted upon this ancient custom. Even the poorest of his people attended the funeral in black habiliments. It seemed as if the long procession of mourners would never end.

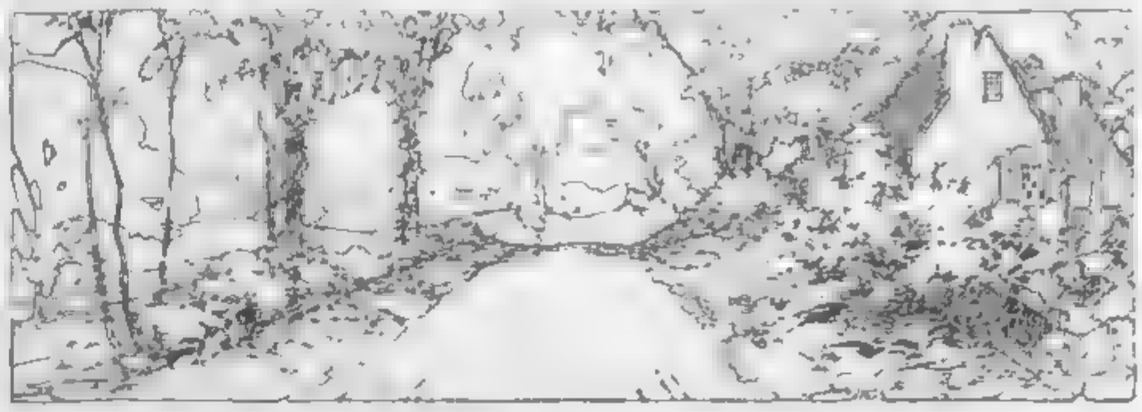
The first message of condolence was a telegram from the Emperor. The Kaiser sent his cousin, Prince Frederick Henry of Prussia, to represent him at the funeral service. The various federal princes of the German Empire attended in person or by proxy. A battalion of my father's regiment paid the last honors to their commander.

It takes some time before we fully comprehend an irretrievable loss. Maybe Nature provides a defensive mechanism to protect our hearts from the shock. It is difficult for human beings to accept death, save as the brother of sleep. The subconscious never accepts the loss of those we love. We often catch ourselves thinking of the departed in terms of the living. In our dreams, the reflection of the subconscious, there is no death.

We children did not grasp, for a long time, the loss we had suffered. Externally our lives ran smoothly in the old traces. But our universe was without a fixed star. The years that followed now seem to me like a heavy black cloud. Life had suddenly lost its purpose. Day was as night.

We were six little orphans! Five little princesses, one little prince! What did fate have in store for us?

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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Satisfactory Oil Heating THIS WINTER!

JUST as the modern home depends on electricity to take the drudgery out of household tasks, so it finds in electrically operated and controlled oil heating the highest development of heating science.

Every home owner is interested in oil heating, for no other modern convenience is so beneficial to the health and comfort of every member of the family.

Last winter half a million American homes enjoyed the cleanliness, convenience, dependability and uniform temperature of automatic oil heat. These families have written heating troubles off the calendar. They wonder now how they ever endured the dirt, annoyance and drudgery of their previous heating methods.

An authoritative guide to satisfactory oil heating

It is estimated that more than 200,000 additional home owners will avail themselves of the advantages of oil heat this winter. You, too, are undoubtedly planning to enjoy oil heating *some time.* Why not obtain full information *now?*

The Oil Heating Institute has published an 80-page book written by experts on every phase of the subject. This book contains descriptions and specifications of the equipment of leading manufacturers, and gives helpful instructions on how to select an oil heating system.

Before you lay in your winter's supply of coal—which means your winter's supply of ashes, too—it will be worth your while to read this book. It will be sent on receipt of the coupon and ten cents to cover mailing costs.

OIL HEATING INSTITUTE
350 Madison Ave., New York City

OIL HEAT
AS BENEVOLENT AS SUNSHINE

This is the emblem of the *Oil Heating Institute*

It is the symbol of satisfactory public service in oil heating.

Only the manufacturers who are members of the Oil Heating Institute are permitted to use it.

These manufacturers have earned their membership through the enthusiasm of thousands of home owners whom they have provided with efficient and dependable oil heating.

This emblem protects you, and it will be protected, on your behalf, by the Oil Heating Institute.

MAIL THE COUPON TODAY!

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350 Madison Avenue, New York City

Enclosed find ten cents (10c) for which please send me, postpaid, your book entitled "Oil Heating, The Modern Miracle of Comfort," containing instructions on how to select oil heating equipment.

Name

Address

City

State

Readers of this publication who are interested in industrial and commercial oil heating are invited to write to the Oil Heating Institute for special information which is available on this subject.

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Here it is—

the protection your car needs!

A NEW

Pyrene TRADE MARK

FIRE EXTINGUISHER

Specially designed for Automobiles

THOUSANDS of car dealers, intent on their customers' interests, are telling them:

"The Pyrene engineers have succeeded, after years of development work, in building a small Pyrene Fire Extinguisher as fine as the standard size. They have made fire risk in automobiles—the chance of loss of the car, of spoiling a tour, of loss of life—an *unnecessary* hazard.

"The new AUTOMOBILE Pyrene Fire Extinguisher will stop any incipient automobile fire. There are many places where we can install one in your car—it is made to fit in with modern body design. It requires no attention—and will last the average life of three cars."

Brass Finish, $9.00 Nickel Finish, $10.00

(Complete with Bracket)

Sold by Auto Accessory and Hardware Dealers

PYRENE MANUFACTURING CO., NEWARK, N. J.

Makers of all types of hand Fire Extinguishers, Off'N'On Tire Chains and Chromine Radiator Freeze-Proof

Caution: *Use only Pyrene Fire Extinguishing Liquid (patented) with Pyrene Fire Extinguishers.*

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Our Purpose to Serve *and* Serving Our Purpose

AC Speedometers are built with the care and precision of a fine watch. It takes practically a watchmaker's skill to service them properly.

AC Speedometers are officially serviced by the expert workmen in those service stations which display the oval sign of United Motors in combination with the AC speedometer panel.

UNITED MOTORS SERVICE

GENERAL OFFICES, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Official Service Organization for

DELCO-REMY • KLAXON • HYATT • NEW DEPARTURE • HARRISON • JAXON • AC

Men win with
FACES that are FIT

"Just notice the fine skins of the men who shave with Williams"

BEGIN the day with Williams. Keep *your* face FIT! 87 years of research, three generations of intensive specialized study have gone into every tube of Williams. It will give a shave that's easy, smooth and sweet.

More—a daily treatment of Williams lather leaves your face FIT. Williams Shaving Cream is ultra pure; absolutely without trace of coloring matter; its major ingredients triple distilled. It thoroughly cleanses the pores, tones up the delicate skin structure, helps toward a buoyant, youthful fitness.

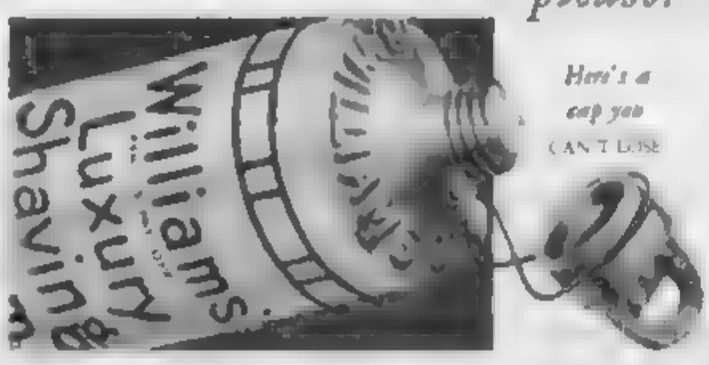
The drug clerk doesn't know how it's made, but he knows what it does. *"Oh yes . . . . . but they all come back to Williams!"*

Next time say "a tube of

Williams Shaving Cream

please!"

FREE TRIAL SIZE
Write "Shaving Cream" on a postal and address
The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 47B, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.
(Canadian Address 1114 St. Patrick Street, Montreal.)
If you don't like to bother with samples, buy from your nearest drug store, two sizes, 35c and 50c



Afterwards, a dash of Aqua Velva. FREE sample of this, too, if you say so on your postal.

The Poets' Corner

They Slew the Trees

THEY slew the trees, the goodly trees,
Their present gain their only care!
Where, with a music like the sea's,
The leaves once sang, the land gaped bare.
The ravaged glory of the hill,
The leafy beauty of the vale,
And pineless mountains staring still,
With silence told the ruthless tale.
Nor was it all that birds no more
Nested and sang where forests grew;
That broken stumps with fungi hoar
Leaned where the pitiless sun burned through.
Each spring the good rain sent to give
Sap that the myriad root receives,
Pattering its million fugitive
Salvos on multitudinous leaves,
Found leaf nor root to take its gift,
Gentle as soft dew falling down.
So torrents aimless heads uplift
Like horses with their riders thrown;
They gallop down denuded heights;
They rob the valleys with their force;
The freshets thunder; days and nights
Tremble at their stupendous course.
Look now where houses swim afar,
And see where cities breast the flood
When crumbling dikes admit no bar
Where once sure fertile acres stood;
While half a nation, rising, flees
In chugging launch, in car, on wain,
Before the vengeance of the trees,
The gathered anger of the rain!

—*Harry Kemp.*

Vacation for Houses

LITTLE houses in July
Tire a bit, as you and I
Tire of things—I don't know why.

Houses, too, have nerves, it's true.
Don't you think that they might, too,
Like a holiday from you?

And when you've left hill and shore,
How your house, from stair to door,
Will cry, "Welcome home once more!"

—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

Little Things

THE dim, sequestered valleys of delight
Are full of little formless dreams, and things
So small, so dear, we scarcely sense their flight,
Yet hearts are broken, touched by frailer wings!

O little leaves that tremble on the bough!
O little winds that murmur in the grass!
Touch of a friendly hand, and love's first vow—
So small, so dear, the little things that pass!

—*Mary Dixon Thayer.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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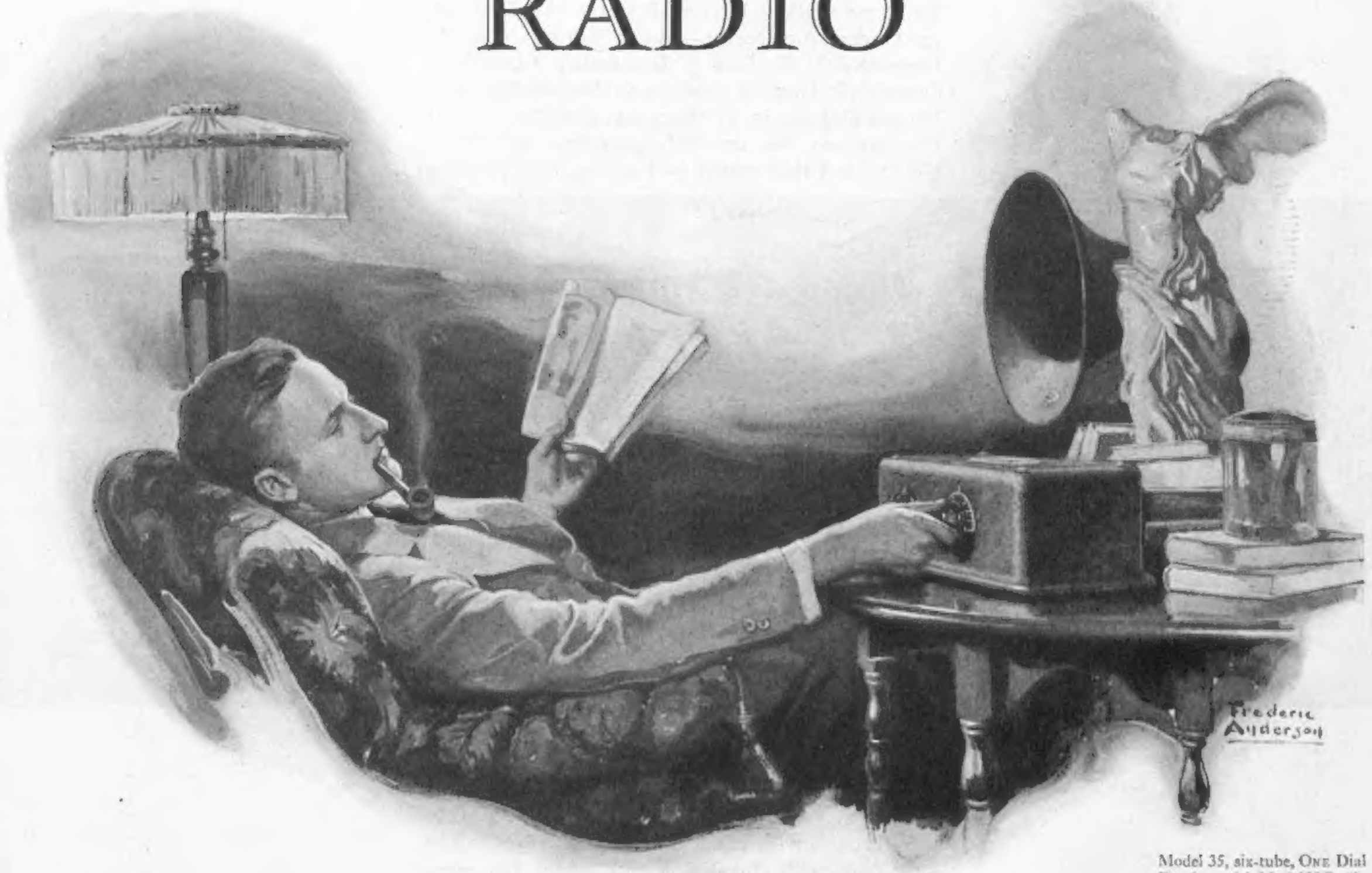
A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy

ATWATER KENT RADIO



Model 35, six-tube, ONE Dial Receiver with Model H Radio Speaker illustrated. Other models of Atwater Kent Receivers and Speakers are on display at your dealer's.

Music from nowhere—*like moods*

I GUESS I've always been hungry for music—not to play, sing or hear—but to *feel*. Curious, how hungry one's mind does get at times. Hungry to forget—to be amused; hungry for happy thoughts—merry thoughts—memories.

Tonight, I am tired. My own little Atwater Kent Radio is at my elbow in the shadows. I do not see it. I do not see the one dial. My fingers idly turn it. Music floats in from nowhere—where moods come from. A bit of jazz. No, my mood is not in tune for that. Tender strains of a violin—that is better. Barcarole, in full orchestral harmony—measured, soothing.

That single turn of the ONE Dial offers a dozen kinds of music—gay, wistful, stirring. I do not hunt, but merely choose from the air what I like—music suited to my mood. That is radio. *I have discovered—music.*

More than one million families, seeking the best, have preferred Atwater Kent Radio. Its full, natural tone pleased them. Its unusual compactness and the convenience of its ONE Dial were impressive. Its price was conclusive.

OWN *your* OWN

You know how it is with the family car when everyone wants it at the same time.

You are going to want your own personal Atwater Kent Radio even more.

Let the youngsters hear what they like, or your wife her favorites. But somewhere off by yourself be able to get what *you* want—*own your own* Atwater Kent Radio.

EVERY SUNDAY EVENING: The Atwater Kent Radio Artists bring you their summer program at 9:15 Eastern Daylight Time, 8:15 Central Daylight Time, through:

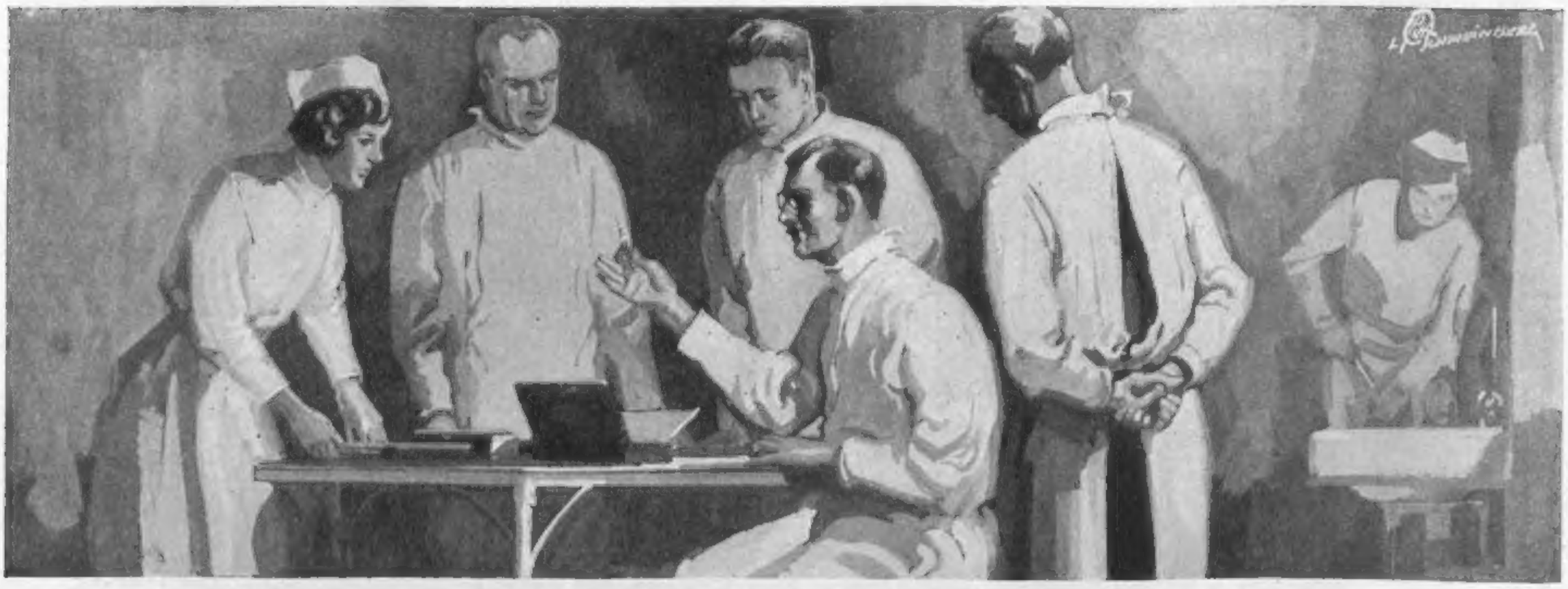
WEAF . . . . *New York*	WGN . . . . . *Chicago*	KSD . . . . . *St. Louis*
WEEI . . . . . *Boston*	WCAE . . . *Pittsburgh*	WWJ . . . . . *Detroit*
WRC . . . . *Washington*	WGR . . . . . *Buffalo*	WCCO . *Mpls.-St. Paul*
WSAI . . . . *Cincinnati*	WOC . . . . *Davenport*	WGY . . . *Schenectady*

Write for illustrated booklet telling the complete story of Atwater Kent Radio

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
4703 Wissahickon Ave. *A. Atwater Kent, President* Philadelphia, Pa.

AND NOW STAINLESS TAKES A LEADING ROLE IN THE FIGHT AGAINST INFECTION

To those vigilant Men of Science—the Surgeon, the Doctor, the Dentist—comes Stainless Steel, *the Incorruptible, the Steel of Immaculate Cleanliness,* devoting its singular qualities to the enrichment of Human Happiness. For Surgeons and Doctors and Dentists are the unselfish guardians of Public Health, and that which best serves their purpose



best serves the interests of Humanity at large. Stainless Steel has captured the *Soul of Purity*—forever inviolate to the contamination of rust, corrosion, tarnish, stain! No more the ceaseless polishings through which in former days the Professions kept faith with cleanliness and safety. No more the dangers of infection which lurk in the small and inaccessible tube of a hypodermic needle! The presence of these new and silvery bright Stainless Steel instruments in the office of Doctor or Dentist is more than a badge of progressiveness; it is his pledge of *Super Caution* in the Public Good. Surgical and Dental Instruments, Hypodermic and Suturing Needles, made from genuine Stainless Steel, are now available as an effective aid in this never-ending fight against infection.

STAINLESS

STAINLESS STEEL

Genuine Stainless Steel is manufactured only under the patents of the

AMERICAN STAINLESS STEEL COMPANY, COMMONWEALTH BUILDING, PITTSBURGH, PA.

When They Play

A Refreshing Drink that provides wholesome, easily digested food—the sparkling taste that tempts and stimulates the appetite—all the vitamins, all the food properties that growth and health require—that is a combination children need in the long summer days of outdoor play.

Pet Milk Blended With Orange Juice is all of that. The milk is always pure and fresh and clean. The orange juice adds vitalizing properties to the wholesome milk. The combination is better than milk alone—tastes better and is better—for everybody.

PET MILK SHAKES

½ cup juice—orange, loganberry, grape (the bottled juices serve)
⅓ cup Pet Milk ⅓ cup water Sugar to taste

Mix the fruit juice, sugar, Pet Milk, and water. Add cracked ice. Shake. (A Mason jar will serve.)

For Ice Cream—Pet Milk serves in place of cream—at less than half the cost. It gives to ice cream the finest texture and flavor. And because it is always whole milk—every drop uniformly rich in all the food elements of milk—it gives a food value to ice cream that nothing else will give.

For Every Use you have for cream and milk, Pet Milk will fill the need. It is rich enough to serve in place of cream. It can be diluted to suit any milk need. It costs less than ordinary milk.

Do not confuse Pet Milk with milk preserved with sugar. In Pet Milk nothing is added to the pure milk.

We will send free on request our book showing how you can save on your milk and cream bill—also leaflets and booklets on special uses of Pet Milk.

PET MILK COMPANY
(Originators of Evaporated Milk)
821 Arcade Building, St. Louis, Mo.

Now a renowned cooking expert tells a new way to perfect baking resul

Orange Pie. A new favorite. Refreshing and delicate! The result of many tests in the Gold Medal Kitchen. "Kitchen-tested" Recipes with "Kitchen-tested" Flour—perfect results always.

Last year alone, 300,000 grateful women wrote Betty Crocker about her "Kitchen-test" of flour and how it has made their baking results more uniform

I am sure that every woman, no matter how wonderful a cook, will be interested in this new discovery in baking. A discovery that eliminates 50% of the cause of baking uncertainties—ends those heart-breaking moments when you want everything to be perfect, only to have a prize recipe turn out a trifle heavy or soggy—sometimes a complete failure.

Recently chemists and cooking experts, working together, found that *flour* is 50% of the cause of baking failures.

They discovered that while chemists' tests might prove two batches of the *same brand* of flour exactly alike chemically, these two batches might act entirely different in your oven—bring fine results in one case and spoil a good recipe another time.

That is why we, some time ago, inaugurated the now famous "Kitchen-test" for Gold Medal Flour. Every time one of our mills turns out a batch of flour, we bake cakes, pastries, biscuits, breads—everything—from this batch according to standard recipes. Unless each batch bakes to standard, the flour is sent back to be re-milled.

This means *one* flour for *all* your baking. Over 2,000,000 women now know there is no better flour for cakes and pastries. Why pay more?

Money-Back Guarantee

Last year we re-milled more than five million pounds of Gold Medal Flour. Our chemists reported it perfect, but it didn't act right in our test kitchen ovens.

So, today, every sack of Gold M Flour that comes into your ho "Kitchen-tested" before you re it. The words "Kitchen-tested stamped on the sack.

We guarantee not only that Gold M is a light, fine, snow-white flour also guarantee that it will always a same way in your oven. Your m refunded if it doesn't.

Special—for the South

Gold Medal Flour (plain or self-ri for our Southern trade is milled i South at our Louisville mill. Every is "Kitchen-tested" with Sout recipes before it goes to you.

Special Offer
"Kitchen-tested" Recipes

Recipes we use in testing Gold M Flour are rapidly becoming recog standards. We have printed t "Kitchen-tested" Recipes on and filed them in neat wooden b Handy for you in your kitchen.

We will be glad to send you one new Gold Medal Home Service ipe Boxes, complete with recipes only $1.00 (less than this service ally costs us). Twice as many re as in original box. Just send co with check, money order or plain bill. This offer only good if you in the United States.

If you prefer to see first what the ipes are like, we will be glad to you selected samples, including Or Pie—FREE.

Check and mail the coupon for whichever you desire.

Pleased! "I have not used Gold Medal Kitchen-tested Flour very long, but I am certainly pleased with the results I am receiving." MRS. J. A. MCCUTCHEON, 4005 Chambers St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Confidence! "I am a rooter for Gold Medal Kitchen-tested Flour. It is so convenient to use the same flour for both bread and cakes and know that you will have perfect results." MRS. FRANCIS L. CONDON, Brighton, Mass.

It's a Joy! "With Gold Medal Kitchen-tested Flour results are perfect and I am beginning to feel so sure of having things turn out successfully that baking is a joy." MRS. ADDA L. GRAF, 97 Hancock St., Cambridge, Mass.

One view of the Gold Medal Kitchen where every batch of Gold Medal Flour is "Kitchen-tested" before it goes to you

Betty Crocker

Send coupon now. A new delight awaits you.

MISS BETTY CROCKER
Gold Medal Flour
Home Service Dept.
Dept. 313 **Minneapolis, Minn.**

☐ Enclosed find $1.00 for your box of "Kitchen-tested" Recipes. (It is understood that I may, at any time, send for new recipes *free*.)
☐ Please send me selected samples of "Kitchen-tested" Recipes—FREE.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

Kitchen-tested

WASHBURN CROSBY COMPANY, GENERAL OFFICES, MINNEAPOLIS

MILLS AT MINNEAPOLIS, BUFFALO, KANSAS CITY, CHICAGO, LOUISVILLE, GREAT FALLS, KALISPELL, OGDEN

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